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August 1968 5s

World Politics A New Era?

Theodore Draper

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After the Barricades

The Student Revolt

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Theodore Draper

World Politics: *A New Era?*

THERE IS in the air a conviction or at least a feeling that we are coming to the end of an era in international affairs. This conviction or feeling was recently expressed by an acute observer: "The peculiar feature of the present time is that it is almost impossible to escape the impression that we are entering a new period of international relations—and almost as difficult to agree on where we go from here." As M. Pierre Hassner implies,[1] it is easier to discern what is ending than what is beginning. Nevertheless, endings and beginnings are usually related. The new, at least in embryo, is contained in the old. The death of an old system of international relations does not leave a vacuum; it releases forces that have been struggling for some time to emerge. We should, by now, begin to see the lineaments of the 1970s and beyond, and if we cannot agree, we can at least find out where we disagree.

IT IS A MEASURE of how far we have travelled that future generations and even the present younger generation may have trouble realising some of the things that were once believed in.

For example, exactly a quarter of a century ago, it was possible to believe that world power could come from the possession of a single weapon. At the first Quebec Conference in August 1943, Sir John Anderson (then Lord President of the Council) confided to Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada that the first country to possess atomic bombs would gain "absolute control" of the entire world.[2] A reasonable man could hold such a view because no one had lived through a period in which a single country possessed such unprecedented power of destruction. In this view, power of destruction was equated with power of control. This equation has now been tested for over two decades, and no one can believe in it any longer. The United States produced the first atomic bombs in 1945 and had a monopoly of the bomb for four more years. They did not bear out Sir John's prediction and, indeed, the United States feared most in those very years—and for at least another decade—that Soviet Russia would control the world. As late as 1960, Professor Walt W. Rostow published a book in which he expressed the view that the Soviet

[1] Pierre Hassner, *Change and Security in Europe. Part I: The Background* (Adelphi Paper No. 45, The Institute for Strategic Studies, London, February 1968), p. 1.

[2] J. W. Pickersgill, *The Mackenzie King Record*, Vol. 1: 1939–1944 (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1960), p. 532. This notion is not as outmoded as it may appear. In a press conference on 28 October 1966, General de Gaulle spoke of "the world situation in which two super-powers would alone have the arms capable of annihilating all other countries" and enable them "to paralyse and sterilise the rest of the universe." In such conditions, he asked, "how could Europe unite, Latin America awake, Africa go its own way . . . ?" Here, too, we have the assumption that the power to annihilate physically constitutes the power to control politically. If this were the case, it is hard to understand why the two super-powers, which do have the power to annihilate, have not done better at controlling politically. It is ironic that de Gaulle himself should have done so much to disprove his own proposition.

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leaders could look ahead, "within the bounds of reason," to achieving "virtually total power, exercised from Moscow" in ten years.[3] And the ten years are almost up.

The contradiction between what the bomb was supposed to do for the United States and what it actually did holds one of the main keys to the past era of world politics. For about half that era, thermonuclear weapons were made the basis of American foreign policy. According to the doctrine of "massive retaliation," the Bomb could enable us to prevent the Soviet Union from controlling the world, even if we were not willing to use it ourselves for the same purpose. To simplify the whole problem, however, it was necessary to add a theorem, which has received less attention, about the nature of the Communist world. It was set forth officially as early as 1950 by Secretary of State Dean Acheson in the same speech that, more notoriously, delimited the United States' "defensive perimeter" prior to the Korean war. Mr. Acheson held that world Communism was merely "the most subtle instrument of Soviet foreign policy that has ever been devised," that it was "really the spearhead of Russian imperialism."[4]

THERE WAS MUCH TO BE SAID for this identification of world Communism and Soviet foreign policy in Stalin's heyday. Yugoslavia was an exception as early as 1948, but it was too small and lonely to challenge the general rule. Acheson's law was handed down the year after the Chinese Communists took power but, as we have now been told, Communist China was not officially recognised as an enemy in its own right until the first weeks of 1962, midway through the Kennedy administration.[5] Here, again, the passage of time has made some of us wiser than we were. In retrospect, however, it seems clear that American diplomacy, from Dean Acheson to Dean Rusk, was barely able to catch up with the past. It applied a lesson learned from the Communist *parties* in the era of the Cominterm, officially disbanded in 1943, when there was only one Communist state, to the era of proliferating Communist *states*. The transition was not an abrupt one and, therefore, the identification of world Communism with Soviet foreign policy was still largely valid for those post-World War II Communist states in Eastern Europe headed by former Comintern functionaries lifted into power by the Red Army.

Still, the fact remains that the dictum enunciated by Mr. Acheson and not questioned by his successors was promulgated just when the historical conditions which justified it had begun to change. World Communism and Soviet power were moving in different directions, though at different rates in different Communist states and parties. This misapprehension of where the Communist world was heading might have been less costly if American policy-makers had not been so deeply committed to the Communist-Soviet identification. But it became such an article of faith that even when it could no longer be denied that Communist China was not tied to Soviet Russia's apron strings, the same principle was applied to Communist China. It became just as difficult in the 1960s to conceive that Communist states and parties in the East might not be instruments of Chinese policy as it had been difficult in the 1950s to conceive that Communist states and parties everywhere might not be instruments of Soviet policy.

THE COMMUNIST-SOVIET identification was the political side of the military doctrine of "massive retaliation." Together they produced a policy of blissful simplicity. It predicated that the strategic problem would take the form of a struggle between one great power, the United States, against another great power—Soviet Russia in the 1950s, Soviet Russia or China in the 1960s. Wherever Communism reared its head, the trouble could be met by striking at the source, at Soviet Russia or at China, with the weapons of "massive retaliation." Thus was born what might be called the Great Power complex of the great powers. It might be summed up in two propositions that were once considered virtually self-evident:

1. There were only two centres of power in the world, Soviet Russia and the United States. (Communist China was added later but it never achieved the same pre-eminent global status as the other two.)

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[3] W. W. Rostow, *The United States in the World Arena* (New York: Harper, 1960), p. 420.

[4] Speech of January 12, 1950, *Department of State Bulletin* (January 23, 1950), p. 114.

[5] James C. Thomson, Jr., "How Could Vietnam Happen?", *The Atlantic*, April 1968, p. 51.

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2. All international problems, therefore, had to be settled by one against the other or between them but never against or without them.

Out of these premises came the era of so-called bipolar world politics. I would date it from the explosion of the first atomic bombs in August 1945 because without the bombs the United States would not have succeeded in making credible its ability to hold back the Soviet Union. It may be asked why anyone should bother any longer to beat this dead dog. But is the dog quite dead? One still gets the impression that American and Soviet leaders are so fond of—or at least so accustomed to—the bipolar era that they hate to see it go.

When the *Pueblo* affair blew up earlier this year, the first impulse in Washington was to try to settle it through the Russians, not with the North Koreans. The Russians betray the same nostalgia about doing serious business only with the United States. In an interview with the Publisher of *Life* (18 February), Premier Kosygin complained that all that was necessary to make Israel fall in line was for the United States to agree with the Soviet Union. "What forces in the world could resist us?" Mr. Kosygin asked plaintively. And he answered himself: "Nobody. But the U.S. does not agree. . . ."

Twenty and even ten years ago, this lament would have been taken quite seriously. Today it merely seems quaint. The Soviet Union and the United States did, in their own ways, try to stop the outbreak of the Arab-Israeli war in June 1967, but they were not notably successful. As one looks around the world today, there are few places where the two great powers could easily agree, and there are many places where they could not have their way even if they agreed.

Contradictions & Failures

"MASSIVE RETALIATION" was the great casualty of the 1950s; "graduated" or "flexible response" is the great casualty of the 1960s. None of the crises of the 1950s were amenable to "massive retaliation," which proved to be little more than a massive hoax (though there is reason to believe that its proponents did not think they were making empty threats). None of the great crises of the 1960s have been amenable to the strategy of "graduated response."

The latter has, above all, failed in Viet Nam. A former State Department official, who was in a position to know, has revealed that in the late autumn of 1964 the "air-strike planners," as he calls them, thought that the North Vietnamese would "come crawling to us for peace talks" after six weeks of bombing. Someone asked at one of the meetings: And what if they don't? The answer was that another four weeks of bombing would do the trick.[6]

This, in essence, has been the source of American bafflement and frustration in Viet Nam. For three years, the United States has applied increasing force to end the war on its own terms. According to the doctrine of "limited war," the Vietnamese Communists should have realised at some point that the price was too high and, therefore, "come crawling to us." One of the most brilliant and influential of the new strategic theorists, in a book published in 1966, specifically cited the Tonkin Gulf "reprisal" action in August 1964 as a triumph of "appropriate" response.[7] We can now see that this action set off the entire cycle of events which led the United States to sink deeper and deeper into the Vietnamese morass. But in this 1966 book, it was still hailed for several pages as a classic example of how to wage a "limited war," a "restrained war."[8]

The Viet Nam war has brought on a crisis not only of policy but of the theory behind the policy. The theorists of "limited war" saw clearly that we were, in fact, not fighting the great apocalyptic war against Russia or China, and that we needed both a military establishment and a strategic doctrine of greater flexibility and gradation for the scrapes we were

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[6] Thomson, *Atlantic*, p. 51.

[7] Three North Vietnamese torpedo boats allegedly attacked a U.S. destroyer in the Gulf of Tonkin on August 2, 1964, and another such attack on two U.S. destroyers, now more seriously questioned, was reported to have taken place two days later. Whatever the facts regarding these attacks, the United States reported that two North Vietnamese boats had been sunk and that the U.S. ships had escaped unscathed. Nevertheless, President Johnson ordered a "reprisal" action on August 5. No fewer than 64 U.S. aircraft attacked naval installations in five North Vietnamese ports, reportedly destroying or seriously damaging about half of the fifty torpedo boats in those harbours and setting fire to a petroleum depot.

[8] Thomas C. Schelling, *Arms and Influence* (1966), pp. 141–45.

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getting into. The trouble with "massive retaliation," they recognised, was that it was applicable to one type of war only—between the "super-powers." (A variant would have applied it against a small power in the Soviet orbit, but this was thought of as only the opening shot in a larger Soviet-American conflict.) What was not so clear to the "limited war" theorists was that their recipes of "graduated response" might be equally self-defeating in a war between a very great power and a very small one. If ever "graduated response" could have worked, it should have worked in Viet Nam. That it did not requires a rethinking of the entire problem.

YET THE VIET NAM WAR was not an isolated case. There were two previous dress rehearsals: the Bay of Pigs incident in Cuba in April 1961 and the Dominican intervention in 1965. All three presented more or less the same problem, though they were handled differently. President Kennedy could have had a "Vietnamese" Cuba in 1961, if he had decided to send U.S. forces to do what the Cuban *émigré forces* could not do. President Johnson could have had a "Vietnamese" Dominican Republic in 1965, if he had not been saved by the man who was cheated out of victory. Mr. Johnson did send U.S. forces to do what the Dominican armed forces were unable to do, but Juan Bosch could not bring himself to contemplate fighting between his supporters and U.S. troops. Johnson was lucky to have a Bosch rather than a Castro or a Ho Chi Minh to face in the Dominican Republic or the Dominican intervention would have resulted in a bloody mess. But in Viet Nam, we were not saved by the forbearance either of ourselves or the enemy. Cuba, the Dominican Republic, and Viet Nam belong to the same class of problems, the class of the 1960s, so to speak—the one which has proven most intractable to American power and about which the power theorists, both massive and limited, have had the least to say.

What, in theory as well as practice, went wrong?

WHEN A great power confronts a great power, military victory becomes most meaningful. But when a very great power, possessing weapons of indescribable destruction, if it chooses to use them, confronts a very small power, what does military victory mean? What is gained if the United States proves that it is militarily stronger than the Dominican Republic or even North Viet Nam? To make such a conflict meaningful, the great power has to demonstrate how little force it needs to use, not how much force it can use. Paradoxically, a great power can obtain a meaningful victory over a small power only by using a small part of its strength or at least using much less than it is capable of using. But then, it loses some or all of its advantages as a great power; it voluntarily abstains from using its most destructive weapons or from using the more conventional weapons most destructively.

"Massive retaliation" tended to make policy-makers conscious of how much force they would have to use (and hence, paradoxically, President Eisenhower was deterred from massive intervention in Indo-China in 1954). "Limited war" tended to make them conscious of how little they might have to use. But if a little was not enough, it could always be increased. Thus "escalation" or "incrementalisation" was built into "limited war."[9]

This dilemma can be overcome only by assuming that there is a relatively modest level of destruction which will not be "acceptable," as the phrase goes, to the small power. In fact, we seem to assume that a small power cannot or will not take as much punishment as a large power. But this is precisely where great-power thinking goes wrong. Great powers tend to think of "limited wars" in terms of themselves. They think of the "limit" as what it would be if they were taking the punishment or in rela-

[9] "Limited war," of course, lent itself to different versions—from the use of tactical nuclear weapons to conventional forces. Henry Kissinger defined "limited war" as seeking "to deter Communist aggression by developing military forces capable of checking this aggression at whatever scale of violence it may be initiated" (*The Necessity for Choice*, Anchor Books edn., p. 60). Thus the response depended on the challenge.

In his farewell press conference in Saigon on 9 June, General Westmoreland managed to combine both the ideas of an "unacceptable" limit and of an unlimited destructiveness. "The enemy can be 'attritted' (*sic*)," he said. "The price can be raised to the point where it could be intolerable to the enemy. He may be reaching a point where it is a question of destroying the future of the country if he continues to pay the price as he is now paying the price and is destined to pay it in the future" (*New York Times*, 10 June).

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tion to the total force they are capable of using.[10] But neither of these senses may seem very limited to a smaller power. A great power may use only a very limited portion of its power but it will be enough to make a small power feel that it must fight an unlimited war or not at all.

This is especially true if the small power or rather its people is willing to die for a cause. Death is not limited, and if enough people are willing to die, they are not going to fight a "limited war." This is the imponderable that cannot be accounted for in any theory of "limited war." It takes two to fight a limited war, and if one refuses to play that game, the other has to go from limit to upper limit, despite its better judgment that at some limit the game is no longer worth the candle.

In the case of the Viet Nam war, victory might have been meaningful as long as it was basically conducted by two small powers, namely, South and North Viet Nam or as a civil war in South Viet Nam. Until 1965, it was a war by proxies, which is the only way great powers today may engage in wars without either pitting great power against great power or great power against small power. As soon as the United States took over the main function in the war in 1965, it condemned itself to fighting either an unlimited war from the outset, and horrifying the world and its own people, or fighting a "limited war" which it could not win without exceeding the limits that would make the other side fight an unlimited war. This is the contradiction which the theorists of "limited war" never foresaw. The United States started out by assuming there was some level of destruction that would not be acceptable to North Vietnam, and has ended by questioning what level of destruction was acceptable to itself to prevent a Communist takeover.

THE VIET NAM WAR was lost, politically, in 1965—a loss that could be disguised but not retrieved by any kind of military "victory"—just when the United States thought it was beginning to fight. The defeat of a proxy may be costly and painful, but it is not as costly and painful as stepping in to take the place of one's proxy against an enemy that is willing to fight an unlimited war to the bitter end. A great power which cannot see its proxy defeated cannot tell itself that it is only going to fight a limited war because it may not be in the position to make the final decision. The United States was lured into this untenable predicament by the blandishments of the "domino theory." But without arguing the merits of that theory here, the point is that one could not have it both ways. If the domino theory is to be taken seriously, a defeat in Viet Nam cannot be contemplated without ultimately losing the whole or a large part of the world to Communism. One cannot, in effect, believe in the "domino theory" and "limited war" at the same time. If the stakes in Viet Nam are virtually unlimited, one could not fight a limited war there.

Now there is some danger that the failure of "limited war" in Viet Nam will encourage a revival of "massive intervention." American military circles are already preparing an alibi based on such reasoning. If this is the lesson drawn from the Viet Nam war, the cure will be infinitely worse than the disease. Massive intervention would have made it an American war on the largest scale from the outset. Such a war would not only have run the risk of Chinese intervention, as in Korea, but it would have made an utter mockery of our political objective—to save, and to strengthen, South Viet Nam as a political entity, to enable South Viet Nam to defend itself. The root of the trouble was that the military means, especially large-scale bombing, were not adapted to the political

[10] An ardent supporter of the Viet Nam war, Professor Robert Scalapino of the University of California at Berkeley, used this reasoning to demonstrate how moderate the United States has been in Viet Nam: "While we certainly have bombed North Viet Nam extensively, we have it within our power, and you know this, to eradicate North Viet Nam from the map. The fact that we have risked American lives over months and months and months in an effort to avoid that kind of total mass destruction of this country, is one indication that Goliath has placed certain limitations upon his power" (*The New Leader*, February 26, 1968, p. 14).

Thus "limited war" is defined, in this argument, as anything short of eradicating "North Viet Nam from the map." There may be some horrible kind of logic to this from the viewpoint of total American power of destruction, but it totally ignored what effect this self-imposed "limitation" would have on North Viet Nam. A "limitation" defined as short of what it would take to eradicate North Viet Nam from the map would be well within the limits of what would force North Viet Nam to fight an unlimited war.

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end, and massive intervention would only have made the military-political contradiction all the more glaring and monstrous. Yet it will take a great deal of clarity and courage to prevent the wrong lesson from being drawn from the fiasco in Viet Nam.

Transitional Period

WHAT HAS EMERGED from all this is a changed relationship between the great powers and between each of them and smaller powers.

As long as the bipolar system was taken for granted by great and small powers alike, it could roll along on its own momentum. But once small or not-so-great powers began to challenge it, the system started to break down.

Just as the 1950s represent the heyday of bipolarity, so the 1960s represent its erosion. For the United States, that erosion began demonstratively in Cuba at the beginning of the decade. It has also proceeded in Western Europe and elsewhere, less traumatically but no less distinctly. The same historical movement away from bipolarity has been characteristic of Soviet power—in the Far East, in Eastern Europe, and even in Cuba. The tempo and form of the wear and tear on what General de Gaulle has called the two "hegemonies," an apt if somewhat ungainly word, have been different, but the direction has been the same.

We may differ about the reasons but I do not think we can differ about the results. For whatever cause, the United States has failed to impose its will on Cuba, on France, on Viet Nam, to name only three of the most obvious places, and the United States is fast losing the will to impose its will on a global scale. The Soviet Union has failed to impose its will on Yugoslavia, China, Rumania, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, again to name only the most obvious places, and if the Soviets seek to resist the drift by force, they could well get into some of the trouble that has been the lot of the United States.

What is most striking about this bipolar erosion of power is that it has been accomplished by small powers against each of the great powers rather than by the great powers against each other. In fact, the United States has done quite well whenever it has confronted the Soviet Union directly, as in the Berlin and Missile crises. The United States has not done so well whenever it has confronted small powers, even within its own sphere of influence. In effect, the erosion of power in the 1960s has taken place within the two hegemonies rather than between them.

To say that Soviet Russia and the United States are no longer the two centres of decision-making power may be to state the obvious. But I would go further—they have become centres of increasing powerlessness. I mean this, of course, in a relative, not an absolute sense. They still have more raw power, more "capability," than ever, but they have not been able to use it effectively to impose their will or they have not been able to use an important portion of their power at all; and power that cannot be used or can be used only in rare, special and self-destructive circumstances is a different kind of power from the one on which hegemonies have traditionally been based. This erosion of effective power has brought about a new distribution of power in international affairs. The smaller powers have not become so much stronger; the great powers have become somewhat weaker.

IT IS FAIR TO SAY that we did not expect the change to come this way. In Europe, for example, the idea has prevailed for two decades that it was necessary to build up European power through a more or less united Europe to be able to match or approach Soviet and American power. A united Europe has been receding of late, and yet individual nations in both East and West Europe have been behaving as if they did not know that Soviet or American power could wipe them off the face of the earth. What seems to have happened is that, somehow, Soviet and American power have come down, even if everyone else's power has not gone up. But the relative effect is the same.

In virtually every case, the resistance to the Soviet and American hegemonies has taken a nationalistic form. We seem to be, therefore, in a period of resurgent nationalism. The increasing fragmentation of the bipolar system and the resurgence of nationalism are two sides of the same coin. The question for the more distant future is whether nationalism today is performing, in the main, a positive or a negative function. If positive, it will merely substitute the past for the present. If negative, it is probably a transitional stage to a new and different balance of forces not yet visible to the naked eye. In the latter view, nationalism happened to

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be the most familiar, handy and effective solvent for the bipolar system. A partial return to the past was the only means to open the way to a different future. But the clock cannot be turned back. The Soviet Union and the United States —China might be included, but I think it presents a somewhat different problem—will remain great powers, the greatest powers, for as long as we can now foresee, but their power will not loom so large over other, smaller powers.

ONE WAY TO VIEW the emerging system of international relations in the 1970s is to use two other decades, the 1930s and the 1950s, as reference points. For this purpose, only a few simple propositions are necessary.

In the 1930s, Europe was still the centre of world politics. The main crises took place in Europe or through the intervention of a European power. The "dynamic" elements were, for the most part, Germany in the West and Japan in the East. Soviet Russia and the United States looked on indecisively from the periphery.

In the 1950s, Europe became a vacuum in world politics. The main crises, with the exception of Berlin, took place outside Europe, and this was even more true of the 1960s. The United States and Soviet Russia moved from the periphery to become rival centres, and all effective power seemed to radiate from them.

The system of international relations of the 1970s, I suggest, will be somewhere between the system of the 1930s and the system of the 1950s. The next era of world politics shows signs of being made up of elements that are new, old, and older, mixed up in some strange and partially unforeseeable conglomeration. We are living through a transitional period in which the pieces will be put together in a new way, and we can still see only dimly what that new way will be.

Shapes of Things to Come

DIMLY or not, can we see anything? If what I have been getting at so far makes sense, more or less, some concrete implications should be forthcoming. I propose to suggest ten, ranging perhaps from the obvious to the outlandish.

1. The last war created some problems which will be reopened and settled in ways that we did not or could not previously envisage. One such problem was known in the era of John Foster Dulles as "the liberation of Eastern Europe." In the 1950s, Mr. Dulles considered it to be the responsibility of the United States to liberate Eastern Europe. Now parts of Eastern Europe are striving to liberate themselves, not without success, and, indeed, it would be much harder for them to shake themselves loose if the United States tried to muscle in.

Is this phenomenon of self-liberation, not liberation by the United States, part of a pattern? I think it is. For almost two decades, it was widely assumed that such a far-reaching change could not take place in the post-war setup unless some major preconditions were satisfied, such as a Soviet-American détente or a United Europe. Now great changes are taking place without the détente and without European unity. These preconditions assumed the indefinite prolongation of the bipolar system or its metamorphosis into a tripolar system. But what we are witnessing is precisely the breakup of the bipolar system before a tripolar system could take its place.

2. If the bipolar political systems are breaking up, can the bipolar military systems be far behind? We still have NATO and the Warsaw Pact, but they have less and less reason for existence. NATO was originally premised on the imminent danger of a full-scale Soviet invasion of Western Europe.[11] The Warsaw Pact was premised on the threat of what Secretary Dulles used to call the roll-back of Soviet power. It is hard to wait for an invasion and a roll-back for almost two decades and harder to base policy on such indefinitely deferred eventualities.

If present developments continue, the departure of both Russian and American armed forces from Europe will become a distinct possibility, even probability—if not total evacuation, then very substantial reductions. The Americans will almost certainly want to get out, given half a chance by the Russians. The reduction of both American and Russian forces in West and East Germany by half or more—that is, to about three American divisions and about ten Russian divisions—is not too much to hope for in the 1970s. A similar reduction or

[11] George Kennan has written that the Pentagon expected the Soviet attack on Western Europe to come in 1952. *Memoirs 1925–50* (London, 1968), p. 463.

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total elimination of the present two Russian divisions in Poland and four in Hungary might follow. In any case, the presence of these forces in Europe will certainly become an open question in the next decade.

From another point of view, the thaw in Western Europe is giving the East a buffer in the West, and the thaw in Eastern Europe is giving the West a buffer in the East. These buffers will offer more security to the United States and the Soviet Union—and keep them farther apart—than all their armed forces and military pacts. The *rapprochement* of Eastern and Western Europe could be more important than a détente between the Soviet Union and the United States.

3. The greatest and most painful problem of the 1970s may well be in the heart of Europe, namely, Germany. In the 1950s, it was generally assumed, as one distinguished American student of German history put it, that "the Russians are the only people who can clothe the desire [for German reunification] with reality."[12] As long as this was believed, German policy was frozen in the bipolar system; it was accepted that Germany itself could do nothing, Russia everything, and only the United States could move Russia to do anything. The present German coalition government has, however, begun to unfreeze German policy with a view towards getting into position to put the German problem on the European agenda. It is gradually freeing German policy from American tutelage and facing up to the minimal price that may have to be paid for reunification. After much hesitation and reflection, German policy is coming to grips with the basic problem: it can pursue the will-o-the-wisp of territorial revisionism or the distant star of German reunification, but if it tries to get both, it will probably get neither.

As yet, it is far easier to see the process moving in West than in East Germany. By 1967, public opinion polls had reported that three-quarters of young West Germans considered reunification the major issue facing West Germany. But if there is one thing we dare not underestimate, it is the subterranean potency of German nationalism. In view of the threatened resurgence of right-wing German nationalism, Chancellor Kiesinger found it necessary to appeal for what he called "a healthy and natural nationalism" (3 April 1968). This is now the choice: a healthy and natural German nationalism, whatever that is, or an unhealthy and unnatural German nationalism, and we know what that can be. In either case, however, the issue of German reunification will become more and more urgent. In East Germany, the totalitarian façade hides as much as or more than it reveals. The post-Ulbricht régime will almost certainly hold some surprises for us. If all around it there are changes on the Rumanian or the Czechoslovakian model, can East Germany be permanently immune?

The problem of German reunification is particularly vexing because the more the Germans want it, the less their neighbours east and west are likely to want it. But the question now is not whether Germany will be reunified in the 1970s; it is rather whether German reunification will become a live issue as it has not been for the past quarter of a century. If the Germans could hope to achieve their reunification by brute force, the outlook in Central Europe would be grim indeed. But, in this respect, the 1970s need not be expected to imitate the 1930s. If power has failed the United States and the Soviet Union, it can hardly serve present-day Germany. Yet I strongly surmise that German reunification will ultimately depend more on what East and West Germany do than on what other nations do not want them to do. If the two Germanies want to be one, strongly enough, they will eventually be able to accomplish it, not by using force but because it will be too dangerous for others to use force to keep them apart. The real problem of West Germany is in East Germany, not in the Soviet Union and the United States.

4. Elsewhere in the world, however, changes reminiscent of the 1930s are already taking place. Three outstanding examples are Spain, Japan and three East European states.

We are sure to get a revised edition of the Spanish problem. The ever broader and more determined defiance of the Franco régime was unthinkable only a few short years ago. In the 1950s, the horror of civil war was still palpable. It has certainly diminished for the younger generation. What will follow Franco's rule is still anybody's guess. But that the struggle for

[12] Gordon A. Craig, "NATO and the New German Army," in *Military Policy and National Security* (Princeton, 1956), p. 196.

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power in Spain will make its reappearance in the 1970s does not require any great gift of divination.

In Asia, the return of Japan as a "dynamic" element will also take us part of the way back to the 1930s. A country which now surpasses France, West Germany and Great Britain in the production of steel and motor vehicles (in steel, more than the last two combined); which leads the world in ship building; which is outranked only by the United States in electronics and computers; which is the third largest industrial producer, with an average rate of growth of about 10 per cent since 1955; whose arms budget now amounts to $6·5 billion or over £2·5 billion, cannot be held back from changing the existing balance in Asian and world politics. In fact, the United States has been urging Japan to play a much larger role in Asia, and the Japanese need no more urging—they only need a clear conception of what their immediate destiny should be. The future of Asia may depend far more on the relations between China and Japan and between other Asiatic countries and Japan than between China and the United States.

A strange reincarnation of the pre-war Little Entente made up of Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia has also taken place. Times have changed, and another more or less formal Little Entente, protected by France against both Soviet Russia and Germany, is hardly feasible. But as a British correspondent in Bucharest observed, "what is still a tacit affinity between three independent but Communist countries may gradually grow into something more" (*The Times*, 6 May). In early May 1968, the leaders of Soviet Russia, Poland, East Germany, and Bulgaria met in Moscow—but the leaders of Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia were not invited. Here was created a semblance of the former Little Entente—by exclusion. In mid-May 1968, General de Gaulle made his grand ceremonial visit to Rumania, and another has been tentatively set for Czechoslovakia next year. There is no need to push the analogy too far, but there is no reason to ignore the growing community of interest of these three countries despite different circumstances. In this part of the world, the 1970s are somehow arranging themselves as a cross between the 1930s and the 1950s, with Soviet pressure producing alignments that German pressure once produced.

5. Africa and Asia are, in one respect, heading in the same historical direction.

For a time, during the Congo crisis in 1960, Africa suddenly and improbably became the neuralgic point of world politics. Since then, all sorts of things have happened in Africa, some not too dissimilar to the 1960 struggle, and no world crisis has ensued. The reason is simply that the United States and Soviet Russia have decided not to fight over Africa and not again to make an African civil war into an international issue. As a result, African history has again become African rather than an African division of world politics. This, too, will change no doubt, but meanwhile we can be spared more Congo crises.

This state of affairs is also, to my mind, coming to Asia. The Viet Nam war represents the end of an epoch of Western intervention in Asia. It will finish what the Communist victory in China in 1949 began. One way or another, sooner or later, the United States is going to withdraw its forces from Viet Nam, and this will be the historic turning-point. The United States has made innumerable miscalculations, and worse, in Viet Nam, but in larger perspective, all its efforts, even those relatively well-intentioned and well-conceived, have proven to be of no avail because they have gone against the irresistible tide of Asian history—which is precisely that it should be Asian. We may expect no end of crises and even convulsions in Asia, but I do not think that any Western power—and which Western power but the United States could even contemplate any such thing?—will try forcefully to inject itself into them. As in Africa there were no more Congos in the 1960s, so in Asia there need be no more Viet Nams in the 1970s. As I have already noted, we went through a phase in which every Communist manifestation in Europe was nothing more than an instrument of Soviet power, and we have had to get over it. We will have to get over seeing everything in Asia through Chinese spectacles, too.

6. This brings me to the policy which has implicitly divided the Communist world into "good" and "bad" Communist states or at least into the "not so bad" and the "totally bad." With the "good" or "not so bad" we can have diplomatic and trade relations; we can even seek a "détente" and possibly an "entente" with them. These include Soviet Russia, Yugo-

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slavia, Poland, and the rest in Eastern Europe. With the "bad" ones we can have nothing to do. The worst of the "bad" ones are China and Cuba.

This policy was never thought through. If there are "good" and "bad" Communist states, is their degree of goodness or badness dependent on their behaviour as states or on the nature of their Communism? The official U.S. position has insisted that only their behaviour as states counts. But if *behaviour* is what matters, the Chinese Communists have largely contented themselves with words, while the Russian Communists have been more interested in actions. In Berlin, in Cuba, in the Middle East, in Viet Nam since 1965 and elsewhere, the United States has been thwarted and harassed by the Soviet Union or with Soviet support. If actions were all that counted, the Soviet Union might well go to the top of the "bad" Communist states.

In actuality, it is precisely the word "Communist" that has made it so difficult to adapt old policies to new realities. The word "Communist" now covers so many different kinds of states, parties and tendencies, evolving in so many different directions, that its indiscriminate use has come dangerously close to becoming an obstacle to understanding. In a polymorphic Communist world—I do not use the term "polycentric" because a multiplicity of centres implies no centres at all, as Professor Louis J. Halle has pointed out—there is no reason for not treating all Communist states alike *in principle*. If they are treated differently, it should be for some other reason than that they are Communist. If it is for any other reason, the policy could change with changing circumstances. But the "bad" Communist states tend to be dealt with on the basis of abstract principle or moralising rhetoric, both of which are notoriously allergic to change. We are going into an era in which the entire meaning and practice of Communism will have to be reconsidered and reconceived, by the Communists as well as everyone else, and policies based on old conceptions will have to give way.

7. As for Soviet-American relations, curiously perhaps, I expect these to change least of all for some time. The pattern has already been set in this decade. It was set in 1962 when the Soviet Union decided that it was too dangerous to challenge the United States in a direct confrontation or what President Kennedy made into a direct confrontation. Since then the favourite Soviet strategy has been to work through proxies. The Arab-Israeli war last year was the classic example, and though it ended in the ignominious defeat of the Soviet proxies, this is an area in which the Soviet leaders think they can play most safely with high explosives. Not that the United States has not waged its share of wars by proxy; the Viet Nam war was until 1965 a war by proxy (against China in the then official U.S. view). The Soviet Union has been more successful in this strategy because it has heretofore refrained from committing its own troops to retrieve a setback by one of its proxies and, therefore, has not done as badly as the United States. But for this very reason, the Soviets are likely to go on experimenting with wars by proxy after the United States has given them up.

I, for one, would be surprised if the so-called Cold War did not continue for quite a while longer. It is for this reason that I do not consider the Cold War to be co-terminous with the bipolar era and why it will stretch into the next one. But if the Cold War continues, it will at least be circumscribed by new conditions. In the 1950s and into the 1960s, no part of the world seemed immune from it. If it could flare up in the Congo or in Cuba, it could flare up anywhere. But, increasingly, large portions of the world have been withdrawn from the Cold War. The danger spots will tend to be more highly localised. Moreover, at the height of the Cold War, the two antagonists believed —and made everyone else believe—that the fate of the whole world depended on them. This they can no longer believe in, and others can believe in it even less. I rather suspect, however, that the two countries which will find the greatest difficulty adapting themselves to the next era of international affairs will be—the Soviet Union and the United States.

8. What, then, is the great issue of the new era likely to be? The past quarter of a century has been preoccupied with security and power. The next quarter of a century may have to turn its attention to society and influence.

By society, I simply mean the social order in each country. There is hardly a country which is not turning inward, questioning itself or being forced to question itself by domestic disturbances of one kind or another. External

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violence has given way to internal violence. The gravest menace to every social order, East and West, is inside rather than outside. The present unrest cuts across the old battle lines. It is asking in Communist countries what is wrong with Communism, and it is asking in capitalist countries what is wrong with capitalism. The new mood is another sign that a historical period has come to an end. This point was strikingly made by Dr. Theo Sommer, one of the editors of the influential German weekly, *Die Zeit*, in connection with a seemingly different subject, the student riots in Berlin. "The attempt on the life of Rudi Dutschke and the street-fighting during the Easter holiday mark the end of an epoch," he wrote (in ENCOUNTER, June). "Only now is the post-war period really over."

As a result, I would further suggest, influence is likely to become more important than power. By influence, I mean what a country can achieve without resort to force. Influence works mainly through imitation, power through compulsion. Influence can be exerted by small, even poor, countries; power requires large, rich countries (or rich enough to afford thermonuclear weapons). Some of the most influential countries today are small and poor; some of the most powerful countries are the least influential.

Why does Soviet Russia now fear Czechoslovakia? Is it because Czechoslovakia is so powerful? Or is it because the example of Czechoslovakia will influence Poles, East Germans and even Russians to question their own social order? What is missing in the United States today? Is it power or influence? If the United States had had more effective influence, would it have had to use so much ineffective power? Where did the American power theorists go wrong if it was not in their predisposition to divorce power from politics?

The Soviet problem in Czechoslovakia is not unlike that faced elsewhere by the United States. If the Soviets should decide to crush the Czechoslovak renaissance by brute force, they will confess before the world, not least the Communist world, their incorrigible political bankruptcy. Soviet power might reoccupy Czechoslovakia but they might have to pay for it with a shattering loss of influence in the Western Communist movements for which this could well be an even more devastating shock than the Hungarian intervention in 1956. The last word in Czechoslovakia has assuredly not been spoken; we may be sure, however, that whatever they decide to do, it will not be spoken, before history, by the Soviet leaders.

9. One of the most puzzling questions is where the revolutionary ferment of the 1960s is heading.

Just as an apparent resurgence of nationalism has acted as a solvent of the bipolar system, so there seems to have been a need to return to an older revolutionary tradition to loosen up the existing revolutionary mould. On the surface, the new revolutionary tendencies have more in common with pre-Marxism than with Marxism, with utopian socialism, anarchism and nihilism than with classical Social Democracy or even with the Communism we have known for the past fifty years. A reader of Franco Venturi's masterpiece on Russian Populism might often wonder whether he is reading about Russia in the 19th century or the "Third World" in the 20th. The famous Populist Manifesto of February 1861 stated: "We are a backward people and in this lies our salvation."[13] And this: "We trust in our own fresh forces; we believe that we are called upon to introduce a new foundation in history, to utter our own words, and not to follow in the wake of Europe."[14] Venturi notes that this Manifesto "was aimed not at the real intelligentsia or at the people, but at the students who were demonstrating in the lecture halls and streets of St. Petersburg." Bakunin's disciple, Nechaev, wrote eight years later:

> We are devoid of any concept of duty to the State or of honour towards existing society, which we loathe and from which we expect only evil. We have an entirely negative plan, which no one can modify: utter destruction.

All the ingredients of the latest revolutionary wave—the forwardness of backwardness, the cult of violence, the creativity of chaos, and all the rest—seem like echoes from the past, and the darkest Russian past at that.

The present wave is so confused and contradictory that it will have to shake down before its true meaning and historic significance can

[13] Franco Venturi, *Roots of Revolution* (London, 1960), p. 248.

[14] I have taken this passage from the same Manifesto from Leopold H. Haimson, *Russian Marxists and the Origins of Bolshevism* (Harvard, 1955), p. 111n.

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be discerned. One of the most striking manifestations, however, is its revolt against both the established order and its Communist opposition.[15] The basic pattern was set by Fidel Castro in Cuba; he arose out of a Latin American revolutionary tradition older than and outside official Cuban Communism, then merged with it in the first stages of his régime to give himself a working bureaucracy and ideology, and finally became its master to break up an inefficient bureaucracy (not that he substituted a more efficient one) and superimpose his own blend of pre- and post-Communism. During the French upheaval this year, the same uneasy relationship between the new revolutionaries, many of them openly anarchist in theory and spirit, and the old-time Communists was striking.[16] The French Communists first disparaged the student rebels because they believed that they were doomed to failure and because the Communists felt themselves threatened by them; then the unexpected success of the student movement caused the Communists to change their tactics and jump on the bandwagon—just what the Cuban Communists did *vis-à-vis* Castro in 1953–59. But at this point the French Communists parted company with the precedent of the Cuban Communists, perhaps because they had learned the Cuban lesson. The French Communists were too strongly entrenched in the French working class to be taken over by the would-be French Castros; the Communist-controlled C.G.T. refused to permit the student U.N.E.F. (National

[15] Not that the New Left in Britain and America has failed to take over some of the worst habits of the Old Left. I may perhaps be forgiven if I cite a personal example. The *New Left Review* of May-June 1961 published an article by two editors, Stuart Hall and Norm Fruchter, taking me to task for, among other things, echoing the State Department line on Cuba. I replied to the letter in the issue of September-October 1961 (the interested reader may find my reply in *Castro's Revolution: Myths and Realities*), and demonstrated, I think, how absurd this accusation was. The *New Left Review* promised to reply to me in its next issue. Its reply never appeared. Presumably it would have carried out its promise to its readers if it had been capable of doing so.

But this was only the beginning. In *The Nation* of 2 October 1967, Professor Christopher Lasch, a New Left historian, contributed a long critique of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Apropos of ENCOUNTER, he referred to me as follows: "The magazine published Theodore Draper's diatribes against Castro, which laid a theoretical basis for American intervention by depicting Castro as a Soviet puppet and a menace to the Western hemisphere." If I wrote "diatribes," what is a documented, reasoned, critical analysis? In any case, it happens to be a fact that I always argued against viewing Castro as a "Soviet puppet," and I never remotely used such language as "a menace to the Western hemisphere." I sent *The Nation* a letter of exactly two sentences protesting against this malicious nonsense. It was never published. Yet the same sentence has turned up again in a slightly revised version of Lasch's article in a new book. *Towards A New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History*, edited by another New Leftist professor of history, Barton J. Bernstein (Pantheon Books, 1968).

I would have ignored all this but for the latest apparition of the old fantasy. In the *New Left Review* of March-April 1968, I was described as "a hitherto faithful supporter of the State Department" who had recently left the faith in my book on the Viet Nam war, *Abuse of Power*. What baffles me is why it should be so necessary for these New Leftists to convert me into a State Department apologist. It is degrading even to "defend" myself against this crass misrepresentation; it happens that I had been consistently critical of U.S. policy in Cuba and in the Dominican Republic long before *Abuse of Power*. If I am an example of a "faithful supporter," the State Department does not need enemies.

[16] On 25 April 1968, the Communist deputy, Pierre Juquin, was prevented from speaking at the University in Nanterre. One of the principal French Communist leaders, Georges Marchais, a member of the party secretariat, turned his attention to those who had broken up the meeting and who were made up, he said, of bourgeois "pseudo-revolutionaries," of Maoists, Trotskyists, anarchists, and other "more or less *folklorique*" groups. Marchais bitterly attacked one of their older mentors, Professor Herbert Marcuse, as well as the student leader he scornfully referred to as "the German anarchist Cohn-Bendit," better known as *Dany le Rouge*. Marchais declared war on the new tendency in these terms: "These false revolutionaries must be energetically unmasked because, objectively, they serve the interests of Gaullist power and the great capitalist monopolies" (*L'Humanité*, 3 May). But when the "pseudo-revolutionaries" proved to be more successful than the Communists had bargained for, the latter joined the strike movement.

Nevertheless, *Dany le Rouge* was not amused and struck back at the *"crapules staliniennes,"* as he called the Communist chieftains, on 13 May. *L'Humanité* complained bitterly on 24 May: "Cohn-Bendit defames the Communists. He insults our party." The Communist organ also accused Dany of being a "provocateur," a "so-called 'revolutionary,'" of misleading the students, of sowing "division, diversion, provocation." Early in June, an Italian Communist leader, Giorgio Amendola, joined in the counter-attack of the French Communists. In *Rinascità*, the official weekly organ, Amendola attacked the "extremist infantilism" of the Italian student movement, whose tactics he traced back to the 19th century.

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Union of French Students) to mix into working-class affairs; and *l'Humanité* never let up on its agitation against the Maoist-Trotskyist-anarchist-*folklorique* "provocateurs." The new trend is so amorphous that it can, like Castro, be the rival of, the ally of, and the successor of the established Communist movement which, in turn, can disdain it, join it or fight it. The Communists, like everyone else, do not know what to make of the latest fashion in revolutions because it does not conform to the familiar pattern. In the past, the theory came before the movement. Now it has become modish to start a movement which then proceeds to look for a theory, do without a theory altogether or put together bits and pieces from various, somewhat incongruous, revolutionary theories. Everyone wonders what it is all about, and the answer is that no one, including its devotees, knows. I take this to mean that we are in the presence of something transitional which may end up anywhere and nowhere.

When the present confusion settles down some time in the 1970s, we may find ourselves with a new revolutionary era comparable to that which the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 brought into existence. The great question is whether there will be a decisive differentiation between the revolutionary movements in the more advanced, industrialised countries and those in the more backward, agrarian countries. We are not yet able to answer this question because existing forces are moving and pulling in different directions and because we have not come to the end of the unexpected. In Czechoslovakia, the process of democratisation is reviving hope in the possibilities of democratic socialism. Will it be permitted to work itself out and, if so, can it fail to inspire others? Is "democratic socialism in one country" possible? Some have wondered about the prospects for the emergence of a Western Communism closer to the authentic, so often betrayed and buried democratic socialist tradition. Now, paradoxically, a new Western Communism may be taking shape in Eastern Europe. The missing link is still in Western Europe, where the democratic parties are not socialist and the "socialist" parties are not democratic. If the Czechoslovak example should prove to be contagious—not only in the East European Communist states but in the Western Communist parties, especially in France, where the Communist movement has been most immobile and obsolete but could, with the Italian party, change the course of Western Communism—the consequences would be incalculable.

The French Communists cannot much longer stand in the way of both reform and revolution—of reform by theoretically preaching revolution and of revolution by actually practising reform. The quasi-revolution of May 1968 showed how delicate and dangerous this balancing act had become—they were outflanked by an extremist student movement which they could not control but which they gave its greatest victory by calling out the workers, partly to support it and partly to frustrate it. Then they could not control the workers after having negotiated a favourable economic settlement for them; after which they exposed the entire revolt to a Gaullist counter-attack on "totalitarian Communism"; and, finally, as in 1944-45, they will be charged by their enemies on the Left with flinching from the seizure of power which was virtually in their hands. In the long post-mortem which is sure to follow these complex and confusing events, there may be enough intelligence and independence left in French Communism to recognise that it cannot have the best of all possible worlds and may be heading towards getting the worst.

Or will the new revolutionary wave which developed in the more backward, agrarian countries wash over the movements in the more advanced, industrialised countries? The lineage of the new revolutionaries goes back to Bakunin rather than to Marx, and it is just as well that the term "anarchism" is coming back into vogue. For what we have been witnessing is a revival of anarchism in modern dress or masquerading as latter-day Marxism. Just as 19th-century Marxism matured in a struggle against anarchism, so 20th-century Marxism may have to recreate itself in another struggle against anarchism in its latest guise. The anarchists did not have much staying-power in the 19th century, and it is unlikely that they will have much more in this century. It will be all the odder not only if the old struggle is renewed but if each movement tends to prevail in more or less the same countries as before.

10. My last point is essentially addressed to Europeans. It was suggested to me, in a statistical form, by a new book, *World Politics Since 1945*, by Peter Calvocoressi. One reviewer, Mr. Con O'Neill, noted (*Sunday Times*, 28 April):

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> Western Europe gets 40 pages; Asia 75; Africa 115. Australia is hardly mentioned once, Canada hardly at all, Japan little more; but Cyprus and the Sudan have a chapter apiece, and West Africa rates more pages than China.[17]

Western Europe 40; Asia 75; Africa 115. Mr. Calvocoressi will no doubt write another book a quarter of a century from now entitled *World Politics Since 1970*. In this sequel, I dare say, Africa may get about 40; Asia may stay about the same, at 75; and Western Europe may go up to 115.

IN THE NEW ERA, what role will or should or can Europe play? I start with the conviction that we have been witnessing the exhaustion of the Russian and the American "hegemonies," as we have known them since the end of the last war. The recovery of America from its wounds, the worst of them self-inflicted, has not yet begun, and when it begins it will take time. I am also convinced that the pendulum of world politics will swing westward in the coming decade, which is merely to say that the West will be more interested in its own problems than in those of the East. For what is "world politics"? Is it anything more than those "crises" in those places in which the world powers choose to stake their power and prestige? If the great powers chose to get embroiled in Nigeria today, it would become a major focus of world politics; as it is, it is a West African civil war.

Where is the new spirit, the new energy, the new creative force, to come from? In the case of Soviet Russia, it is clearly coming from Eastern Europe. In the case of America, will it come from Western Europe? For at least a decade, Western Europe has, with one exception, not played the political role which its history, its culture, its population and even its economy entitled it to play. The exception, France, may have tried to do too much too soon but, at any rate, one had felt there the past few years a spirit, an energy, a creative force not matched elsewhere in Europe. Yet France is now going through a travail which will either exhaust it, too, or imbue it with a still greater sense of purpose and mission. Elsewhere in Europe, country after country seems to stand at the same cross-roads.

[17] Actually, Western Europe gets only 36 pages.

THE GROUND *is shaking everywhere; no one knows where the next upheaval will come; and whether it will ultimately be for better or worse. All we can see is that Europe, East and West, was once held down and intimidated by the raw power of Russia and America. That pall of bipolar power has been lifting, and if Europe—by which I mean no more than Europe as it is presently constituted—is still held back, it is holding itself back. There was a time early in the past era when Europe looked to America for help; the time has come early in the next era for America to look to Europe for help. Whatever we are in, we are in it together.*

By help, I mean among other things, the kind that President Kennedy once asked, too late, of The New York Times. *The* Times *had in advance the story of the forthcoming invasion of Cuba in April 1961. The White House prevailed on the editors of the* Times *to suppress it. Afterwards, President Kennedy wistfully remarked to an editor of the* Times *that the United States would have been saved from a minor disaster if the paper had not listened to him and had refused to suppress the story.*

The moral of this tale seems to be that a friend may sometimes not *be thanked for failing to tell the bitter truth. Those European friends who knew better but thought it inexpedient or disloyal to speak out in time cannot escape some responsibility. It is a lesson which, if learned, should make a vital difference in the new era of world politics.*

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Ralph Robin

In Woods and Fastnesses

ARNOLD FABER did not like sitting in the only comfortable chair, but the other night he had got a kink in his leg from sitting on the floor and, hell, he was twenty years older than anybody else in the room. Again he had come through the basement of gas and electric meters, no longer surprising, into an apartment that must once have been the janitor's.

"And now the Great Vowel Shift," Costello said.

They groaned.

"Don't groan. Look at the tropical fish." Those entities of colour and form, living things—"my fellow beings," Costello sometimes called them—moving for their own purposes, in ignorance of death, did have the effect of softening one's irritation with the Great Vowel Shift.

"OK, ready? Remember, this is a rote course. All together. Meess!"

"MEESS, MICE. MOOSS, MOUSE. GAYSS, GEESE. GOHSS, GOOSE. BREK'N, BREAK. BRAWK'N, BROKE. NAHMUH, NAME."

"Great! Now write it as fast as you can in the Middle English, the Modern English, and the phonemic alphabet."

"Which phonemic alphabet?"

"Hers!"

Costello collected the papers and looked them over. "Wonderful. You're all perfect."

"But what does it mean?" said a tender girl. "I asked her, you remember, and she acted like I was a nut."

"I was coming to that. Tell her, class."

"No, no, I know that, Costello. But what's the point to it? What good is it?"

Costello, who was sitting cross-legged on the floor, stretched out his arm and pressed her hand. "Be careful, Phyllis. I can't help you if you start questioning the basis like that. The point to it is that you must be certified, and Mr. Faber has to get his master's this semester or lose his job, and we can't let Jeff be drafted into the army to type requisitions or kill people. The rest of you have reasons, too."

Phyllis dried her eyes with a pink Kleenex. "I'm ready. The significance," she said, and the rest joined in, "THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE GREAT VOWEL SHIFT IS THAT IN THE TRANSITION FROM MIDDLE ENGLISH TO EARLY MODERN ENGLISH THE VOWELS LISTED WERE RAISED AND FRONTED, THE FIRST TWO BREAKING TO DIPHTHONGS."

"We're through the worst of it," said Costello, "Grimm's Law, Verner's Law, and the Great Vowel Shift, but just a word more before we leave them. Jeff, you'll have to forget your objection to calling them laws. That cost you ten points at the midterm disaster. Remember that the best our time can offer is to keep out of armies, jails, and mental hospitals. Mr. Faber, not a hint of your scepticism that there was a pure Indo-European race speaking pure Proto-Indo-European in an Indo-European homeland between the Vistula and the Elbe. What three plants or animals prove this?"

"BEECH, TURTLE, SALMON."

"And what did the Indo-Europeans drink?"

"MEAD."

"That's good. Mead's important. She's emotionally involved with mead. Get it into as many answers as possible. And don't forget King Alfred and his little band. Work that in if there's no direct question about it.

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Her hand always goes to her breast when she speaks of King Alfred and his little band."

"She's very squishy under her rational carapace," Jeff said.

"It's not because she's a woman; it's because she's a linguistic scientist," Phyllis said.

"I don't generalise," Jeff said.

"Now to push on," said Costello. "To get full credit for any question on eighteenth-century grammarians you must use the Stanislavsky method. You must actually hate the eighteenth-century grammarians while you write. Give us the litany of hate."

"JAMES GREENWOOD, JAMES BEATTIE, ROBERT BAKER, ANSELM BAYLY." They stopped to growl, and then continued: "JOHN WILKINS, JAMES HARRIS, ROBERT LOWTH, AND LINDLEY MURRAY." They growled again, louder and longer. Then: "LINDLEY MURRAY WAS THE WORST, LET HIS NAME BE THRICE ACCURSED. HATE, HATE, HATE."

"Great!"

THE MEETING broke up around eleven o'clock. "Get a good night's sleep," said Costello. "If you wake up during the night say Grimm's Law softly to yourself and go back to sleep." He accompanied his little band to the basement entrance, and they stood there for a moment surrounded by the meters. The basement was brightly lit by electric bulbs showing naked filaments. Costello's brown beard curled around his face, and his wide-open eyes became the important part of his face. His eyes, which were a greenish colour with specks of bronze, swam back and forth like the tropical fish as he looked from one to another. Arnold wondered how old he was. Not much older than my son, he thought.

His wife had told him on the phone there was a letter but not what was in it. He had been working all day in the university library on his other courses, and when he had called her she had obviously not wanted to upset him. If the news had been really bad, she would have told it to him. Her clumsy diplomacy made him smile; she need not have told him in the first place that there was any letter at all.

It was a forty-minute drive to his house now that it wasn't rush-hour driving. Though he taught in the City school system, he lived in the County. He had transferred from the County system some years before, when the County had adopted the master's requirement. The City had soon followed with the same requirement.

Cynthia greeted him with a brandy on the rocks. "Oh, it can't be that bad," he said. "With soda would have been all right." His son's difficulties, whatever they might be, seemed far away. He was busy God-damning, without saying anything aloud, the God-damned master's programme and how he was drawing only half-pay during his sabbatical and how much money they had lost over the years by his not having an advanced degree—salaries were based on degrees as well as on years of teaching. He had read books for pleasure instead of taking courses about their authors, and for renewal of his certificate he had taken courses in Archaeology, Sex Education, City Planning, and Cello. I was warned in the second grade about that grasshopper, he thought.

"It's all so ridiculous," Cynthia said, speaking about their son's business.

With an old, old gesture he lifted a lock of his wife's hair with his fingers and tucked it behind her ear. "What has happened that is not so very terrible?"

"He's not getting his degree."

"What's the matter? Did he flunk History of the English Language?"

"That's funny, but the truth is funnier. He committed perjury when he told us that he had squared that bowling rap. Seven *A*'s and a *B* in his senior year, and they're not going to let him graduate because he never made up one semester-hour in bowling. That girl friend he had then told me the real story on that. He signed up for bowling because he had heard that the bowling instructor never checked the roll. Well, that semester he checked it. Now he has to stay up there another semester and take Phys Ed.

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Couldn't he take Phys Ed at one of the places here and transfer the credit?"

"I don't know. I don't think you can transfer Phys Ed."

"How about you? Are you going to pass History of the English Language?"

"I need a *B*. Costello says I'll do all right on the final, and he was the only one in the class that made more than seventy-nine on the midterm."

"How can she get away with that?"

"I told you what the chairman said."

ARNOLD had made an appointment with the chairman, a sour-looking man in his sixties, whose bald head retained a visible down on it, like a baby's, which seemed to promise that his hair would grow again. It would never grow again. Talking to him, Arnold rubbed his own bald head, then quickly brought his fingers down. But the chairman never looked up from his desk while he listened to Arnold's argument that a class of graduate and advanced undergraduate students could not be so uniformly deficient. When Arnold had finished, the chairman lifted his gaze to a point above the student's bald head and began:

"You young people are forever protesting and picketing in defence of somebody's academic freedom every time we try to get rid of an incompetent instructor and now you come along and want me to suppress the academic freedom of an associate professor, who furthermore is the mother of three small children. Is that the democratic way? Do you want the American Association of University Professors, of which I am a member of long standing, down my throat? Let me tell you that I am chairman of this department and as long as I'm chairman I'm running it the way I see fit and no graduate assistant—"

"I'm not a graduate assistant; I'm a high school teacher."

"And no high school teacher is going to tell me how to run it." The chairman stood up. "You must excuse the strength of my expressions, Mr., uh, but I was speaking of things dear to my heart and to the hearts of all of us. I personally sympathise with your problem. Are you an undergraduate or a graduate student?"

"Graduate."

"Then you'll need a *B* in the course. Thank you so much for coming in."

Walking from that interview, his skin prickling, Arnold suddenly caught himself smiling. He was smiling when he caught the eye of Costello—returned the gaze of the two strange eyes of his latter-day schoolmate Costello, who was sitting on a bench in front of the library, holding a book but not reading it. "Whatever amused you," said Costello, "was damned unpleasant."

"Yes, it was."

"Are you worried about your grade in History of the English Language?"

Arnold was willing to admit that he was.

"Well, look, we're getting this little group together...." Arnold stared across a new parking lot to the distant vision of an old parking lot. Glumly, he agreed to take part.

"Do you want anything to eat before you go to bed?" Cynthia asked. "You never eat much at that cafeteria."

"I'll eat you," Arnold said fiercely.

"There are two lamb chops I could broil."

"You, you."

"Don't eat me!"

With such aphrodisiac endearments the old couple customarily invited themselves to the familiar act. He ate the two lamb chops for breakfast the next morning, considering them suitable nourishment for withstanding an important examination. He also filled his fountain pen from a bottle of permanent-blue ink.

When Arnold entered Room 105 exactly on time, there was a rumour floating around that she was going to send a graduate assistant to proctor the examination. "On a beautiful morning like this, who can blame her?" said one of the students. He turned toward the open windows and sighed dramatically.

"Well, I can blame her, I can blame her for anything," Phyllis said. "But if I were her I wouldn't want to face us either."

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COSTELLO was sitting in the second row, turning around and looking for his pupils and smiling. He waved to Arnold, and Arnold had a sensation of confidence (like a physiological process) removing a slight ache from his back and sharpening his vision. A boy in the seat next to Arnold's was wearing a button saying "BUTTON" and Arnold laughed.

The rumour about the graduate assistant turned out to be true. A young girl—younger even than Phyllis—marched in, wearing a high white blouse. She was carrying a stack of blue books tied with string and a large manilla envelope, which surely contained the dittoed examination. She was very stern. "All right," she said. "I want you people to spread out. More room in the third row there. Some of you move to the back. You in the yellow shirt, move to the back. Put all your books and notes under your chairs." Arnold was touched; he was reminded of little girls on stoops playing school.

The examination was too long, of course, to permit time for thought. Arnold wrote as fast as possible for two hours, summoning up the rote answers from Costello's apartment. The tropical fish swam back and forth, and sometimes he could see the little frogs and snails and the one black-and-yellow fish that crawled on the bottom of the tank like a worm. His ink pen, as his tenth-graders called it, bounded along the blue lines so unfalteringly that Arnold felt like an inspired poet or novelist in a sentimental biography.

"In step one," he wrote, "aspirated voiced stops become voiced fricatives. In step two, voiceless stops become voiceless fricatives.... Steps one, two, four, and five are Grimm's Law. Step three is Verner's Law. As an example of step one, *madhu* is the Sanskrit cognate of Modern English *mead*.... The 878 A.D. entry in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* tells us that the Danish army treacherously stole out to Chippenham in the dead of winter and subdued the West Saxons—all save Alfred the King. King Alfred and his little band resisted the Danes in woods and fastnesses and defeated them decisively at Edington, after previously capturing their war flag, which they called the Raven. King Guthrum agreed to accept baptism and depart.... The significance of the Great Vowel Shift.... The eighteenth-century grammarians, like Canute (Danish King of England, 1017–1035)"—Arnold wished he had a Danish pastry and a cup of coffee though not at the cafeteria—"tried to control the wave of the future and might have been successful had it not been for the work of modern linguistic scientists and H. L. Mencken, who by indefatigable researches established that the British call elevators *lifts*.... Otto Jespersen... Charles Carpenter Fries ... Noam Chomsky...."

"Time!" said Miss Priss, the proctor, the pretty child. "Stop writing. Be sure your names are on the exam books. Put all your pens in your pockets. Fold the dittos, and put them in the exam books. Pass all the examinations forward."

Arnold had finished and was checking for errors. He obediently put his pen in his pocket and passed his examination forward.

"Here, what are you doing? You with the beard. Why are you putting your examination in your pocket?"

Something was happening between the graduate assistant and Costello, but she didn't fail to keep an eye on the other students and to gather up the examinations.

"You can have the ditto if you want it," Costello said.

"I want the ditto and I want the examination book. Can't you read what it says on the cover, 'Property of the University'?"

"You are a literalist, aren't you? What I was writing was my own. It had nothing to do with the social event that went on here. But, not to make difficulties, I'll give you the cover that says, 'Property of the University.'"

"Don't be ridiculous. Give me the exam book or I'll call the campus police."

"Hide-and-go-seek would be more fun. You're it. Close your eyes and count to fifty." He ran to the window and climbed over the window sill and sat dangling his legs for a moment. Then he turned and waved and dropped down.

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QUICKLY the graduate assistant retied the blue books and hurried down the aisle. Arnold stopped her before she reached the door. Purged of Verner's and Grimm's Laws and the Great Vowel Shift, he felt like an authoritative adult again.

"There's nothing to call the police about. That student either will volunteer an explanation or else he's simply dropping the course."

"Dropping the course! To drop a course you have to fill out a form in triplicate and take it to your college or school, the Dean of Men or Women (whichever is applicable), and to the Registrar. You don't just climb out of a window."

"It is an irregular procedure, but what good would it do to call the police? By the time they caught him he would have disposed of the blue book."

"But what should I do?"

"Nothing. It's surprising how many things there are that it's best to do nothing about."

"But I'll have to tell her, or someone else will. Do you know the bearded fellow's name?"

"No, I don't," said Arnold, feeling his adulthood slipping for a moment. He was no tattletale.

"I've seen him around, but I know only doctoral candidates."

"Are you a doctoral candidate?"

"Oh, yes. I got my master's ages ago. I've almost finished my dissertation."

"What's your subject?"

"The Literary Art of Bob Hope, Twentieth-Century Humorist."

"I thought you'd be working on something more traditional. You look like a Renaissance specialist to me."

She seemed pleased by his remark. "No, I'm twentieth century. But my adviser says that the two periods are very similar, both bursting with creativity owing to an expanding economy. About that bearded fellow, I'll just tell her that one student with a beard failed to turn in his exam. Since the other two bearded fellows turned in theirs, she'll be able to tell which one it was."

"I think that should solve the problem admirably."

"Thank you for your help."

"Good luck with your dissertation."

She trotted away, and the little band gathered around Arnold. Some felt guilty about not following Costello through the window, but the prevailing opinion was that his last gesture—turning and waving his hand—was meant particularly for them and was his signal of dismissal. Already they had considerable information.

"When I woke up this morning," one said, telling his story again, "I was mixed up between 'ablaut' and 'umlaut.' I could have looked it up, but somehow I wanted Costello to tell me. So I called him. You know, you go through a switchboard there and the lady told me that Costello had moved during the night. I was so shocked that I said, 'Skipped?' and she really put me down: 'Certainly not. Costello was paid up.' I was really shook but I didn't want to upset anybody else, and when I saw him sitting there you can guess how relieved I was."

A girl added: "And I found out just a minute ago from my roommate, who works in the Graduate Office, that Costello officially withdrew yesterday. She had the sense to keep it from me till after the exam. All she said to me was, 'Whatever transpires in English 412, don't lose your cool.'"

"He did it all for us," Jeff said. "That's the only possible explanation. He wasn't going to write that stuff himself, but he realised what emotional effect it would have had on us if he had stayed away this morning."

"You leave a great deal unexplained," Phyllis said.

"Mr. Faber will have to be our leader now," said another girl excitedly.

"Thank you," Arnold said. "But it's all over. There's no place to lead. I hope you all make *B*'s."

Several undergraduates said they would settle for *C*'s.

When Arnold received his grades, he was afraid to open the envelope until he had held it up to the light and read the symbol backwards. He had made a *B*.

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Raymond Aron

After the Barricades

The Meaning of the French University Crisis

IN A SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT entitled *"La Confrontation"* a critic in *L'Express* writes: "M. Raymond Aron, the grand patron of sociological studies at the Sorbonne, remains silent. Last Wednesday he urged the readers of *Le Figaro* to re-read Tocqueville (1805–1859)." After referring to M. Louis Althusser and M. Michel Foucault the writer concluded: "Of all the revered 'thinkers' only one has ventured to confront the students in their own domain, Jean-Paul Sartre. . . ." M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber has also done me the honour of attacking me during the past weeks (although not long ago he was crediting my clear-sightedness with having "raised our generation out of the slough"). *L'Express* seems unaware that I resigned my sociology chair at the Sorbonne in January last, both because the organisation of the university depressed me and because I prefer a life of work and solitude to that of *un mandarin*, which, according to the press, is the sole ambition of a French professor.

During the past ten years I have never ceased to criticise the structure of our universities. I belonged to the party of reform, and indeed was regarded as a dangerous innovator by certain academics, some of whom, in May 1968, discovered themselves to be revolutionaries. A member of the Government told me, smiling, a few years ago that I was the *bête noire* of the *Société des agrégés*. The newspaper articles which were published in 1960, in which I criticised our examination system, in particular the *agrégation*, brought some virulent replies, including anonymous letters of abuse. Having neither defended nor sought to justify the university of yesterday, which has now ceased to exist, I do not accept that everyone, including ministers, parents, and editors, is entitled to blame the teachers for its shortcomings.

From the top to the bottom of the ladder, from the President of the Republic to the latest editorial in *Le Monde* and *L'Express* the cry goes up, "the University has not known how to reform." True, but may I remind the President of the Republic that three times in recent years he has convened ministerial committees to deal with university problems, and that he has issued directives which have been followed by no action.

The abuse of examinations? I detest our French examination-frenzy, and I did so before May 1968. But any society calling itself democratic must subject the young to competition. The same thing happens in the socialist countries. English and American students do not suffer the same degree of torment, but the reason for this is that university authorities in those countries have never been asked to throw out a third or half of the students at the end of the first or second year. When he rejected the principle of *selective* entry to the universities the Minister knew perfectly well that he was thrusting this burden of selection on the professors. It is an act of singular bad faith to blame them now for performing a duty which was tacitly but clearly imposed on them (even though they might have performed it rather better).

I would like to illustrate this with a true story. At the time of the Fouchet-Aigrain reforms I proposed that at the finals level (that is to say, in the fourth year) there should be only one test—the writing of a paper which would then be made the subject of a personal interview between the student and the examiner. But the view was taken at the Hotel Matignon that

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an examination confined to a single test would be too lacking in substance, and what was called for was an additional "general knowledge" test. This was the most unsatisfactory solution of all. No candidate can know everything, and the test is liable to sink to the level of a television quiz. The 1967 entry to the Faculties of Letters, particularly in Paris, was afflicted with the immediate and total application of the new system. The tutorial body had been almost unanimous in warning the Minister, but he ignored them and by his sovereign decree created a chaos that was both predictable and predicted.

I am not pleading the cause of the teachers against the Government: I am refuting the right of Ministers to blame the teachers. In the university as it was, the teachers had no power to arrange study curricula, to select their students, or to maintain a reasonable balance between the number of students and the available resources (facilities, funds, teaching staff).

The Sorbonne, with all its assemblies and sections, did not for practical purposes administer anything. Where there is no administration how can there be co-administration? At the Sociological Centre of the Sorbonne I had (from 1966–67) an annual credit of some 10,000 francs. What use would a parity-committee have been for scattering this chicken-feed?

FOR HOW MUCH OF THE CRISIS were the teachers responsible? The major decisions taken during the first week: the closing of Nanterre, the entry of the police into the courtyard of the Sorbonne, the refusal to agree to the demands of the demonstrators during the night of 10–11 May, the surrender by M. Pompidou on his return, the opening of the Sorbonne to students and anyone claiming to be one—all these decisions were made by ministers or with their approval. It is too late, or too early, to discuss them in detail. No doubt historians will have much to say about the responsibility of M. Louis Joxe on the night of Saturday the 10th, and that of M. Pompidou on the night of the 11th.

As for the middle-class Parisian parents who are now so agitated by the threat of "subversion," at the beginning of May they were disposed to applaud the heroism of their children grappling with the police. And if it is true that the teachers, or anyway those who made themselves heard, came out in favour of the students, even of the extremists, how many of the people who are *now* attacking them did not agree with them in May?

I recognise the sincere desire of many people to "change the world." The revolution continues, and none can tell how many of its children it will devour. But we are faced today, in the universities as in France, with a single, absolute imperative—the need to have done with the revolutionary charade, the *comités d'action*, the *assemblées plénières* and the *assemblées générales*, caricatures three times removed of the Jacobin Commune, and to return to law and order, not for the sake of resuscitating a dead university but so that we may distinguish between those who truly want reform and those who merely seek to manipulate. There has been too much ideological frenzy, demagoguery, and *poujadisme*; too much sound and fury from anarchists, nihilists, ex-Communists (who think they are living in a revived world of *les soviets partout*), and a whole variety of aesthetes of destruction.

ONE LECTURER in philosophy at the Sorbonne, whom I have met once or twice at meetings and who seemed to me a decent young man, has written the following in an issue of *L'Arc*:

> What does it mean to be a philosopher in a period such as this and with a future like our own? We know how Sartre encountered the difficulty: Jeanson sees him as the "bastard." To us other terms may be applied: we are whoresons, sons of the great harlot which is the so-called consumer-society, the technocratic society, the world-wide dormitory of the human species. We reject the world, we are no longer even "traitors," since this would imply an affinity with what we were betraying. We are the Vietcong of thought. . . .

He goes on: "Today the whole of western society is rotting, including the proletariat. We know that we shall not save it by our criticisms and meditations. The weapon of our salvation is being forged elsewhere, in Sinkiang." And finally:

> The philosophy of tomorrow will be terrorist: not a philosophy of terrorism but a terrorist philosophy allied to an active policy of terrorism.

That is the thought of a young philosopher teaching in the ancient Sorbonne. Is he now a leader of the movement, or has he already been thrown out by others a shade more violent than

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himself? I have no idea. But those who opt for terrorism will always meet with greater terrorists.

Did the pro-Chinese groups play an effective part in the outbreak and conduct of the May revolution? This has been suggested, but personally I do not know, and in any case it is not important. What is unmistakable is the style of "Chinese cultural revolution" which characterised the Sorbonne commune. One of my former colleagues, M. Jean-Jacques Mayoux, a man of flawlessly progressive views (and I apologise for compromising him by mentioning his name) has had the courage to resign from the SNE Sup (Syndicat national de l'enseignement supérieur) after he finally realised where the students and teachers who led the Sorbonne assemblies were heading. He wrote:

> The establishment (profiting by the inexcusable errors of the Government, but bearing no other relation to them) of a revolutionary, Maoist-type university in a bourgeois State, based on the implied intention to persuade or compel the people and the State to accept this as their model, seems to me a matter of extraordinary gravity. . . . I have reflected long and painfully, but the more I think about it the more does it appear to me that the system that is being shaped and gradually imposed on us is unworkable.

I myself have had only one brief glimpse of the technique of the cultural revolution. I attended a Plenary Assembly[1] at an institute of higher education (one which, compared with what goes on in the faculties, was a model of reason and order). Some two or three hundred people were gathered in the vast hall; in theory there should have been a check at the door, but in fact I walked in unquestioned.

First item on the agenda: the setting up of an executive committee. A name was proposed by several voices, and was elected by a show of hands. The other members of the committee were elected in the same way. There were scarcely any opposing votes, but a fraction of those present, whose number was difficult to estimate, did not raise their hands at all, neither for, nor against, nor in abstention. Then followed an instructive episode. Someone asked from the floor whether it would not be desirable to have a member of the *Conseil scientifique* on the committee, whereupon someone else asked amid laughter, "What is the *Conseil scientifique* and who belongs to it?" The chairman read out the names of the five members of the Council, and the meeting unanimously rejected the proposal—a familiar method of humiliating the "mandarins." The chairman had declared at the outset that he himself was "a sufficient representative of the ex-professors."

A rather confused debate followed regarding the status of this Plenary Assembly, and it was fairly farcical. A plenary assembly means to be, and can only be, revolutionary; it does not and cannot possess any legal status. But well-meaning teachers, those in favour of reform, are inevitably divided as to the best course to pursue. Should they play along with the revolutionaries, in order to steer the movement into desirable channels, or at once and categorically oppose them? At the beginning it was a permissible dilemma and I do not presume to judge. Today the answer must be clearer.

The assembly passed a series of resolutions designed to establish a "*de facto* revolutionary legality" and went on—but by this time I had left the hall. Outside I chatted for a few minutes with colleagues who were disposed to take an indulgent view of these *enfantillages*. But I fear they are wrong. They have no knowledge either of the old techniques of manipulation, or of the new terrorist methods—now known as Maoism—of direct democracy. To take part in the debates of an assembly of this kind implies the recognition of a pseudo-institution which, in my view, does not exist; I deny that such assemblies, whether they call themselves plenary or general, have any competence or are in any way representative. There comes a time when compromise becomes surrender.

MY COLLEAGUES who, like myself, are anxious to preserve what can be preserved, fear that by adopting a too rigorous attitude they may encourage *les enragés* and irreparably disrupt the collegiate unity of the teachers and the still more precarious unity between teachers and students. I respect their views, but I disagree. Either the "manipulators" will win, for example, if the legal government should attempt, from demagoguery or cowardice, to placate the students by giving way to them over teachers and teaching (in which case those who refuse to submit to a Chinese-type tyranny

[1] *Assemblée plénière*, composed of teachers, post-graduates, and administrative staff. An *assemblée générale* also includes students.

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will have no option but to resign); or, when the elections are over, teachers, students and ministers will set out to build a new university. In this event it may be that those who are today the object of universal condemnation (*"ils ne jouent pas le jeu"*), but who will at least have kept their self-respect, will re-establish contact with the young.

Countless times I have been asked, by both teachers and students: "But what is to be done?" Our immediate business is not to hold forth about the university of tomorrow but to deal with the post-revolutionary situation. I say to the students: "You have won the right to take part in the deliberations and decisions affecting your university. No one will ever again contest it. But you are allowing yourselves to be caught up in a movement of which tomorrow you will be the first victims. Because if you continue on this road, if you open the way for a minority which wants to destroy and not to rebuild, there will not only be no more examinations in France, but no more education either."

And I say to my colleagues: "Rid yourselves of your illusions and your passiveness. Do not lend your counsels of prudence to plenary or general assemblies which will always be manipulated by people more violent and better organised than yourselves."

And to the Prime Minister and the Minister for Education I say: "Do your duty and make it clear that only one law can prevail in the universities, pending the necessary reforms, which should have nothing to do with this stage-managed tumult."

I can only hope that if every student and every teacher who shares my fears and my hopes seeks to persuade his fellows, we may be all joined in a crusade of reason.

No one knows the full extent of the work done by the Reform Commissions set up in university faculties in Paris and the provinces. I do not doubt that students and professors have become better acquainted as a result of this *marathon de palabres*: the longest, I would think, in the history of France, but not exactly the richest in new ideas.

What has risen to the surface are the old basic principles of French socialism, Proudhonism mixed with Poujadism, previously overlaid by the Marxism-Leninism imported from Russia. The enthusiasm of the young, fostered by Cuban and Maoist mythology, has broken the bonds of communist discipline, and the latent anarchy of the French people has demonstrated to an astonished world how a revolution of archaic tendencies, its patterns derived from the national subconscious and a technique of subversion developed abroad, may in the course of a few weeks, hasten the collapse of a society undergoing a process of modernisation which is opposed by both the victims and the beneficiaries of material progress.

But here I wish to speak for those who have kept silent: the students, the immense majority, are not to be confounded with the fanatics. Many have worked soberly and honourably for the reconstruction of our universities. My friends assure me that in the Faculties of Medicine, Science, Law and Economics, and even in some sections of the Faculty of Letters, projects have been worked out which will prove invaluable to tomorrow's legislators. Certain ideas which were becoming current before the crisis are now being taken up almost everywhere—reorganisation, autonomy, participation (*cogestion*).

These are formulae which I do not reject in principle, although solutions to the problems they raise in practice have still to be found. The French universities have no resources of their own. Will the State, that is to say the taxpayer, be prepared to finance self-governing universities without guarantees and without control? How much money will it find, and for how many students? Will it be prepared to entrust the administration of universities, faculties and departments to the so-called *autogestion* of students, teachers, and administrators? Do the revolutionaries expect the bourgeois State to finance a university *à la Cubaine*? In the spheres of science and medicine, and possibly of law, the *contestation* can be confined within limits, and students and post-graduates seeking to improve their technical qualifications may prevail over comrades more concerned with the social revolution. But in the spheres of philosophy and sociology there is no limit to the scope for argument and debate, and here the extremists generally have the last word. Must we recall the elementary truth, that the rules of scientific research and of education have nothing in common with the practices of ideological confrontation?

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BUT IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING let us say that we can trust the young. Let us assume that these mixed student-teacher committees (on which the administrative staff is also to be represented) will be composed of people desirous of working together and not of paralysing things. Let us assume that no greater harm will come of them than the time wasted in fruitless talk.

These hopeful assumptions must nevertheless be subject to certain strict reservations. (*1*) It is unthinkable that the students should have a voice, directly or indirectly, in the election of teachers. (*2*) It is unthinkable that the students should in any way perform the functions of examiners. (*3*) It is unthinkable that the teachers' representatives on the controlling bodies should be elected by general assemblies partly composed of students and administrators.

Some of the schemes worked out in the Sorbonne and other Faculties of Letters show no desire for reform but simply a will to destroy. The manipulators of these committees and assemblies, when they are not concerned with supporting one sect against another, do not conceal their real intention, which is "first, to blow up the university and then, society as a whole. . . ."

Many scholars, whose views are far removed from my own, have finally realised what is at stake. The "democratisation" which the manipulators are aiming at is linked for some of them with "student power," in other words the Cuban model or the Maoist dream, and for others with a communist takeover, following the collapse of all the traditional forms of organisation. The only chance of preserving something of the liberal tradition and the intellectual and moral values of which the university is the guardian is to refuse to bargain over those simple, fundamental principles, which would scarcely need recalling if the French intelligentsia were not in a state of part-utopian, part-nihilist delirium.

ANOTHER SUBJECT OF endless speculation—apart from the constitution of these autonomous bodies whose organisation and resources are still ill-defined—is the student-teacher relationship. It would seem that thousands of Frenchmen have been infected with a fever of self-criticism (another echo of the Chinese cultural revolution). In this connection the action of the news-staff of the *O.R.T.F.* (radio and television centre) in going to plead their cause before the crowds of the Commune deserves a footnote in history. As an impassioned viewer of rugby football, I am still wondering what crimes the admirable Paris sports reporters had to expiate.

So the revolutionaries have discovered a new cause of alienation in the field of knowledge itself. The professor who lays claim to superior knowledge is arrogating to himself an authority which the young find intolerable. They may be right, but my own youthful recollections are different. I looked for men I could admire, preferably among the living, otherwise among the dead. But if, for reasons which psycho-analysis may possibly discover, the young today hate both *père et maître,* they will have a far greater hatred for the father who surrenders and the master who abases himself. It is to be hoped that the young who wish to "fight and destroy" will at least be confronted by adults on their feet and not on their knees.

Undoubtedly in other circumstances, sharing a certain Sorbonne fondness for philosophical analysis, I would agree—because in one sense it is true—that the teacher learns by contact with the student (when he can establish this contact). It is true that all teaching should be a dialogue and an exchange, and that knowledge tends to harden into dogmatism, and this signifies a kind of violence and despotism. But let us come down to earth and consider in practical terms what is involved.

During the first and second years at the Paris Faculty of Letters the professor has to deal with several hundreds of students. He has to choose between the set lecture and the seminar by invitation. The denunciation, day after day, of the lecture courses becomes in the end absurd and frivolous: in the first place, because the hours of practical work and supervised studies have been increased, and secondly, because the lectures are often better value than the chatter at a *contestation.*

I do not deny the decisive importance of the teacher-student relationship. The traditional methods do not suit the revolutionary student. But what methods would suit him? The reforms proposed by the various commissions seem to me to have one thing in common: they presuppose, first of all, a higher proportion of teachers to students. But who is to join the faculty? how are they to be selected? What prospects are to be held out to those who have gained their diploma? Amid the flood of empty words and hazy ideas no one bothers about the essentials.

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The revolt of some of the young against their teachers and against all disciplines extends far beyond the university. When a student tells me that he detests everything his father stands for, what am I to say? In the scientific schools and research institutes the conflict between the generations may become acute because the young aged 25 to 30 sometimes do know more than the *patrons*. Even in the sphere of the humanities the young are familiar with the use of techniques which may be little known to some of their elders. I readily confess my own ignorance. But the revolt of first-year sociology, philosophy, or psychology students is an entirely different matter from the superiority of young scientists and the downgrading of the old caused by the rapid growth of knowledge.

In its present form—without any clear objective, without a background of serious ideas, and encouraged by the indulgence of the university and public authorities—the revolt of the extremists must lead inevitably either to institutionalised terrorism or to prolonged university closures . . . unless the majority of both students and teachers at long last find the strength and courage to assert themselves over both the cowardly and the violent.

WHY, IN FRANCE and thus far only in France, has a student revolt provoked a national crisis? One must also ask, why did the Nanterre revolt spread by stages to all the universities, all the faculties, all the establishments of higher education? And why is the Government, confronted by the Student Commune, in danger of being as helpless after the election as it is now?

A first answer springs to mind. We have seen everything that the historians of the Revolution (the great one) sought vainly to account for—revolutionary contagion, the breaking down of social bonds, *la grande peur*, the appeal to elementary instincts, and the return to a state of nature. We have lived through these things and understood them insofar as the crudest crowd-psychology, that of Gustave Le Bon or Vilfredo Pareto, enables us to talk of understanding.

Needless to say, more enlightened or more indulgent observers will look for, and find, other causes. They will tell us that of all universities the French are the "most anachronistic and sclerotic." This is demonstrably untrue. Despite everything the French universities have made enormous strides compared, say, with the Italian. If we look for a broad hypothesis we may say that the national and the university crisis are both attributable to the same combination of libertarian revolt and modernity. Writers in the press talk about students whose diplomas do not get them jobs and, in the next breath, about pupils at the *Institut d'études politiques*, who drive about in the cars their parents pay for while loudly proclaiming their hatred of the consumer society.

This dangerous mixture has, in the universities, developed extraordinary explosive force. Nowhere else is the contrast so apparent between the activism of the revolutionary minorities and the passiveness of the greater number of both students and teachers. Nowhere else do the forces of order prove so weak. Nowhere else does sentimental *gauchisme*, with no clear objective and no understanding of social mechanisms, so paralyse all resistance. Nowhere else does political heedlessness manifest itself with so much purity, or puerility. Nowhere else do the private virtues so easily degenerate into civic abdication. Nowhere else have small groups, with their fanaticism and their technique, had so much opportunity to exercise their talent for destruction.

The governments of the Fourth and Fifth Republic, as blind as their predecessors in the last century, have concentrated in the French capital some 130,000 students, a bourgeois replica of the proletarian masses in the nineteenth century. Less than 10% of them were contemplating any kind of revolution, academic or social, last April. But the classic mechanism of provocation-repression, repression-revolt, revolt-repression, triggered off by governmental ineptitude, or deliberately instigated by the leaders, aroused public opinion (including that of the teachers) in favour of the students—until the parents finally realised that their children's exploits, supported by industrial strikes, imperilled their own persons and interests, as well as society as a whole.

MOST OF THE WORKERS have now gone back to work, at least for the time being; the students are still arguing. What do they now want? Everything and nothing. The majority probably hope eventually to pass examinations, qualify for a profession, and get a job. But at this moment they also want to have a share in reforming the University—fine!—and to change the world—

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why not? But in the present climate even the moderates tend to lose their heads when they form a group. They have overthrown the university Bastille, failing the Elysée. They have become *Important* (in Alain's sense of the word) before attaining the age of reason. Who can blame them for being flushed with victory when so many teachers, in *lycées* as well as universities, are now confessing their shortcomings, and professors who yesterday would not join in conference with lower-grade teachers are now bowing to the sovereign dictates of general assemblies composed of children and old men in which the procedure of voting by a show of hands symbolises the surrender of democracy to the crowd?

The large age-group born between 1945 and 1950, *i.e.*, immediately after World War II, is responsible for the revolution in the University of Paris in 1968, and, in part, in the rest of the country. It seems that the slowing-up of economic growth combined with the concentration of students, at a moment when the post-war generation is flooding into the lecture-rooms and the labour market, has disrupted existing forms of organisation, some too rigid with the heritage of history, and others too weak because not yet properly established.

IN SPITE of everything I personally cannot help hoping that a new university, more living and more suited to the times, will come out of this upheaval. I agree that we shall have to be on our guard against an eventual "restoration," but what we have to fear in the immediate future is the total surrender of the older generation and the triumph of obscurantism linked with terrorism, or simply chaos.

The basis of any university, the condition of its existence, is voluntary discipline on the part of its students. Professors and university authorities have no means of enforcing order if a few dozen students are determined to promote disorder. Nor, of course, can tanks compel the workers to produce. But the workers have a living to earn; the students have not. I entirely agree that the students should have a larger say in the ordering of studies and the management of the departments and faculties (although the French have never displayed any outstanding talent for government by committee). But these reforms will only be of value insofar as the students repudiate the leadership of the May weeks.

During the year in which I was responsible for the sociology section I organised regular meetings of assistant-teachers and students' representatives. I told the latter at the outset that I would do my utmost to solve their problems with them, but I made one condition: that they would behave like a board of management, confining themselves to matters affecting the efficiency of the section and pursuing their political activities elsewhere. A twenty-four hour strike afforded some of them a chance to rock the boat, but that was all. Reform of the teacher-student relationship presupposes a sense of responsibility on the part of the students and their readiness to discipline themselves.

Almost no thought has been given in all the turmoil to the immediate problem, dramatic in the short term, which will be particularly acute in the Faculties of Letters since most of the 1968 school-leaving group will be due to enter in October. The confusion in Paris may make it almost physically impossible for the Sorbonne and Nanterre to be reopened. Those newspapers favouring the cult of revolutionary youth and the new/old Left will continue to take their stand on behalf of the whole variety of intellectual fantasies at present unhappily in vogue. There will perhaps come into being a "*université critique*," in which the young will join together in debating Mao's little book, the writings of Che Guevara, and the esoteric prose of the more recondite reviews; but there will in fact be no university, in the sense of a community where those who do not know come to learn from those who are a little less ignorant.

In the matter of building barricades *les enragés* are certainly better instructed than their professors. If this is to be the object of the Critical University, then there is no need of professors at the Sorbonne, unless they are prepared to worship the Marxist gods and prophets. It remains to be seen whether the State will be prepared to subsidise a school for revolutionaries, and what form of employment, apart from guerrilla warfare, will be open to students conditioned to a schedule of permanent dispute.

WE HAVE all, in France, lived through a tumultuous time in a state of emotion, and no one has succeeded in remaining cool-headed and clear-sighted throughout.

Many people have sympathised with the spirit of revolt in the youth movement, its generous ardour and its hope. Others have been shocked

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by the surrender of the adults, both university and public authorities. Yet others have seen in the great upheaval an occasion for reforming the structure of our universities, whose anachronistic state is apparent to all except those who will not see. The leaders of certain students' and teachers' unions have exploited the situation for purely ideological ends, and although some members of the university have applauded the political acts of UNEF and SNE Sup others have been outraged.

Certain things have been deeply wounding. The name of Jean Cavaillès, professor of philosophy of science and leader of a Resistance network who was shot by the Nazis, was given to two lecture-halls: one at Strasbourg and the other in the Sorbonne. It is a name symbolising all that is best in us, and it was removed by students. Perhaps they did not realise what they were doing, and simply wanted to take the glamour out of patriotism. This kind of mutual incomprehension has assumed a tragic aspect, and it goes to the root of our reason for living.

We must try to restore peace: civic peace and peace of spirit. The burden of the many hundreds of letters I have been receiving is this: we must put an end to chaos, anarchy, and violence. We cannot change the whole university system overnight by means of improvised measure or decisions taken in assemblies calling themselves plenary or general. Let me, therefore, try to strike a final balance:

1. The student revolt was not a spontaneous uprising in favour of university reform. It was instigated by the *Mouvement du 22 Mars* and other tiny groups which have never pretended to be interested in the reform of university studies or the relations between teachers and students. During the first week the students demonstrated in solidarity with the extremists, and against the police and the Government. Up to 30 May, and beyond, the leaders of UNEF and, after hesitation, SNE Sup pursued a policy that was definitely revolutionary, having for its object the overthrow of the Government by a popular uprising. Members of SNE Sup are entitled to endorse the revolutionary stand of their leaders, but they cannot disregard the reactions of those of their colleagues who are concerned for the universities, opposed to subversion, and opposed to a union which claims to be representative but in fact only includes between 10% and 20% of the practitioners of higher education.

2. Following the occupation of the Sorbonne and, by stages, of the majority of university premises, and between two nocturnal demonstrations and attempted visits to the strikers in the factories, the students set up committees for university reform, and, in collaboration with teachers, in plenary or general assemblies, adopted motions and sometimes laid down the lines along which departments, or sections, faculties, and universities should be reorganised. I deny that these assemblies would have any legal basis even if they had voted by secret ballot, or if the formal proceedings were no more than a charade agreed in advance between the former masters and the new ones.

3. In no way do I condemn those members of the teaching staff, from professors to junior instructors, who, sometimes with great courage, tried to maintain contact with the students by joining in the work of the commissions and the plenary and general assemblies. Personally I believe that the time has come to refrain from this kind of activity; but nothing is further from my thoughts than to attempt to discriminate betwen those who joined and those who refused to join, or between the "good" and the "bad." There were good and bad on both sides, and there should be no recrimination.

4. Nor can we pass judgment on the work done by the commissions or the plans for reform which were evolved; no one yet knows fully what these amount to. I have no doubt that the Government will be able to adopt many of the proposals. But whether they are acceptable or not, we must be on our guard lest they become distorted and exploited by the activist minorities for their own ends, of which the good of the universities is not one.

5. A kind of unanimity now prevails regarding certain principles which are valid but unfortunately vague—closer contact between teachers and students, increased participation of students in the ordering of studies and in the administration of departments, faculties and universities. But those who believe in these principles, and above all those who endorse them wholly and without reservation, must bear in mind the conditions under which they may be possible in practice.

(*a*) In all circumstances there can be only one method of voting: by secret ballot and with a quorum present. Decisions adopted by show of hands must be null and void. (*b*) Co-operation between students and teachers must not in any

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circumstances undermine the dignity or responsibility of the teachers. The election of professors, or their representatives, by any body which includes students is incompatible with this responsibility and dignity. (*c*) The extent of student participation in the administration, which (where teaching and curricula are concerned) cannot go beyond certain limits, must vary according to the size of the unit (a department consisting of a few dozen students, or a faculty consisting of thousands), the level of the students, and the particular discipline involved. (*d*) The universities must return an unconditional "no" to political activity concealed behind such slogans as *"contestation permanente"* and the *"université critique."* Reasoned reflection on political problems has nothing in common with public meetings and party disputes. Throughout the world those slogans have led only to disorder.

6. The universities, having been subjected, since their reconstruction under the Third Republic, to the suffocating embrace of the Ministry of Education, are legitimately demanding their "autonomy." But their finance must still come from national or provincial sources—finally, from the tax-payer. Are parity-commissions the best method of administering establishments of vast extent, subject to the same laws of efficiency as industrial enterprises? Moreover, unless the teachers give up their status as civil servants—and the administrative hierarchy (based on diplomas and ancient tradition) is to be abolished in a new night of the 4th August—and unless the national competitive examinations are to be done away with, this autonomy will inevitably be limited.

7. In the service of the nation, not of itself, the university has the right and indeed the duty to pursue unremunerative studies, to transmit and enrich learning of no apparent or predictable utility in the economic or social sense. But it also has the duty of directing students into courses of study which offer them the prospect of a career, and of weeding out students in order to reduce the first-year hordes and avoid too many failures. Whether they are "socialist" or "capitalist," all universities must seek to relate the diplomas they bestow to the needs of society. This is not technocracy but common sense.

As for the consumer-society which is under attack by *les enragés* and *les belles âmes*, it is this and this alone which makes it possible to accommodate hundreds of thousands of students. Those who wish to destroy the consumer-state must include the universities, if they are to be consistent with their own principles.

MY ONE essential hope, I confess, has been to speed up the mobilisation of the isolated and the regrouping of men of good-will: to help to stir the first out of their day-dreams and the second out of their passivity. There are many who are prepared, in this spirit, to work for the preservation and renovation of the universities.

Yet many friends who subscribe to most of my views have been taking me to task. "After having for years criticised the conservatism of so many of your colleagues," they say, "you will now be enlisted and used by the conservatives. You should have joined the 'revolutionaries' in order to guide them, instead of condemning excesses that, however deplorable, are merely episodes."

I fear that this is to underestimate the gravity of the crisis. I do not ignore the dangers of the present confusion. Men who are basically in agreement find themselves for the time being in opposite camps, and others, basically opposed, have temporarily joined forces. But I am entitled to reply, "Whose fault is this?" When academic leaders of UNEF and SNE Sup rally their followers in the cause of riot—when the revolutionaries seek to impose a new dogma, and general assemblies carry ridiculous motions by a show of hands—how can one do other than stand up against demagoguery and nihilism? Who is really favouring reaction and hindering reform, if not those who, by acquiescing in hopeless forms of organisation, may end by convincing society that universities are incapable and unworthy of freedom?

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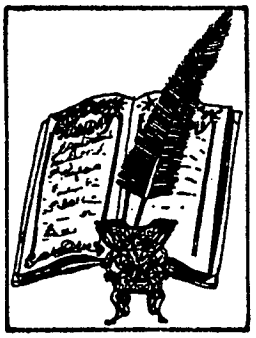

Column

THE VACATION has come (thank God! say Vice-Chancellors) and an uneasy peace descends on the universities. The students depart on their annual diaspora to the four corners of the world. Dutschke recuperates in a South German sanatorium; Cohn-Bendit retires into the shadows from the spotlight of the personality cult. Columbia mourns her losses; sanitation squads move through the Sorbonne. And the nymphs have departed too: those fashionable ladies who every day trotted round to the Odéon and the Sorbonne to feel the delicious *frisson* of hearing the red cocks crow again and enjoy vicariously the delights of revolution. Silence falls on the campus.

If it was a revolution it was a very peculiar one, which faithfully followed the traditional rhythm of the academic year. When or where before did revolution come to a halt because the holidays had begun? For some students, no doubt, the vacation provides an opportunity to *reculer pour mieux sauter*, to reconsider their tactics, count the profit and loss of their campaign and select the targets for a fresh assault. But even they perhaps may feel there is something absurd about revolutionaries who when term is over return to Mummy and Daddy.

Yet they do go not without some notable victories to their credit. In France, they have severely shaken a régime which only a few months ago was regarded as one of the most stable and prosperous in the world and exposed many of its pretensions for the vanity and vainglory which they are. In Germany, they have undertaken the duties of an extra-parliamentary opposition and shown how far she has still to go before becoming a genuine democracy. In the United States they have turned Senator McCarthy's candidature into a serious political campaign which no Democratic politician can any longer afford to ignore and helped to force a President to abdicate. They have done much to change the world, which is not what it was six months ago.

These are notable achievements, even if they do not amount to that *Umwertung aller Werte*, that total transformation of society, which the student radicals have adopted as their motto. Indeed, when those who are hardly more than children have done so much to change the world in so short a time, their parents might well wonder that they themselves have done so little, and if they might not have done more if they had shown equal courage, skill, determination and self-sacrifice. It has become a commonplace to reproach the students for their lack of any concrete and coherent political programme. They might well reply: Why should we need a programme when we have done so well without one? What have all your programmes done for you?

FOR SOME, like Mr. Paul Johnson of the *New Statesman*, the events of the student revolt have been something to greet with the same kind of fervour and ecstacy as Wordsworth greeted the French Revolution; only Mr. Johnson is a good deal older than Wordsworth was at the time. Others, I think, may wonder if they did not provide as much reason for grief as for joy; unless, that is to say, universities are to be regarded as expendable institutions in the struggle to transform existing society.

It is not, I think, an exaggeration to say that acceptance of the students' most extreme demands (and these are the only ones that have counted for anything in the events that have taken place in Paris, Berlin, and New York) would quickly put an end to the universities as they have hitherto existed; one can say this with all the more confidence because this is what the *enragés* themselves intend. But one might also reasonably ask whether the mere assertion of such demands, and the methods used in their support, have not already destroyed something without which no university can continue to function successfully.

Universities are not institutions whose nature can be changed or preserved by administrative fiat. They are the product of a peculiarly delicate relationship between the young and the old, between the teacher and the taught, which makes it possible for both to exist on terms of equality without abolishing the distinction between those who know more and those who know less; moreover, this relationship applies just as much between the younger and the older teacher as it does between the teachers as a whole and their students. So far as this relationship, which is of the essence of the university, involves any formal submission to authority, it is a submission willingly given, and is not even felt as such, because it is founded on the recognition that teacher and taught are bound together in a common purpose, which is the pursuit of learning, in which each has a part to play which entitles him to the respect, even the affection, of the other. To say that this relationship is of the essence of the university is not to say that it is always, or even ever,

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completely realised; it is to state an ideal to which a university can only approximate, but without which it can only die.

To me, at least, one of the saddening aspects of the student revolt is the evidence it provides of how far this essential relationship has decayed and deteriorated in many universities, not only as between teachers and students, but as between teachers with each other. This is strikingly shown, for instance, in Arnold Beichman's account, published in the July issue of ENCOUNTER, of events at Columbia, where the divisive tactics of the students were deliberately aimed at driving a permanent wedge not only between the students and the faculty, but within the faculty itself, and between the faculty and the administration. What could be sadder to read than the remark of "a high University academician": "Believe me, the faculty are worse than the students. . . ."

There may be some exaggeration in this: but I believe that the revolt at Columbia did succeed in destroying something precious and irreplaceable, which is the mutual confidence which should subsist between the members of a university, built up over years and the result of generations of collaboration in a common purpose. When, as at Columbia, a student addresses a college dean, in the presence of 300 undergraduates and members of the faculty as a "mother-fucker", it is not the obscenity which shocks; it is the sense of the total and absolute collapse of all those relations, of mutual affection, confidence, trust, which should bind the members of a university together. And once gone, how can they ever be replaced?

One may see the same effect in M. Aron's account, in the *Figaro*, of seminars, discussion groups, colloquiums, designed precisely to encourage student "participation," reduced to the level of an Eatanswill hustings by the abuse flung by students at their teachers; or in the harangues, denunciations, obscenities, demonstrations which in Berlin have greeted professors and lecturers willing and anxious to discuss their demands with their students. Again, such scenes do not distress one primarily because of the element of sheer hooliganism they embody; there have always been hooligans at every university. They distress one because of the evidence they offer that, at its very centre, the university has already disintegrated. But if one is distressed, perhaps one should not be surprised, for to the student extremists at least this is the direct purpose of their demonstrations; a purpose sufficiently clearly expressed in the letter addressed to the President of Columbia by the student leader Mark Rudd: "Your power is directly threatened, because we shall have to destroy that power before we take over."

THERE IS another aspect of university life, as we have known it hitherto, which is also threatened by the extreme forms of student revolt. It was well described by Mr. George Kennan, in an article published recently in the *New York Times Magazine* as

> an ideal that has long been basic to the learning process as we have known it, one that stands at the very centre of our modern institutions of learning and that had its origin, I suppose, in the clerical and monastic character of the medieval university. It is the ideal of the association of the process of learning with a certain remoteness from the contemporary scene—a certain detachment and seclusion, a certain voluntary withdrawal and renunciation of participation in contemporary life in the interest of a better perspective on that life when the period of withdrawal is over.

Nothing could be more diametrically opposed to radical student demands than this ideal of "a certain detachment and seclusion, a certain voluntary withdrawal and renunciation of participation in contemporary life"; indeed, one supposes that it would stand self-condemned in the eyes of the radical student by the mere fact of its origin in the "clerical and monastic character of the medieval university." What has such an ideal to do with, how can it be reconciled with, the conception of a university as a kind of laboratory for revolution, whose occupants are only distinguished from factory workers because they work by brain and not by hand; so much so, indeed, that demands for university reform differ in no way from a pay claim, or a claim to improved working conditions or to workers' control, to be fought for by the same tactics of strikes, demonstrations, go-slows and sit-ins, and based on the same assumption of a fundamental conflict of interest between worker/student and employer/teacher?

Such an ideal, indeed, might only seem to fix yet another gulf, and this time an impassable one, between what students demand and what universities could conceivably give. Yet Mr. Kennan is perfectly right in saying that it stands "at the very centre" of the "learning process." Without it, without the sense that, for a time at least, learning can be pursued for its own sake; that there is a university of discourse, which teacher and student alike inhabit, which has no concern with practical ends, a university ceases to fulfil its most important function, and loses its only valid claim to a freedom and autonomy which nothing else could justify. And indeed, in abandoning that ideal, so that the university ceases to be an introduction to, and a preparation for, the "real" world of action, and itself becomes a part of that world, indistinguishable from any other, the student may

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be exposing himself to a greater degree of "manipulation" and "alienation" than any he has hitherto experienced, as the students of Eastern Europe have only too many reasons to know.

THERE IS A CERTAIN wild logic in the student revolt which has persuaded many, who should know better, that the *enragés* are quite right in attempting to transform the university into a school for revolutionaries. To the student radical the university is a microcosm of the world outside the campus, faithfully reflecting all its most evil features. It is his duty, therefore, to change it. But in his effort to change it, he comes into conflict, not merely with the university authorities, but with the society whose functionaries they are. Behind faculty, senate, council, Vice-Chancellor, stand the riot police. To succeed, he must expand his demands into an attack on society itself; to change the university, he must first change the world, even if the university itself is destroyed in the process.

This is the logic which has been followed in Berlin and Paris, in Berkeley and Columbia. It is a false logic because its major premise is false: that the university is a microcosm of the world. This is precisely what it is not. It is an institution dedicated to a unique purpose, which is the pursuit of learning, and in that pursuit it creates its own unique pattern of relationships, its own forms of government and authority, its own standards of value and judgment, even its own forms of morality. They do not coincide with those of the world outside the campus because the world outside the campus for the most part does not care a fig for the pursuit of learning, except so far as it suits its own purposes, which very often are not compatible with the pursuit of learning; nor is learning the whole of life, which would be a very much poorer thing if it were.

HOW FAR ARE our own British students likely to fall a victim to the logic which has triumphed at the Sorbonne or at Columbia? At the moment one might guess that the likelihood is very small, for reasons which reflect credit both on university authorities and on students; though there is at least the danger that the immense expansion of the universities in the last ten years may lead to the kind of conditions which have encouraged student extremism elsewhere. But the very violence of student revolt on the Continent and in the U.S.A. has had the advantage, for us, of forcing university authorities here to ask themselves how far student demands are justified and how far the universities can go in meeting them. After all, they have been warned. The Vice-Chancellors have taken time out and off from their interminable round of bureaucratic duties to discuss student unrest and have declared themselves willing to discuss their problems on a national level with the National Union of Students; both Oxford and Cambridge have appointed committees to enquire into student demands and how far they can be met; not least, the House of Lords, in a remarkable debate to which the representatives of the universities made a notable contribution, has thought it worth while to debate student discontents and how to avert a repetition here of the disastrous consequences they have had abroad.

These are signs that the warnings of Paris, Berlin and New York have not gone unheeded, and unless one is an *enragé* oneself it would be hard to doubt the sincerity of the universities' own feeling that reform is urgent and necessary. Yet one can quite legitimately doubt how far that feeling can become effective. Vice-Chancellors, even when enlightened, are not all-powerful; and Vice-Chancellors' conferences, university commissions, parliamentary debates, are not in themselves sufficient to overcome the overwhelming conservatism which animates the machinery of university government, the formidable capacity of dons, professors, lecturers for obstruction and delay, or, to speak truly, the sheer bloody-mindedness of many a faculty, senate, and council. Most of all, one has to take into account the working of that first principle of university administration: *Nothing must ever be done for the first time.*

It would be impossible to over-estimate the effect of that element of irrational opposition to change which is inbuilt into any university administration. It is the counterpart of radical demands for change for its own sake, and no doubt the one could always be used as a justification for the other. Yet even so one feels that today, with the examples of Europe and the United States before them, there is in the universities, for motives in which good-will and apprehension are perhaps equally mixed, a genuine desire for reform from within, and that it is sufficiently strong to overcome the kind of obstacles which has always met all proposals for university reform.

YET IT IS IMPORTANT that the universities should be clear in their own minds about the principles which reform should follow. My own modest suggestion is that there are three.

One is that universities as such do not, and should not, have answers to the great social and political questions of the contemporary world, and that they are not a suitable battleground on

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which these issues should be fought out, especially in the form of a "confrontation" of students and teachers. They have a more modest, and yet a unique function to perform, and so far as they have any contribution to make to the solution of wider issues it is by discharging that function to the best of their abiiity.

The second is that the university, as such, is not or should not be particularly concerned with the kind of disciplinary rules which apply to a nursery, a seminary, or a social club. The sooner they could be dispensed with, and students and staff share the equality which all citizens have in respect to the common law, the sooner and more effectively the universities could concentrate on the discharge of their proper function.

The third is that students are an irreplaceable part of any university and should have the right of discussion and consultation in respect of everything which affects their interests and happiness as students, including examinations, curricula and teaching methods.

I do not think these principles would do much to satisfy Herr Dutschke, M. Cohn-Bendit, or Mr. Mark Rudd, but I feel sure they would go far to meet the desires of the overwhelming majority of students.

R

Bobby Bailey

Norbury Avenue. And there's Bobby Bailey's—
  Flagged pathway, tall front door;
What super fun to just turn up, and find him
  Sprawled on the playroom floor,

Toppling West Kents, Carabineers, 5th Lancers
  With a mad marble-barrage,
Doling out Woodbines, Tizer and eclairs in
  The loft above the garage,

Or mouthing *Shitface!* at his sister Janet,
  Vision so rarely seen,
Slightly moustached, contemptuous, fine-featured,
  Full-breasted, and sixteen.

Fun to turn up. But back in '35 they
  Moved to a place called Penn,
And Janet's kids must be, what, twelve years older
  Than she and Bobby then?

Of course. I know that, every year, some people
  Simply get up and go
Too far for you to see, much less drop in on,
  Less yet stay with. I know

"The past" is a good name for what's all over;
  You can't, in fact, return
To what isn't a place. It does sound like an
  Easy lesson to learn.

Kingsley Amis

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R. D. Laing & the Death Circuit

By David Holbrook

I HAVE JUST FINISHED writing a book on two modern poets, Dylan Thomas and Sylvia Plath. I felt I had to do what I had not done before, which was to find out what Dylan Thomas' early poems were about. Sylvia Plath gave me some of the clues; others I worked out from my own study of psycho-analytical theories over the last six years. I also wanted to find out, if I could, why people with such attachment to life committed suicide, and how this related to our present-day problems of identity.

I found the interpretations made by R. D. Laing in *The Divided Self* and elsewhere of the meaning of schizoid madness of very great value.[1] In Sylvia Plath there is a central symbolism expressing the sense of hollowness at the centre of the being which Laing describes as one of the elements of "ontological insecurity."

> I felt very still and very empty, the way the eye of a tornado must feel, moving dully along in the middle of the surrounding hullabaloo. . . .[2]

The Bell Jar is a horrifying autobiographical account, through a heroine called Esther, of an American girl who goes mad and is treated by conventional psychiatry—by insulin shock-therapy and ECT. In the end Esther goes out from her psychiatric examination "patched, retreaded, and approved for the road." Here I thought Laing's analysis apt: Esther's psychiatric treatment seems a degradation, and a false socialisation. As Sylvia Plath pleads herself at the end of the series of poems in *The Colossus* written in a mental hospital, "Tell me my name." Esther is merely accepting, instead of rebirth, a concocted identity, forced on her by compliance and social coercion:

> The nurse was writing something over and over on little pieces of adhesive tape. I leaned across the gate of the door to see what she was writing, and it was E. Greenwood, E. Greenwood, E. Greenwood, E. Greenwood. . . .

The nurse doesn't say, "Look honey, I'm sewing your name on your clothes." Esther Greenwood asks her, "Where is everybody?" and she replies, "Out." The exchange has a profound ambiguity: Is everybody in their body? Elsewhere Esther drops her garments over the edge of a flat balcony, and they float away into the New York night like empty identities. She finds nothing in American day or night life to give her a sense of being someone.

Are we in our own bodies or not? are we a continuous human identity? are we good and substantial inside? Only if we feel positive answers to these questions can we feel what D. W. Winnicott calls the I AM feeling, and feel real in a real world.[3] Sylvia Plath did not, and nor (at times) did Dylan Thomas: and their poetry poignantly expresses this plight. Thomas feels too unreal to mourn or to love, or to find anything other than himself in the cosmos; while to accept time and substantial outer reality seems to him like an unbearable loss of freedom (as it does to some of the patients of whom Laing gives accounts). Sylvia Plath's heroine feels like a creature enclosed in a bell jar: a glass wall between her and the real world.

> To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is the bad dream. . . .

The wall of glass feeling, the sense of a lack of identity, the empty centre, the "patched up" feeling, with its fear of depersonalisation—these we recognise from R. D. Laing's brilliant analyses as schizoid characteristics.

But they are also feelings we all share,

[1] R. D. Laing, *The Divided Self* (Tavistock, 1960; Penguin, 1965). *The Politics of Experience & The Bird of Paradise* (Penguin, 1967). *Self and Others* (Tavistock, 1961). R. D. Laing and D. G. Cooper, *Reason and Violence* (Tavistock, 1964). R. D. Laing and A. Esterson, *Sanity, Madness and Family* (Tavistock, 1964). R. D. Laing, etc., *Interpersonal Perception* (Tavistock, 1966).

[2] Sylvia Plath, *The Bell Jar* (Faber, 1967).

[3] D. W. Winnicott, *Primitive Emotional Development* in *Collected Papers* (Tavistock, 1958).

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especially in an environment which seems to make it harder for us to feel "ontological security." Sylvia Plath is expressing feelings we all have, of being threatened with depersonalisation by an affluent, dehumanised materialistic environment. The hullabaloo of doing and becoming swirls round us: but at the heart of being there is a dull, empty silence. The schizoid individual only feels in exaggerated form what we all feel: and, at the same time has uncanny insights into the predicament and so seems to be speaking "for" us all.

AT THIS POINT, however, a number of problems arise, all centring round that symbol of the baby in the bell jar, or Dylan Thomas' recurrent image of an infantile element of the self "crouched in the natural doorway," waiting in darkness—for what?

Where an individual feels ontological insecurity, how does that feeling originate? When such an individual needs therapy, is the process a "recovery" of a natural self which has been lost, by coercion into false socialisation? Or is it the provision of an opportunity for the unborn elements of the self to be born for the first time? How does this apply to the rest of us, all of whom experience something of this problem of hollowness at the core of identity? Do we need to be "driven out of our wretched minds" because we have been made to "adapt" to an "insane" society? Or do we need creative opportunities to grow potentialities which our environment has so far not provided? And in this does art need to be the provision of symbolic nourishment for the sense of identity? Or must it be, as Laing claims, "insurrection," whose chief value is in its disintegrative effect? Finally, what happens when the act of "insurrection," as with Sylvia Plath and Dylan Thomas, can become a symbolic attempt to be reborn, by suicide?

I can't attempt to answer such questions as a psychologist or therapist; I have only studied psycho-analytical ideas (because they cast so many insights on my work with less able children) and I can only disagree with Laing as one concerned with creativity and symbolism, and as a literary critic. But as such a layman, it seems to me that it is not possible to reconcile Laing's analysis of the experience of schizoid individuals with his social and cultural theory.

For instance, Laing says in *The Politics of Experience* that "There is no such 'condition' as 'schizophrenia,' but the label is a social fact and the social fact a political event." He adds, "What we call normal is a product of repression." So, according to the blurb of his book (which presumably he passed for press), "the schizophrenic may simply be someone who has been unable to suppress his normal instincts and conform to an abnormal society."

To Laing the family is an instrument of "violence," and man is unwillingly socialised from babyhood by its agency. "The family's function is to suppress Eros." The ego is "by definition an instrument of adaptation." Education is (with Professor Jules Henry, the American Freudian anthropologist) "the pathetic surrender of babes"; and the central image of upbringing in Laing's Penguin polemic is this from Sartre: "Take a living child, sew him up in a dead man's skin, and he will stifle in such senile childhood. . . ."

Psychotherapy for Laing is "a search constantly reasserted and reconstituted for what we have lost." Thus: "True sanity requires in one way or another the dissolution of the normal ego, that false self competently adjusted to our alienated social reality."

I HAVE quoted here only a few phrases from Laing, and already we have, I believe, many incompatible attitudes to human nature merely yoked by violence together. For one thing, it seems incomprehensible that Laing, who has delineated schizoid experience so penetratingly, should now deny that there is such a condition as schizophrenia. In *The Divided Self* he makes a clear distinction. On the one hand,

> The individual may experience his own being as real, alive, whole: as different from the rest of the world in ordinary circumstances so clearly that his identity and autonomy are never in question . . . he thus has a firm core of ontological security.

This person we recognise as sane. There are other persons whom Laing himself has described thus:

> The individual in the ordinary circumstances of living may feel more unreal than real; in a literal sense, more dead than alive; precariously differentiated from the rest of the world, so that his identity and autonomy are always in question. . . .

This we recognise as the schizoid individual, and Laing has shown what this individual feels like when he is in the condition labelled schizophrenia. There is even a kind of person whose greatest fear is of becoming integrated. It is not "society" that has "labelled" the condition merely, for Laing has defined it and distinguished it from not-schizophrenia.

That there is such a "condition" as recognisable as the condition of pregnancy or measles seems clear enough from Laing's earlier work. Of course, schizoid experience is there in every normal experience too, as W. R. D. Fairbairn

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also makes quite clear in his studies of the schizoid personality.[4] Fairbairn postulates a scale, with complete integration at one hand (only theoretically possible) and complete dissociation at the other. It would seem now that Laing wants to deny the existence of any such scale, and of any concept of normality by which we can judge dissociation or insanity. And his reason for this is: "Normal men have killed perhaps 100,000,000 of their fellow normal men in the last fifty years."

This is a terrible fact. But the horror of the fact does not prove that Laing's analysis of why this has happened is correct, as he seems to think. Nor does it dispose of the concept of "normality," any more than it does to say "*x* people were killed by motor accidents in this 'normal' community last year," or "*y* babies were battered and *z* murders were committed in 'normal' society in 1967." Laing is simply, by polemic, seeking to dispose of the concept of normality, but without offering any full arguments as to why he thinks that his interpretation of the terrible facts is the correct one. One could say, for instance, that "a particular minority of individuals who need to solve their problems of identity by violence and aggression are able, because of their subtle psychic needs, to enlist others in their insanity, although the majority of individuals, being normal, are not involved in this in the first place." In such a discussion the concept of "normality" would be a useful one, since it might lead us to examine the abnormalities always present in normality.

But by what theory of human nature can it be held that "what we call normal is a product of repression"? And that "the family's function is to suppress Eros"?

It is true that this is what Existentialism of the kind developed by Sartre believes. But in psycho-analytical theory the belief that our make-up is a conflict between "instincts" and the needs of society belongs to Freudian metapsychology, which Laing explicitly rejects. Laing, whose exploration of the experience of his patients is carried out in terms of psychodynamics, reverts in his social theory to an impulse psychology. And in *The Politics of Experience* he doesn't seem to see how irreconcilable these different accounts of the individual's social context are. One derives from Freud's use of 19th-century psycho-biology: the other from Freud's more original psychodynamics of Ego, Super-ego and Id.[5]

Freud found the origins of neurosis in the suppression of instinct, and it would seem that Laing now finds the origins of schizoid problems in the same. Freud held that "Our civilisation is, generally speaking, founded on the suppression of instincts.... Every individual is virtually an enemy of civilisation, though civilisation is supposed to be an object of universal human interest.... One thus gets the impression that civilisation is something which was imposed on a resisting majority ... built up on the coercion and renunciation of instinct...."

Freud's solution, Dr. Guntrip says, was, "to lessen the burden of the instinctual sacrifices imposed on men...." The implication of Freud's view was that "human nature is innately self-seeking, pleasure-seeking (not object-seeking) and is to be socialised under very heavy pressure: and then only from non-altruistic motives, and under a never-relinquished repressed protest and revolt."

While the Christian solution to the problem of the conflict between reason and the reality-principle is (in Pauline traditions at least) more repression, Freud aligned himself with the release of repression as much as possible. Jules Henry's view of culture is the same: the release of impulses at the appropriate time and place. Laing aligns himself even further with the removal of repression, and seeks in culture the value of disintegration. While to Freud the choice before man was to become a neurotic or a hero, Laing requires him to be a super-hero. Man is to cast off all chains of false socialisation, dissolve all social forms and values, dissolve his ego into the bargain, and find a "new" self.

Guntrip, however, working from Fairbairn's analysis of schizoid problems, sees this whole belief in the conflict between instinct and repression, between the law of the members and the law of the mind, as being "one of man's oldest self-deceptions." To him the deepest problem is not the contest with one's instincts, but the fear of ego-weakness—the fear of one's central ontological insecurity, one's emptiness at the heart of being, one's tendency to fly from a life with which one cannot cope.

This *ought* to be the conclusion Laing could draw from his analysis of schizoid problems—but it is not the conclusion he does draw in his social theory. He seems unable to believe that

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[4] W. R. D. Fairbairn, *Psycho-analytic Studies of the Personality* (Tavistock: Routledge, 1952).

[5] I have explored the difference between instinct- and psycho-dynamic theory in an article *"Society" and Our "Instincts"* (*Universities Quarterly*, December 1966)—a summary of the valuable work done on this problem by Dr. Harry Guntrip of Leeds University Department of Psychiatry in his *Personality Structure and Human Interaction* (Hogarth, 1961).

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society can be a natural expression of human needs. Yet in Winnicott, Fairbairn, and Guntrip the primary experience of man is that, from the beginning, the individual develops as integral with his sense of his own identity the capacity to relate to others, and to the world. To Fairbairn the goal of the libidinal needs of the human being is "the object," that is, the capacity for relationship with another, with others, and with the world as object. From this point of view, "good personal relationship is not desired merely for the sake of pleasure but is in itself the basic need and aim of men, whose nature cannot be fulfilled without it, while aggression and pleasure-seeking only result from the frustration of this primary aim..." (Guntrip).

Society is the normal expression of man's needs to relate to others, while the family is the context in which individual potentialities are fostered. Winnicott, from the experience of some 20,000 case-histories as paediatrician concludes that the "ordinary good home" is the basis of individual sanity and is "usual." The individual maturity contributed by the positive context of the family is, for him, the basis of that independence in the majority which makes democracy possible.

In this picture of human nature the ego is a "pristine unitary ego" from the start, and its function is not adaptation but *integration*. To the processes of the integrating ego, symbolism and culture are primary means by which human beings become human, and work on their own problems of becoming whole and capable of "contributing in." In the light of this there can be no question of "dissolving the ego," nor is it legitimate for Laing to use Winnicott's term "false self" to mean "that self which unwillingly conforms to society."

As Guntrip has recently written, "The human psyche is an incipient ego and if it were not it would not be human.... All psychic experience, however unintegrated or disintegrated, must have some degree of ego-quality as the experience of a 'subject.' There has to be a subject to have the experience even of depersonalisation and derealisation ... the human psyche does not always develop a very definite ego, and always, even in the most mature, there is some degree of ego-splitting and failure to achieve basic unity and wholeness of psychic development.... But the Ego is the psyche growing to self-realisation and identity, in the initial experience of identification with the mother." In what sense can it be possible to "dissolve" the ego as Laing advocates?

HERE IT WOULD BE USEFUL to invoke a new, as yet unpublished, paper by Winnicott on *Male and Female Elements in the Personality*. This paper discusses the difference between those qualities of being which the infant derives from the mother's capacity *to be* for her child, and forms of "doing" which are sometimes necessary as a substitute for this. According to this object-relations psychology the trouble with the schizoid individual is that, feeling no assured core derived from the female element of the mother, he has to resort to forms of "doing," including false socialisation, to hold some kind of an identity together. At the same time that part of the self that yearns *to be*, lurks in the darkness waiting to be born. This is the "regressed ego." The "false self" that is dealing with the world as well as it can meanwhile is not the "false self" of Laing by which he means "the self that contributes in to society."

The problem of true self and false self we may, I believe, find in Sylvia Plath, as between the "baby" wanting to be reborn, and the false "doing"-self that deals with the world in a patched-up way, represented in her poetry by the image of the petrified, broken, fragmentary figure of her (dead) father. This is the object of the patched-up self put together by "pseudo male doing": meanwhile the true self lurks in the cellar shadows where she tries to kill herself. Thus, her suicide takes the form of both plunging into her father's grave to find her real father (and real self) while seeking at the same time to bring the regressed ego to birth by suicidal destruction of the old self. What she wanted was to bring her real self to birth. What she did was destroy everything.

Guntrip has some most illuminating things to say about schizoid suicide. "The ultimate unconscious infantile weak ego is very clearly experienced as a fear of dying"—an insight which, I think, tells us a great deal about Dylan Thomas as well as Sylvia Plath. When exhaustion develops out of the struggle in the schizoid person to master the threat of internal breakdown, then there may develop a *wish to die*: life-tiredness. As Dylan Thomas said towards the end,

> I want to die. I really do. I want to return to the Garden of Eden. I want to be forever unconscious.

However, this impulse often really means, "I want to stop living but not to die." The schizoid suicide often does not want to die: he will lie down *beside* the gas oven, or make sure someone will rescue him.

> Schizoid suicide is not really a wish for death as such, except in cases where the patient has utterly lost all hope of being understood and

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> helped. Even then there is a deep unconscious secret wish that *death should prove a pathway to rebirth*... in some sense to return to the womb and be reborn later with a second chance to live.

This, says Guntrip, is a "dramatic version of basic ego-weakness. What is the mental condition which drives a human being into such a dilemma as needing to stop living while not wanting to die?"

THE ANSWER to this question given by Winnicott and Guntrip is, I believe, a more satisfactory one than Laing's.

To them ego-weakness is a product not of "society" with the family as an instrument of repression—but of a failure of mothering and the earliest processes of maturation, in an environment which does not adequately facilitate these. Of course society affects this, but indirectly: which means there can be no simple remedies such as "dissolving," "insurrection" or driving people "out of their wretched minds." If there is a solution, it is one of painfully seeking to make good family life more possible, and to remedy loss in those who suffer. The I AM feeling depends upon the mother's capacity to go over in an intuitive way into the state of extension of personality which Winnicott calls Primary Maternal Preoccupation. By being able to "be" for her child, she alone can give the baby a sense of being integrated, being a person, in real time and space. A baby "needs one person to gather his bits together... bits of nursing technique and faces seen and sounds heard and smells smelt are only gradually pieced together into one being to be called mother." As the baby pieces his object together, he pieces himself together, too: on this depends the reality-sense. The schizoid condition arises from failures of being able to take in the aspect of being from the female element. A woman who cannot *be* for her child substitutes "doing" from her male element, which feels like impingement, and cannot establish a true core to the self, but only a "false" self.

In the "mirror-role" of the mother—the way in which her response to her child, expressed in her face, is a way of establishing his sense of his own identity—what he sees in her face is himself; and this seeing is the basis of creative looking at the world. Psychotherapy itself, Winnicott concludes, is a re-enactment of this primary relationship—the provision of a mirror for the creative self-discovery of the patient.[6]

[6] See *The Mirror Role of the Mother* in *The Predicament of the Family* (ed. Peter Lomas, Hogarth, 1967).

Here there are important implications not only for the origins of emotional disorder, but also about social and cultural problems. The infant's need is good mothering, in order for the I AM feeling to be strong. So, in psychotherapy, the analyst must be able to supply a schizoid individual with the sympathetic kind of relationship he never had as an infant. The analyst acts in the mirror-role—to reflect, or to "give back what the patient brings" (as Winnicott puts it) towards his own growth. That is, the analyst's role is not to search for something "lost"—as it is for Laing—but to reflect a creative growing. Laing cannot see it this way because he cannot recognise the processes of giving, reparation, and "contributing in." He can only conceive of the fortifying of identity as recovery of something lost—and as insurrection.

WHAT POSITIVE implications for culture follow? What our society lacks is opportunities for us to complete our processes of growth, in terms of *being* by human contact, by love and sympathy, by creativity and modes of the "feminine element." Our society attaches the problem of identity to *doing* and *becoming*: to acquisitiveness, prowess, having and making, rather than to emotional richness, inner satisfaction, and inward peace. It therefore attaches identity to "false male doing" rather than to the feminine element of being: I AM. It was this, I believe, that D. H. Lawrence saw; and it may even be what some of the hippies are groping towards.

There is, too, according to Guntrip, in our society a "taboo on weakness": on the feminine, sympathetic, virtues in men and women. Rather than accept our essential ego-weakness, our emotional needs, our sensitive need for others and the paths of sympathy, we fly to false assertions of strength. We are James Bonds, tycoons, Get-away People, playboys, meteors, sharp birds. We are "switched on" and "high." We are Big and Bad Someones. We are sexy and violent. At least we are not weak nobodies. We see the world paranoically, in terms of objects to be consumed and enemies to be annihilated: living it up on the one hand and resisting inimical furies (paranoically exaggerated) in Viet Nam on the other. Yet these postures can never allay our deepest ontological insecurity: our feelings of emptiness at the core. We can only overcome these by authentic love and creativity—beginning from the acceptance of our human needs, our ego-weakness, and our dependence on others. Here the fact that we were once dependent upon a woman, however, is the most difficult thing for us to accept because so much was at stake, and she was only weak,

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human, and ambivalent. Our lack of "core of being" is essentially to be placed at her door. Hence, I suspect, the underlying hatred of woman expressed so widely in our society from cruel divorce laws to the Bunny girl.

IF OUR SCHIZOID problems of identity are acute, like those of a Sylvia Plath, then we need to re-experience the earliest relationship all over again, as a form of *mothering*. We need a creative mirror (a symbol found frequently in Sylvia Plath, but never in Laing). The crying need to be mothered, in order to find an identity, recurs again and again in Sylvia Plath's work. Coming round from insulin shock-therapy, for instance, Esther is given milk by a nurse:

> When Mrs. Bannister held the cup to my lips, I fanned the hot milk out on my tongue as it went down, tasting it luxuriously, the way a baby tastes its mother.

She refers to and addresses her unborn regressed ego time and time again: it is the baby in the bell jar, like a foetus in a bottle. It is the "baby in the barn"—Christ, who died to be reborn. Dylan Thomas also identified with Christ, but was also fascinated by Houdini. He had a horror of being trapped—that is, a horror that the regressed ego might never emerge from the black sack of the self-destructive self. His regressive nostalgia for childhood was a yearning to begin again. Sylvia Plath writes of herself as Lady Lazarus who commits suicide, regularly with joy, in order to be raised from the dead ("I do it so it feels real").

Dylan Thomas speaks of his regressed ego again and again as an unborn foetus waiting to be born into mortality:

> *In the groin of the natural doorway I crouched*
> *like a tailor*
> *Sewing a shroud for a journey....*

There were many complications in his predicament, *e.g.*, the meaning of the ghost in Thomas' poems. But we can link Thomas' alcoholism with the desire to be reborn, and from this gain insights into Laing's general theory. Dr. Karl Menninger saw alcoholism both as a form of suicide, and yet as a way of avoiding death.

> We see patients who start out with conscious suicidal intentions and end up getting drunk... as if this was... a less certain death than shooting.... Thus alcohol addiction can be thought of... as a suicidal *flight from disease*, a disastrous attempt at the self-cure of an unseen inner conflict. (*Man Against Himself*, 1963.)

The oral incorporation in alcoholism with all its magic effects of increasing the manic feeling of being alive is a Death-circuit—but one which suits the schizoid stalemate, because it doesn't seem to threaten certain death, though it does bring death by degrees. It only enacts a false rebirth, whose effect is (or can be) a slow death. Nothing could be more poignant than the enclosed Death-circuit of the individual who seeks rebirth by a means which can only hasten the end. The one thing he needs, but can never accept, is that real relationship with others by which the regressed ego, the true self, which waits in the darkness, could hope to seize its chance to be born for the first time.

Sylvia Plath's accounts of her heroine's suicide attempts are full of Death-circuit ecstasy. She is in love with sucide—because unconsciously it promises birth. And in *The Bell Jar* it is obvious that what drives her to it is the inner foetus, seeking a confirmation of being. Esther goes down to the cellar, and wraps herself as if in a caul, in rapturous expectancy.

> Cobwebs touched my face with the softness of moths. Wrapping my coat round me like my own sweet shadow, I unscrewed the bottle of pills and started taking them swiftly, between gulps of water, one by one.... I was being transported at enormous speed down a tunnel into the earth... through the thick, warm, furry dark, a voice cried,
> "Mother!"

The intense oral element, the tunnel, the need to become the neonate, are all obvious symbols of how this suicide was an attempt to be reborn. But the psychiatric "treatment" Sylvia Plath received is seen from her novel, in the light of this, to be a terrible irrelevance, and a grotesque failure to understand the meaning of her madness. There was no chance given to her to find a way in which her unborn true self could be born.

FROM LAING'S WORK we can now, I believe, make our way to understanding the meaning of such schizoid madness, and the need for the individual who is mad in this way to pursue a certain kind of "voyage."

But in the light of my reading of Sylvia Plath, and in the light of object-relations psychology, I believe that Laing's insights are in peril of perishing under the Existentialist dogma, of the conflict between the individual and society, taking over, as it does, the Freudian social theory that man is unwillingly socialised. In this, Laing's valuable insights are likely to be bedevilled by his attachment to schizoid theory.

Laing's "dissolution" of the "old" ego involves a journey—"a voyage from outer to

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inner," and then a return journey, from "cosmic foetilisation to an existential rebirth." What "dissolving" of the ego can mean is, I believe, the same as Sylvia Plath meant by her suicide. And here we come to the vexed question of Laing's advocacy of drugs. Laing's terms are carefully calculated, of course, to include both psycho-therapeutic regression and the experience of hallucination under LSD, etc. After pondering the symbolism of Dylan Thomas' oral magic, I came to feel that there was the same oral magic in Laing's advocacy of the exploration of inner space by chemical means. His advocacy here, following that of Aldous Huxley, I see as the ultimate of a certain form of pseudo-male doing, in lieu of being; it is a symbolic attempt to find and to bring to birth the regressed ego. "Thinking" can be a form of "false male doing"—a form of the need to survive "in the mind." Huxley's fascination with mescalin seems to me to manifest an intellectual hate directed against the psyche, against the self, and so a protest against being human; it was a seeking, in a schizoid way, to dehumanise oneself.

The voyage which the schizoid individual needs to make is eminently a regressive one which involves the need for dependence. The striking aspect of Laing's journey is that it appears so terribly lonely. Implicitly it seems to involve the denial of dependence. The voyage is also urged with a particular form of defiance of tone. There is to be no compromise with "them."

> The direction we have to take is *back* and *in*.... They will say we are regressed and withdrawn and out of contact with them ... they will try to cure us. They may succeed. But there is still hope that they will fail....[7]

The tone of this sounded familiar: and in the end it came to seem to me that it was exactly the note of a patient of Dr. Fairbairn's: Ivy, a schizoid patient, determined not to succeed in her therapy, determined to commit suicide.

> My aim is to sail as near the wind as I can to killing myself.... I feel my life is interfering with my neurosis, instead of *vice versa*. When I began to be afraid of gas-ovens, I knew it was me that was wrong; but *I did not want to be changed*. Instead *I wanted all gas-ovens removed*. I feel I really have a strong urge to destroy myself.... I want to see how near I can get to the edge of the cliff ... (*to her analyst*) if I have a relationship with you it interferes with my death-circuit ... you interfere with my neurosis and my desire to destroy myself.... I can't wait to get my hands on myself to destroy myself.... The greater the frustration outside, the greater the ecstasies inside. I want to have no inhibitions in bringing about my own destruction.[8]

This incredible pattern of reversal of normal values even to death represents, says Fairbairn, a tendency to "maintain the inner world as a closed system." In this phenomenon is the experience from which Freud devised his concept of the death instinct representing an obstinate tendency on the part of the individual to "keep his aggression localised within the confines of the inner world as a closed system." As we see from Ivy's words there can be an intense joy in this.

I FIND MYSELF asking, why should R. D. Laing sound like a schizoid patient determined to remain immolated in the "death instinct"? This state in which Ivy finds herself may be linked with therapeutic stalemate and schizoid suicide. There is a *huis clos*, combined with a "sense of hopelessness over the possibility of obtaining satisfaction in relationships with external objects." But isn't Laing's attitude to society itself just the expression of this? Isn't his solitary journey implicitly a way of avoiding a relationship with others that might interfere with the Death-circuit? That is, the drug trip brings no threat of real self-discovery because it is not an inward journey—it is essentially a trip *away* from relationship.

Guntrip emphasises that "the deepest thing about human nature is its 'togetherness' ":

> From the starting point the psyche passes through the separation of birth into "aloneness" which would be insupportable unless, beneath it, as its foundation, there still persisted that oneness of the child with its mother, and through her with "mother-nature" in the sense in which Buber quotes, "In the mother's body man knows the universe, in birth he forgets it" ... but he never forgets it.

The core of the being is formed in the experience of being—which in fact "is an experience of 'being in touch with.' "

> It is the starting point and permanent foundation of ego-identity and ego-strength, a quietness at the centre, a core of personality which must be preserved inviolable, beyond the reach of external world pressures.

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[7] It is interesting to note that Freud came across a medical nihilist, Dr. Schweninger, who said "The world belongs to the brave, including the brave sick." Freud pronounced him "a disgrace." *Letters to Fliess*, p. 245.

[8] *On the Nature and Aims of Psychoanalytical Treatment, International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, Vol. 38, p. 374.

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There needs, says Guntrip, to be "an ability to defend against 'male element' impingement at a conscious level without losing 'female element' relationship in depth."

> Grave doubts are raised by psychiatric attempts to bypass the conscious ego and contact the unconscious direct.

By contrast with the emphases in Winnicott and Guntrip, Laing's journey seems solitary and impersonal. It is taken not within the self in touch with another human being, but somewhere in the transcendental territory of archetypal experience of the race, wherever that may be. He merely wants the door of the padded cell left open: this is his concession to "togetherness." Winnicott conveys the immense effort, and *risk*, involved in dealing with mad patients. Laing's only concession to this is the remark, "There'd be people who'd sort of look after you? . . ."

In a recent paper, *On Communication*, Winnicott has commended many of Laing's insights in his earlier works. But Winnicott's emphasis is that "while healthy persons communicate and enjoy communicating . . . *each individual is an isolate, permanently non-communicating, permanently unknown, in fact unfound*." The central self is "sacred and most worthy of preservation":

> the individual person knows that it must never be communicated with or be influenced by external reality. . . . Rape, and being eaten by cannibals, these are mere bagatelles as compared with the violation of the self's core, the alteration of the self's central elements by communication seeping through the defences . . . we are dangerous because we are too nearly in communication with the central still and silent spot of the patient's ego-organisation.

What is it that Laing wants to "dissolve"? What does he mean when he writes, "If I could turn you on, if I could drive you out of your wretched mind. . ."? What does he mean when he seeks a "natural way of healing our own appalling state of alienation called normality"? What I believe he seeks—by what is essentially a symbolism of schizoid suicide—is a way of "contacting the unconscious direct" as in the use of LSD; this is a violation of that "still and silent spot" and an attempted rape of the true self.

To persuade us that we should go back to the experience of the "animals" and "even the minerals" is thus to seek to deny that we are human, to drive us out of the human state. It is even to seek to petrify us, in the way (Laing tells us) schizoid individuals seek to petrify others because they threaten to implode or empty them.

Laing, in fact, is exerting upon us a characteristic schizoid tactic. In developing such remarkable insights into the schizoid condition has he become involved in schizoid attitudes? The logic of such schizoid mechanisms can be understood, I believe, from the remarkable study made by Fairbairn in his *Psycho-analytical Studies of the Personality*. Fairbairn suggests that the attitudes to life of the schizoid person derive from the fact that he has never been convinced that he is loved for his own sake; since his love has been rejected, he concludes that his inner content is bad. He is full of bad stuff; he is afraid of being emptied; he needs to thrust his bad inner stuff into others. All these varieties of schizoid experience have been illuminatingly delineated by Laing.

The ethical logic of the schizoid derives from this symbolism of inner contents for (*a*) if love is harmful, it is more moral to hate because hate does not have the dangers of love; (*b*) since the joys of loving are debarred from him he may as well give himself over to the happiness of hating. The consequence is "an amazing reversal of moral values." We have experienced this reversal as a major political phenomenon in the schizoid manifestation of Nazism. Are we not now experiencing it in the substitution of hate for love in the ethos of a section of the *avant-garde* "underground"? The immoral logic of "better to give oneself over to the joys of hating" is the basis of some Existentialist ethics: we are offered our freedom at the expense of others, in endless hostility. The schizoid individual, deep down, desperately needs to love and be loved: and the inversion of morals essentially springs from the need to feel "real and alive," and to begin a new life. So urgently can the schizoid individual wish to be born again (or "born for the first time" into his "true self") that he is willing to die to achieve this end. From these mechanisms arises the fanaticism of the revolutionary who joyfully perishes for his cause—and the libidinal attachment to self-destruction of a Sylvia Plath or Dylan Thomas.

These schizoid elements in human make-up are very terrifying. Attachment to life and the need to feel real can become so voracious that they manifest the most ruthless antagonism. Yet this hate is, even as in many Nazis, a quest for love and new life despite its terrible destructiveness. For hate is not the opposite to love, which would be indifference, but an inversion of love, and the hungry need to survive. The problem with schizoid hate is always that of living at the expense of others: an ethical problem, as Dr. Mary Warnock says

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in her *Existentialist Ethics*, on which the existentialists are curiously silent.

The fundamental problems which arise from all this are that our need to feel alive is threatened both by our hate and our guilt about our hate; both indicate the weakness of our regressed ego. One way of relieving our feelings about these problems is to blame them on "society." As has been recently said of Rousseau:

> The underlying problem of how to thrive without feeling guilty... is primarily internal. Most philosophers have treated it as such; but some have sought to evade it by treating it as solely external. Rousseau, for example, blamed society for all our faults.... He substituted, as it were, a myth of primal innocence for that of original sin. Thus his system was achieved at the cost of leaving something out—namely, the whole problem of the individual's sense of guilt which is rooted in ambivalence.[9]

This critic observes that while Rousseau inspired those liberal movements which reduced some social tensions, and so lessened one cause of internal conflict, he also led to the "mass projection of conscience" in totalitarianism "which sought to control even the thoughts of individuals."

I believe that this diagnosis of Rousseau fits R. D. Laing in his social theory very closely. And I believe that the conclusion fits too: that while Laing's advocacy of removing restrictions (on cannabis, for instance) represents the liberal side of his influence, his demagogic impulses (as evident at the sessions last year of the "Dialectics of Liberation" conference[10]) manifest a "mass projection of conscience." "Society" is to blame for our "devastation": this vindicates our endless hostility. The advocacy of LSD, moreover, manifests the same kind of attack on the mind, by intellectual hate and the attack on reason, as that made by many others in modern attempts at thought control. The drug stands symbolically for that death of the "old" (doing) mind that is to bring the new (being) self to birth.

In my view, Laing's social theory is a rationalisation of the *huis clos* of schizoid logic. To Laing the schizoid person is suffering from a social disease: he is a victim not of his own weakness, but of "them." The states of being which Laing has so perceptively recorded in schizoid individuals are not consequences of failures of maturation but are created by coercion into the "absurdity" of an "insane" society. Laing's vindication of this belief is his theory that "they" seek to make us "shrivelled" and "desiccated" versions of what we might have been. The "enlargement of experience" by drugs, like art (which is "insurrection") is a defiance of "society"—that other who would seek to "cure" us in ways like sewing up a baby in a dead man's skin. By the "instinct" theory, drugs provide a "release." They lead us into the territory beyond ourselves.

But this social theory is a death-circuit in itself like Ivy's described above. He wants *"the gas-stoves removed."* That is to say, he attacks "society" as the cause of our self-destructive ills, when in fact the gas-stove problem is with ourselves. By his hate-theory he seeks to preserve a libidinal attachment to self-destruction through drugs, and thus may promote self-destruction in himself and in others. The great failure of Existentialism to touch on the essential ethical question of the degree to which we may claim in hate our freedom at the expense of others, enables him to disguise and deny this schizoid element in his advocacy, because by Existentialism endless hostility is vindicated as "freedom." He bases his theory of what is culturally needful on his experience of a hundred schizoid families —while he ignores what Winnicott deduces from the experience of 20,000 "ordinary good homes." He denies normality because he is blind to the contributions made to sanity in such homes by the fostering of processes of reparation and creativity. These are meaningless to Laing (as to Sartre); and he must therefore deny the concept of normality altogether.

THE VALUE OF Guntrip's work is that he establishes with Fairbairn that there *is* a schizoid condition, with certain clear characteristics, and ways of thinking and feeling. But, unlike Laing, Guntrip does not suppose that this schizoid experience is normal and central and is merely "labelled" by a hostile society. While Laing explores schizoid characteristics, he does so as a schizoid individual, to whom "normal manic-depressive modes" of thinking and feeling are meaningless or peripheral, and to whom only the mad are sane, Guntrip is one of those "manic depressive people we call normal" (as Winnicott puts it) making an analysis of the schizoid in every one of us, and especially in the schizoid minority.

Thus Guntrip sees ours as a schizoid age; because our age and its ontological problems are exceptional, Existentialism reflects attitudes peculiar to our time.

> Still more apparent is the schizoid sense of futility, disillusionment, and underlying anxiety

[9] R. D. Money-Kyrle, "Psycho-analysis and Philosophy" in *Psycho-analysis and Contemporary Thought*, ed. J. D. Sutherland (Hogarth, 1958).

[10] See Roger Barnard, "Round-House Dialectics," *New Society*, 3 August 1967.

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in Existentialism. These thinkers, from Kierkegaard to Heidegger and Sartre, find human existence to be rooted in anxiety and insecurity, a fundamental dread that ultimately we have no certainties and the only thing we can affirm is "nothingness," "unreality," a final sense of triviality and meaninglessness. This surely is schizoid despair and loss of contact with the certainties of emotional reality, rationalised into a philosophy. Yet Existentialist thinkers, unlike the Logical Positivists, are calling us to face and deal with these real problems of our human situation. It is a sign of the mental state of our age. . . ."[11]

But while we may all have schizoid problems (in the sense of needing to find a new centre for assurance as to the validity of our identity) in the absence of the old cosmological assurances, it is not true that we are all schizoid individuals.

> We may finally summarise the emotional dilemma of the schizoid thus: he feels a deep dread of entering into a personal relationship, *i.e.*, one into which genuine feeling enters. . . . The schizoid feels faced with utter loss, and the destruction of both ego and object, whether in a relationship or out of it. In a relationship, identification involves loss of the ego, and incorporation involves a hungry devouring and losing of the object. In breaking away into independence, the object is destroyed as you break away out to freedom, or lost by separation, and the ego is destroyed or emptied by the loss of the object with whom it is identified. The only real solution is the dissolving of identification and the maturing of the personality: the differentiation of ego and object and the growth of a capacity for cooperative independence and mutuality.

Laing's problem, I believe, is that he sees that what is necessary is "dissolution of identification." He misinterprets this, however, as dissolution of the ego. Moreover, he is so terrified of relationship in which genuine feeling is involved, that the later stages (of maturation, of the growth of independence) appear largely meaningless to him. He cannot abide mutuality. He would not, I believe, understand Winnicott's emphasis on the positive, reparative work that has to go on between mother and child. By contrast, Laing understands disintegration, but seems less to believe in integration. Thus he cannot emphasise growth in relational therapy; nor can he see any hope in "contributing in" to the family and social order. The "rebirth" he offers is an extra-personal, cosmic affair; it is, above all, not "weak," in the recognition that we may after all be no more than human.

According to Guntrip by contrast, what is needed is an atmosphere in which, instead of seeking a Wagnerian territory of transcendental mysticism, we accept our ego-weakness (as Sylvia Plath cries in a poem, "O love, O embryo")—and begin from there, in our needs for one another and our needs *to be*. Laing's intemperate mysticism is in fact a further contribution to the prevalent "taboo on weakness" which is, surely the most dangerous tendency in our era. False pretences that we are Big and Strong, lead to such monstrous manifestations of group psychopathology as Nazism or Black Power. Projection, splitting, and other self-deceptive processes are not (as Laing sees them) "defences" against society's "violence": but against our own inward weakness. This can, however, be used to attach and project hate on to others: and isn't this what Laing does by his abuse of the "Establishment"? What else is an "Anti-university," with courses in "Black Power" and "Madness," but a hate-attack on intelligence?

LAING'S ACCOUNTS of patients move us deeply with his insight into their sad and weak human condition which, in a sense, we can recognise as our own. His theory, and especially his social theory, makes us feel that to make things any better is all too remote and rather beyond us. Instead, he often takes up evtravagant postures:

> I am a specialist, God help me, in events in inner space and time, in experiences called thoughts, images, reveries, memories, dreams, visions, hallucinations, dreams of memories, memories of dreams, memories of visions, dreams of hallucinations, refractions of refractions of that original Alpha and Omega of experience and reality. . . .

This sounds like something between Polonius and the Alchemist: certainly larger than life! (Contrast Winnicott, who insists that an analyst is taught everything by his patients.)

The most grievous thing about man is the unconscious logic by which, in seeking to be, he is prepared to take steps, in joy and delight, by which he will cease to be. The fanatic is proud to kill and be killed; the Communist is glad loyally to incriminate himself. These are ultimate insanities. But what of the dissociation of the drug-trip? For there is no actual "inner space" to explore by a journey "in." There is only the psychic reality of oneself—a human person—which can only be explored and

[11] "A Study of Fairbairn's Theory of Schizoid Reactions," *British Journal of Medical Psychology* (Vol. XXV, 1952,), pp. 86–103. Guntrip's work on schizoid problems is now gathered into his next book, *Schizoid Phenomena, Object-Relations and The Self*, to be published by the International Psycho-Analytical Library later this year.

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strengthened by cooperating with the intuitive processes of natural creativity, of dreams, of art, of living. The tripster does nothing to contribute to a feeling of being a whole self in a real world, to creative looking, to symbolic integration, to enrichment of identity. He may take a trip, but he doesn't really come back.

The popular figure in European psychoanalysis today appears to be Laing the Existentialist. He has taken over Sartre's schizoid and love-denying philosophy, and seeks to involve us in the destruction of personality, the logic of death, and an ultimately ineffective blanket protest against all of "them." He goes over to that depreciation of human value so prevalent in the schizoid ethos of the followers of Sartre.

Along with Trocchi, Leary and the rest, Laing is selling a schizoid fraud. His return ticket for many must prove, devastatingly, a single. Those who follow his social and psychedelic advocacy (rather than his poignant insights into schizoid experience) are likely to find they have never left the platform. But hopes still run high for an excursion to some new Paradise.

HAVE I WRITTEN an attack on Laing? In truth this article has been written in perplexity, for Laing's earlier insights are valuable and full of human sympathy. But in *The Politics of Experience* Laing makes a radical departure. The meticulous work of Melanie Klein, Bowlby, Winnicott and others has established a new perspective in psycho-analysis in which those of us who are educators find vindicated the processes of creativity: in the formation of identity, in the natural development of a moral sense, in social altruism. They see in reparation the origins and strength of a civilised order, and in this they provide a platform for social change and the fostering of human potentialities. How is it that Laing finds himself in some other camp? One could always be mistaken.

Bouquet

Old Mr Su
did not see me
    as he went
bent on his way

clutching roses
one red one white
    one yellow
and one aflame

with one green leaf
just visible
    through a hole
in the paper

no doubt for his
incredibly
    beautiful
daughter whose life

shines out of his
as the roses
    transfigured
his crooked hand.

Thurifer

See the censer dance
in the deft white hands!

Through the royal door
he strides
        the quick chain
slung from his left hand
wound round the fingers
of his right:
        a flick
and it swings a puff
with a bow
        to each
starry head on the
iconostasis

one saint per second
at least
        while the work
rustles endlessly
on the other side.

Khristos voskhrese!
Archpriest Vladimir
waits upon the just.

Keith Bosley

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THEATRE

Before the Deluge

By John Weightman

LITTLE DID WE think, as we sat watching Jean-Louis Barrault's troupe during the International Theatre Season at the Aldwych, that their home base, the Odéon, was so soon to be taken from them by the rising tide of rebellious youth. General de Gaulle was not toppled from his throne but, in circumstances that still remain vague, M. Jean-Louis Barrault was swept from the historic stage entrusted to him by the French Government, and it was left for a month in the hands of impromptu orators and amateur fighters. Only a few weeks before, I had seen him, on that very stage, as the King in Claudel's *Tête d'Or* being stabbed to death by the young, impatient conqueror who wished to take his place. There is perhaps a certain poetic beauty in the way life and art have once again become intermingled. Like the King in *Tête d'Or*, M. Barrault—or so it is rumoured—has strong feelings of sympathy for the young aggressors who have made him their victim: "I am an anarchist of long standing," he is reported to have declared to the revolutionary gathering. Still it is rather sad that an actor-manager who has always tried to combine quality with commercial viability should, through the accidental location of his theatre in the Latin Quarter, have had to suffer the indignity of an invasion which may jeopardise his whole theatrical future.

The plays he brought to London before all this happened—*Partage de midi* by Paul Claudel, *Il faut passer par les nuages* by François Billetdoux, and *Le Barbier de Séville* by Beaumarchais—were very well received by the public, at least on the nights when I was present, but the press notices were no more than tepid. Very harsh things were said about M. Barrault as an actor; the company as a whole was accused of strutting and fretting; even Madame Edwige Feuillère was treated with the respect due to an ancient monument. As for the plays, they were damned quite heartily, even the recognised classic, *Le Barbier*, being said to be definitely inferior to our own eighteenth-century plays. Now all this is very surprising to me, because I thoroughly enjoyed the three performances, although I have a considerable capacity for suffering in the theatre—a capacity which has been much exercised in recent months in both London and Paris. Perhaps our critics were affected by a slight attack of anti-French 'flu, as a result of the international bad manners of the Gaullist government. Or maybe acting in the English language has changed so much in the last few years that the frankly old-fashioned rhetorical tone of French players is difficult to accept any more. Or again, plays which consist largely of talk, and often of difficult talk, may be pretty inaccessible except to someone who knows the language well; it is no good assuming that the theatre can be as international as the cinema, and simultaneous translation, however well done, is always to some extent a distraction. For instance, a friend of mine with a fair knowledge of French said he found the Billetdoux acutely boring. I would not maintain that it is a great play, but it is a kind of anthology of possible French attitudes that were beautifully hit off by the actors.

LET ME DEFEND the plays and performances in order. The first act of *Partage de midi* is one of the finest things I have ever seen in the theatre. I say this although I am far from sharing M. Barrault's general admiration for Claudel, whom I consider at best an intermittent, grotesquely bigoted genius. When he writes in the confident manner of the Catholic who claims to understand God's Providence, as he did during the last forty years or so of his life, he degenerates into a bullying, sado-masochistic cosmic propagandist. This is the case, I think, in *Le Soulier de Satin* and *Christophe Colomb*, two other plays by him that Barrault has mounted in the past with elaborate care and, in my view, mistaken reverence. But *Partage de midi* belongs to the earlier period, when the confident believer had not yet got the better of the unregenerate man and the hero's

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faith is still only one element, and not even the strongest element, in a richly complex situation. Three out of the four characters in the play—Ysé, the woman, De Ciz, her husband, and Amalric, the adventurer—are quite untouched by religious feeling. The fourth, Mesa, who represents Claudel returning to China after his failure to become a monk, is a male virgin of twenty-nine, all ready to fall in love with creation and the creature precisely because he has failed to establish direct union with the Creator. The first act, which presents these four people on board ship in the Indian Ocean, looking back on the Europe they will perhaps never see again, oppressed by the sun which symbolises the wild superabundance of energy in the universe, and looking forward covetously, yet tragically, to the exotic proliferation of the East, is surely one of the great moments in modern poetic drama. Mr. Milton Shulman entitled his review of the play "Slow Boat to China." But the boat isn't slow; it is suspended outside time, like the garden scene in *The Cherry Orchard*, while the four people take stock of themselves and their situation in wonderfully rich and racy French. The combination of strength and fragility in human relations is beautifully indicated: Ysé is married to one man, and is attracted to the other two in different ways, and moves between all three, warming her egotism at their various personalities. The three men like each other in a comradely fashion, yet each is unscrupulous when it comes to the point and follows his lonely male destiny, which is always at a tangent to that of the woman. And the acting, though traditional, seemed to me superb—even M. Barrault's struttings and poutings. The elderly, gnarled, physically unprepossessing men could only exist through the intensity and subtlety with which they uttered the words, and they made the most of them. As for Madame Feuillère, she has been playing the part for years, yet she is still as fresh and dewy as ever, and a miracle of endearing, exasperating femininity. All four performers showed the essence of the actor's art, which is to play, as it were, not to the actual words spoken (perfect as these may be) but to the centre of the other personality, so that the dialogue appeared like a poetic foam on the surface of true situations.

Admittedly, the play falls apart in the second and third acts, when Claudel tries to take Mesa through mortal sin to salvation and then mysteriously reunites Mesa and Ysé in heaven, even though Ysé has thrown in her lot with Amalric on earth. The author is obviously endeavouring to convince himself of something transcendent and erotic at the same time in order to solve, on the level of art, the real-life problem from which the play sprang. Only occasional flashes of poetry remind one of the strength of Act I.

BILLETDOUX'S *Il faut passer par les nuages* is, by comparison rather humdrum, and one may suppose that it has been included in the repertoire to provide a part for Madeleine Renaud and also to bring the whole company into play through a panoramic deployment of characters. The theme is the traditional French one of the dominant mother, a self-made woman, running the family business, holding the purse-strings and driving her second husband, her three sons, her daughter-in-law and her various dependents into different attitudes of submission or revolt. In the usual way, she is at first presented unsympathetically as a tyrant and a blight; then the deep-rooted French respect for the authoritarian character creeps in and we are made to feel that the over-development of her strength is due to the inherent weakness of the people around her. In a moment of disgust, she decides to renounce her responsibilities and throw her dependents back upon themselves to make them grow up. Naturally, they collapse or disintegrate and, with her longing for satisfaction unappeased, she is left contemplating the ruins, having lost everyone except her grandson.

All this is very stagey, no doubt, but it is redeemed by many felicitous touches: Jean Dessailly, as the sex-obsessed son, confessing with voluptuous horror to the priest; Pierre Bertin, as the hen-pecked, professor-husband, addressing his students with elegant ineptitude, and Madeleine Renaud in the central part praying over her possessions at the auction, in such a way as to demonstrate that it is easier for a bourgeoise to appreciate the poetry of an antique armchair than the reality of another personality. Possibly this is a play that can only be enjoyed if one is sympathetic to its Frenchness and sensitive to shades of wording which express so well the habitual alienated-bourgeois position of satirical rejection plus emotional involvement.

BEAUMARCHAIS MUST BE a rare case of genius undone by genius, since he labours under the uncommon difficulty of having had his two best plays turned into magnificent operas. With the best will in the world, one cannot help feeling, on watching *Le Barbier de Séville*, that Rossini's perfect arias ought to come ballooning out of the mouths of the characters. However, after a while, one settles down to appreciate the play in its original form as an ingenious version of "love laughs at locksmiths," penetrated through and through with that fizzy

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vitality that belongs only to the eighteenth century. This was a good performance, but not an ideal one, because Pierre Bertin, as the villain, Dr. Bartholo, was such a lovable old curmudgeon that he acted everybody off the stage and became the hero of the play, which should by rights belong to Figaro. Then I noticed again, as I have done at other performances of *Ancien Régime* works, that contemporary French actors haven't always an absolutely sure sense of tone when dealing with pre-revolutionary class attitudes. Dominique Paturel, as Figaro, was full of bounce but just a shade or so too vulgar in accent and mannerisms. Figaro, with his intelligence and rapidity of movement, is literally "mercurial," and he is diminished if given an obtrusively modern, lower-class flavour. At the same time, Michel Rhul, as Almaviva, should have had a more inherently aristocratic style; to turn the nobleman, however slightly, into a figure of fun is to weaken the aristocratic principle, which Beaumarchais admired and to some extent adopted, although he may also have criticised it. It is wrong, I think, to read this earlier, sunny play in the light of *Le Mariage de Figaro*, where class resentment is present as a genuine emotion and not simply as a joke. The mythic structure of *Le Barbier* demands that Almaviva should be absolutely distinguished and Figaro primarily an embodiment of mischievous energy, like Ariel or Puck.

A Mountain Land

Broad-plained neighbours suspiciously circle
Our land of mountain; to whose small eyes
Our smiling self-sufficiency
Must speak riches.
One then another,
Time and again they mass their borders,
Prepared for resistance we never offer.
The sortie here, the thrust there,
Whole armies trampling our countryside,
We give like air, take to the hills.
They never stay.
Nothing to plunder,
No one to conquer, their mettle rusts.
They leave, arrogant and disdainful
Of the empty land that rigged their hope.
And glad always to see their backs,
To know our immunity proved again,
We laugh at their crudeness and bafflement.

But our malcontents have a fine scorn
And a harsh name for the ancient wisdom
That keeps us free. They resent that fools
Should think us beggars, feel shame we never
Have shown the courage to commit our lives
To the flat valleys, let a nation root
And bloom a flower of civilisation,
The being our richer selves a trophy
Continually to be battled for
In bloodshed in the mouths of valleys.

Daniel Huws

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MUSIC

The Rise & Fall of Richard Strauss

By Peter Heyworth

FOR THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS of his long life Richard Strauss enjoyed success on a scale that has been granted to few composers in their youth and middle years. In 1885, at the age of only twenty-one, he was engaged as assistant at Meiningen to the greatest conductor of the day, Hans von Bülow, and from that auspicious start he seemed to float from one favoured position to another with a nonchalance that was only to desert him in Germany's hour of reckoning in 1945. In 1886 he was appointed junior *Kapellmeister* at the Opera of his native city, Munich. By the age of twenty-five he had already conducted at Bayreuth and become a protégé of the formidable Cosima Wagner. By 1897 he had appeared with triumphant success in most of the capitals of Western Europe, and in the following year he was appointed Royal Prussian Court Conductor in Berlin, a position he held until the collapse of the Hohenzollern monarchy in 1918. Measured by standards such as these, the careers of Herbert von Karajan and Leonard Bernstein are tortoise-like.

But Strauss' early development as a composer was even more phenomenal. By the time he was thirty, three symphonic poems, "*Don Juan*," "*Tod und Verklärung*" and "*Till Eulenspiegel*," had brought him world-wide fame, and "*Don Quixote*," "*Also Sprach Zarathustra*" and "*Ein Heldenleben*" followed in quick succession before the turn of the century. Indeed by 1898 the Dutch, a stolid people not given to snap judgments, had erased the name of poor Gounod from the roll of honour on the pillars of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw and in its place, alongside the names of Wagner and Liszt, had inscribed that of Strauss. By the turn of the century Strauss was established as the most recent member of that long illustrious line of composers that reached back to Haydn and Mozart and had for well over a century maintained Austro-German hegemony over the musical world.

Only in his first two operas, *Guntram* and *Feuersnot*, had this flood of success been interrupted. But in 1903 Strauss was astute enough to perceive in Oscar Wilde's *Salome* what had up to this point eluded him: a text whose exotic background and undertow of macabre eroticism were well calculated to reveal the improbable affinity of this solid Bavarian burgher, offspring of a horn player and a brewer's daughter, to *fin de siècle* decadence. The result was a score that weds the worlds of Liszt and Beardsley, and that Strauss himself (who in addition to his other talents was no mean wit) once described as "a scherzo with a fatal conclusion."

His next dip into the literary bran-tub was no less lucky and a good deal more fateful, for in Hofmannsthal's *Elektra* he not only found a text that enabled him to pursue to still more powerful effect the path he had embarked on in *Salome*, but also provided himself with a collaborator who was largely to shape his career over the next twenty years. With Hofmannsthal he went on to write *Der Rosenkavalier* (1911), a work that brought him to such a pinnacle of fame that when, thirty-four years later, a group of heavily armed G.I.s appeared at the gate of a large villa in Garmisch, they were routed by the appearance of a very tall old gentleman who confidently advanced towards them and declared, "I am the composer of *Der Rosenkavalier*."[1]

Needless to say, success on such a scale, especially when combined with a solid financial background, a singularly happy marriage and a maddening impression of effortless ease that was sometimes mistaken for arrogance, provoked caustic comment. Gustav Mahler, to whom Strauss had done many kindnesses at a time when Mahler's status as a composer was still insecure, once referred to him as "the great opportunist." And so he was, in the sense that he was adroit at adjusting himself to circum-

[1] In a burst of unwonted sanctimoniousness—for he was a man quite devoid of affectation or pretention—Strauss later described this encounter as a triumph of pure spirit over brute force. But then he always was lucky: whereas he preserved his property intact, poor Anton Webern was shot in error by a panic-stricken G.I. in a remote Alpine village.

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stances, never met head-on a difficulty he could walk round (his letters to temperamental prima donnas are masterpieces of sly tact), had a sharp nose for his own interests, financial as well as artistic, and organised his life to exploit them to the full. Yet the description does him less than justice. Within the limits of the sacred egotism common to all true creators, he worked hard to further the music of less successful contemporaries. As well as Mahler, he supported Schoenberg, Elgar, Reger and Humperdinck at a time when they had need of it, and he laboured long and successfully to introduce proper copyright laws into Germany so that composers should enjoy the fruits of their toil.

NOR SHOULD IT BE supposed that Strauss' success was the result of merely meeting the taste of the time. Today his early symphonic poems may strike the ear as the very epitome of Wilhelmine ebulliance and assertive self-confidence. Yet in the nineties their uninhibited sensuality and strident dissonances were considered very shocking, and not least by Strauss *père*, who, far from rejoicing in the success his twenty-four-year-old son had won with *Don Juan*, counselled him "to concern yourself less with outer brilliance and more with inner content." *Feuersnot*, *Salome* (which the Imperial censor only permitted at the Berlin Opera when the Intendant had the ingenious notion of causing the Star of Bethlehem to arise as the heroine crouches over the bleeding head of her victim) and *Der Rosenkavalier* all ran into serious difficulties on account of their moral content. Indeed for the two decades prior to 1914 Strauss seemed in his flouting of bourgeois morality the musical counterpart to Wedekind (whose offer of collaboration in 1896 was one of the few major opportunities he let slip).

YET AFTER *Elektra* (1909) this colossus, who for over a generation had bestridden not only Germany but the entire musical world, suddenly seemed to lose the magic touch whereby almost everything he wrote not only enjoyed success but carried forward the torch of musical history. Outwardly he seemed for some years as successful as ever. In 1911 *Der Rosenkavalier* set out from Dresden on its triumphant progress through the opera houses of the world. In 1919 he followed in Mahler's footsteps as director of the Vienna Opera, and many of the people who still remember the performances of Mozart and Wagner he conducted there assert that as a conductor of opera he was outstanding in his dominance of both orchestra and stage. If *Ariadne auf Naxos* (1916) and *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (1919) did not achieve quite the success of their predecessors, then it was optimistically attributed (at any rate by admirers) to the rather esoteric subject matter of the former and the unusual profundity of the latter. Certainly he was as productive as ever, so that new operas appeared with customary regularity. Yet gradually it became apparent that a long decline had set in, so that by the time he made his last visit to London in 1947 at the age of eighty-three, many concert-goers who had long assumed Richard Strauss to be no more than a chapter in a history book, were startled to discover that he was still alive. In fact the old gentleman, who charmed everyone with his easy courtesy, still had a trick or two up his sleeve, as the elegiac lyricism of the *Four Last Songs* revealed when they were posthumously performed in 1950. Yet he had already outlived several of the composers (Berg, Bartók and Webern were all dead) who had long since occupied the stage he had once dominated. By the year of his death in 1949 at the age of eighty-five, Strauss had for over thirty years been a back number. What had happened?

THAT IS A QUESTION that George Marek[2] sets out to answer. Mr. Marek is one of those fortunate individuals who see life's dilemmas with two-dimensional clarity. For him the reasons for Strauss' decline are simple: he was a characteristic representative of his age and class, and when the first collapsed in the upheavals of World War I and the second succumbed to the Nazis, Strauss did likewise, with the result that he found himself in a strange world from which his particular genius could no longer draw substance.

I would not necessarily wish to contest Mr. Marek's thesis in broad outline, though he conveniently overlooks the fact that Strauss' creative climacteric occurred a number of years before the end of the 1914–18 war. But he prosecutes it in such crass and heartless terms (his jargon-ridden prose well reflects the quality of his thinking) and with such a nasty flavour of racial animosity that he ends by drawing sympathy to what he attacks. The German burgher of the 20th century is not, God knows, one of the happier manifestations of the historic process. But every political and personal failing on Strauss' part is chalked up with Beckmesserish fervour. And of course when it comes to the Third Reich, Mr. Marek has a field-day. Each of Strauss' sins of commission and omission are gleefully listed: his unfortunate willingness in 1933 to deputise first for Bruno Walter at a Gewandhaus concert and then for Toscanini at Bayreuth; his grotesque support

[2] *Richard Strauss: The Life of a Non-Hero*. By GEORGE R. MAREK. Gollancz, 45s.

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in the same year of a letter of protest against Thomas Mann's ambivalent but wonderfully perceptive assessment of Wagner in *Leiden und Grösse Richard Wagners*; his failure to use his huge prestige to protest against the dismissal and persecution of Jews who had served him well and were often personal friends; his acceptance of the position of president of the newly created *Reichsmusikkammer* in 1933; and, perhaps most lamentable of all, the telegram of support he sent to Goebbels when Furtwängler and Hindemith were in trouble with the régime.

A recently issued collection of his letters[3] makes painful reading at this period. One looks in vain for any indication that this lifelong supporter of humanist values found the times out of joint, or for any glimmering awareness that Germany was entering into a period of unparalleled shame. Of course Strauss was no Nazi. Goebbels he referred to as a "brat of a minister," though elsewhere he flattered himself that he had his ear; and when in 1935 he discovered that the name of his Jewish librettist, Stefan Zweig, was not to appear on the programme of the first performance of *Die schweigsame Frau*, he threatened to leave Dresden unless it was included—and got his way.

But in all Strauss' dealings with the Nazis there is evident a convenient assumption, all too characteristic of his class, that he was somehow "above politics," that all this commotion, of which he had seen so much in a lifetime of seventy years, had nothing directly to do with *him*, and that in any case, as he wrote to Zweig in 1935, "the whole thing will blow over within two to three years." And when Strauss did quarrel with the Nazis (or, to put it more accurately, when the Nazis quarrelled with Strauss), it was less because he was against them than that, as a letter to Zweig that fell into the hands of the *Gestapo* clearly revealed, he was not *for* them and was thus unacceptable as President of the *Reichsmusikkammer*.

No doubt of it, Mr. Marek could make Strauss look as craven in the witness box as all those *Mitläufer*, the butcher, the baker and candlestick maker, that Allied justice hauled up before de-Nazification tribunals after the war. Yet he conveniently overlooks other things, such as the fact that Strauss, unlike Thomas Mann, refused to sign the chauvinist proclamation of many leading German intellectuals and artists that the 1914 war was in defence of *Kultur* against the *Krämergeist* of the western allies. (Strauss himself would, of course, have seen no merit in this refusal, but regarded it simply as the other face of his "unpoliticism.") He quotes an unfortunate speech at the *Reichsmusikkammer* in praise of Nazi *Kulturpolitik*, without mentioning that Strauss' overriding motive at that time was to overcome Nazi resistance to signing the Berne copyright agreement of 1934. If that is no excuse to bring before the bar of history, it is at least relevant to any understanding of Strauss' behaviour between 1933 and 1935. But Mr. Marek is determined to have it both ways. When Strauss plays ball with the Nazis, it is just a further manifestation of his opportunism. When, however, he indignantly rejects Zweig's suggestion that he use a *nom de plume* to obviate difficulties over *Die schweigsame Frau* this is dismissed as an example of his "blindness" and lack of political sense.

Still, it has to be admitted: Strauss doesn't come out of it at all well. Yet which of us who lives by expressing himself in public would care to have every comment, statement, or letter he has ever written at moments of stress subjected to an eye so unrelenting as Mr. Marek's? Which of us with a Jewish daughter-in-law (whom Strauss much loved) might not have been tempted to take the easier path, only too late to find himself caught in a storm such as no weather statistics could have forecast? And which of us, observing the long stream of eminent foreign statesmen queueing up to seek accommodation with the Third Reich, might not have fooled himself into supposing that he was justified in doing likewise? Perhaps, with the tradition of Anglo-Saxon independence of the state to support us, some of us might have done a little better. But then, as Mr. Marek constantly points out, Strauss was a characteristic representative of a class that has always been wretchedly subservient to authority. Is he then to be blamed for a failure to transcend his upbringing? Grand and inspiring is the spectacle of a man, such as Thomas Mann, who has the perception and courage to act and act rightly in the hour of decision. But like the overwhelming mass of German intellectuals and artists, Strauss was not blessed with this sort of moral greatness.

Like most mortals, he remained very largely the prisoner of his time and place, and a cruel price he paid for his identification with a class whose rise and fall so uncannily corresponds with his own years of greatness and decline. Mr. Marek is on firm ground when he asserts that in 1918 Strauss emerged into a world he no longer understood. But even his *Untergang* has something of the grandeur of a sunset over a far-ranging landscape, and, here again, such musical comment as Mr. Marek offers fails to differentiate between what is genuinely new

[3] *Eine Welt in Briefen*. Edited by Franz Grasberger. Schneider, DM 45.

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and what is a feeble reworking of old procedures and ideas in Strauss' later music. In particular he fails to throw light on the fascinating process by which Strauss evolved from a dashing *Zukunftsmusiker* into the last major representative of a dying order, and the crucial role that Hofmannsthal played in that extraordinary transformation act.

How to remain creative when deserted by the tide of history is a problem that has faced many artists, and most cruelly those whom it has favoured in their youth. Strauss at least kept going; and if he had in the first place his own vitality and industry to thank for that (a month without putting notes on paper was hardly to be borne), it was in large part due to Hofmannsthal that he was able to evolve in such various and unexpected directions. The scores he wrote after *Elektra* cannot match the vigour and imaginative sweep of his earlier music. But neither can they be brushed aside as mere pallid imitations of what he had already achieved. Nothing in Strauss' earlier output foreshadows a work like *Ariadne auf Naxos*.

Though ten years younger than Strauss, Hofmannsthal was one of those men who carry on their shoulders the burden of historical awareness, and from the vantage-point of Vienna he could sense the odour of dissolution in the air. Despairing of the future, he sought refuge in the past and, with an almost somnambulant feeling for other centuries and other places, was able to roam at will through all the domains and periods linked with Habsburg greatness before it finally succumbed to the gathering storm of Wilsonian self-determination.

In contrast to Strauss, who up to the time of *Elektra* seemed the very embodiment of German daring and energy, Hofmannsthal's yielding, melancholy sensibility had already adapted itself to decline and decay. But *Elektra* marks the water-shed in Strauss' long career. It left him in a situation where he could only push forward and cross the sound barrier of "atonality," as Schoenberg had done in his F sharp minor quartet, written during the time that Strauss was at work on his opera, at the piece of undermining the harmonic basis of his idiom; and, as a man who was in every sense of the phrase profoundly at home in the old order, he had no more stomach for musical revolution than he was to show for political revolution in 1918. ("A scandal that one should have to live through such times" was his comment on the discovery that the princely court of Coburg was actually short of food—or so he deduced from a modest meal of only three courses). He therefore lowered the curtain on the harmonic abyss he had momentarily revealed in *Elektra* and brought the work to an end with an uncompromising and reassuring C major chord. But where was he to go from there? Is it mere coincidence that, at the very moment when he could no longer see his way forward, he should have sought shelter from the harsh winds of the future in the seductive Viennese never-never land that Hofmannsthal proffered in *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Ariadne auf Naxos*?[4]

THERE ARE THOSE, such as William Mann,[5] whose study provides a fluent and informative if sometimes rather uncritical guide to his subject on the lines of Ernest Newman's *Wagner Nights*, who lament Hofmannsthal's influence, who blame him for the fact that in the year that Stravinsky and Schoenberg were creating musical history with *The Rite of Spring* and *Pierrot Lunaire*, Strauss was concocting in *Ariadne auf Naxos* an enchanting but backward-looking evocation of the vanished worlds of *opera seria* and *opera buffa*. That Hofmannsthal stamped his powerful personality on Strauss' development at this time is true enough, and in matters of stagecraft his influence was by no means always for the good. But those who deplore it as "reactionary" and contrary to Strauss' nature should ponder the significance of the fact that in *Der Rosenkavalier* it was not Hofmannsthal, who was primarily concerned with Ochs and the young lovers, but Strauss who so firmly put the ageing Marschallin at the centre of the opera. In her farewell to her youth, was not Strauss bidding farewell to his own?

Mr. Mann's notion that Hofmannsthal cast a snare round Strauss and seduced him from the post-Wagnerian modernism that had until this point nourished his genius, seems to me at best a half-truth. For it overlooks the fact that Hofmannsthal offered Strauss a haven from an impasse not dissimilar from that which silenced Elgar in his last years; and the best proof of it is that for over twenty years Strauss clung with tenacity to a man with whom he had little temperamental affinity, but who, for all his moods and mannerisms, enabled him to compose not only *Der Rosenkavalier* and the two versions of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, but also *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and *Arabella*. That was no mean achievement, and after Hofmannsthal's death in 1929, Strauss' operas certainly did not gain in conviction or modernity.

But a retreat it was. In his sixties, Strauss, who had lost a fortune through the confiscation of enemy property after the war, still fulfilled

[4] It is also worth noting that after 1919 Strauss' town house was not in Berlin or Munich, but in Vienna.

[5] *Richard Strauss: A Critical Study of the Operas.* By WILLIAM MANN. Cassell, 63s. (1964).

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back-breaking conducting tours. Letters streamed out to directors and conductors of opera houses, and to ensure that none of his works suffered neglect he would still travel far and wide to encourage new productions. But with rare exceptions the music itself grew with each new work increasingly stiff and lifeless. Only occasionally did the cornucopian imagination that had fired *Don Quixote* and *Heldenleben*, *Salome* and *Elektra* flicker into life, and then it was generally to produce music whose dominant note was one of gentle autumnal lyricism, such as the exquisite closing scene of *Daphne* (1938). For the rest, as Fritz Busch aptly put it, Strauss "wore his talent like a suit of clothes."

And so the years passed. The Weimar Republic came and went. Schoenberg wrote his first dodecaphonic works. *Wozzeck* was performed, and so was *Oedipus Rex* (which, as Stravinsky relates, Strauss did not even bother to see when he chanced to be in Nuremberg on the occasion of its performance there). The Nazis came to power; Austria was seized and almost without exception every central European composer of importance left for America. Only Anton Webern sat on in Vienna, too insignificant (as the Nazis supposed) to persecute, copying music for a living and cutting what Stravinsky has described as his "dazzling diamonds." But one looks in vain for any reference in Strauss' letters to these world-shaking events. The old man worked away in his study at Garmisch, a little troubled by rheumatism, cherishing his family, churning out his music, fostering his works and receiving homage with almost disdainful equanimity.

In the long years between 1918 and the early '40s Strauss as a composer seemed, like the Emperor in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, to have gradually turned to stone. Only in *Capriccio* (1942), where almost as a private pleasure he wrote a conversation piece based on the theme which had preoccupied and baffled him for over half a century, the relationship of words to music in opera, was his imagination fanned to a point where it could meet the modest emotional demands of the text; and when at the end of the opera he came to take farewell of the stage he had served for so long, he composed perhaps the most evocative and nostalgic valedictory he ever wrote. This, he was convinced, was the end of his career.

But Strauss had always enjoyed a remarkably robust nervous system and he was fated to live on beyond his eightieth birthday to that cataclysmic winter of 1944–45, when Hitler plunged his country into a fearful re-enactment of *Götterdämmerung*. Both in his life and his music he had always lacked the dimension of tragedy—for that he was, as Hofmannsthal shrewdly if unkindly remarked, always "too much the ruler of the moment." But as he sat in his mountain fastness, like Wotan in Waltraute's narration, awaiting tidings of death and destruction, his spirit suddenly broke under the wheel of circumstance. After a lifetime passed in ignoring everything that did not immediately concern his family and his career, the outer world burst in on him. After years of prattling about Greek culture, he was to learn the nature of tragedy in his own life.

His letters at this time make terrible reading. For the first time they are not concerned almost exclusively with personal and professional matters. For the first time there is an agonising awareness of what was happening beyond the end of his garden in Garmisch. The destruction of the great theatres, first Dresden, then Berlin, Vienna and, worst of all, Munich, in which he had spent so much of his working life, caused him fearful anguish. But worse, far worse, than this physical destruction was his belated awareness that he was witnessing the end of the world as he had known it. A decade too late, he came to realise that, as he put it in a letter to Wieland Wagner, "*Chaos ist in der Kulturwelt eingebrochen*," that the flames of a hundred cities were only the outer and visible manifestations of the collapse of a culture that had gone rotten. Again and again, he wrote urging his friends to cherish the wonderful harvest it had yielded. His mind went back to Mozart's operas, Beethoven's symphonies, and most insistently of all, to Wagner. Yet deep down he knew, as Wotan knows in *Die Walküre*, that things were beyond saving. "*Für das Ende sorgt Alberich*," were the terrible words he quoted in a despairing letter to his son and daughter-in-law in September 1944. It was a far cry from Eulenspiegel's merry pranks.

In the autumn of 1945 Strauss took refuge in Switzerland from the smouldering ruins of his fatherland. But before he did so he aroused himself to one last major effort. "Almost in an absent state of mind," he wrote the *Metamorphosen* for 23 solo strings. He was an aged man and his powers were no longer what they had been. But if the score is too diffuse to be perfectly proportioned, he achieved in this impassioned lament for a Germany that had vanished for ever something that had always eluded his generous and many-sided genius: the spirit of tragedy. Only gradually did he become aware that he had drawn his second theme from the funeral march of the Eroica Symphony and only in the closing bars did he quote from it directly.

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NOTES & TOPICS

London Commentary

May Day Illusions

By David Marquand

WHEN KERENSKY lost power in 1917, he was succeeded by the Bolsheviks. When the German Social Democrats lost it in 1930, however, it was the Nazis and not the Communists who ran away with the spoils. The fall of the French Popular Front Government in the 1930s damaged the whole of the French Left, and not merely the Socialists, while the fall of the Mollet Government twenty years later paved the way for the collapse of the Fourth Republic and the establishment of the Fifth. In Britain the fall of the 1929 Labour Government ushered in a decade of reactionary Conservative rule, and the fall of the post-war Labour Government in 1951 was followed by two more Conservative victories at the elections of 1955 and 1959. In the advanced societies of the West, in fact, the Kerensky model has never yet applied. The failure of reformist social democracy has never yet been followed by victories for the extreme Left. The only question has been whether the beneficiaries would be the moderate Right or the extreme Right.

The critique of reformist social democracy contained in the New Left's "May Day Manifesto"[1] must be assessed against this unpalatable, but inescapable, background. In this country, at least, this is not a good time for the Left—whether revisionist or neo-Marxist, moderate or extreme, Old or New. The loss of many of Labour's most impregnable electoral fortresses in recent by-elections, and the staggering Conservative lead in the opinion polls, can perhaps be dismissed as purely cyclical phenomena. In some circles they might even be welcomed, as signs that traditional Labour voters have at last begun to rebel against the limited horizons of parliamentary Socialism, and are becoming ripe for a sterner and more uncompromising message. The dockers' march in support of Mr. Enoch Powell cannot be dismissed so easily. Whatever else may or may not be true of British politics at the moment, one fact is no longer in dispute. Racial prejudice of the most virulent kind is far more deeply entrenched in this country than most progressive intellectuals have been willing to admit—not only among the lower middle class or *lumpenproletariat*, but among life-long Labour voters and militant members of the Transport and General Workers' Union. Given patience and ingenuity, its existence can doubtless be explained away. The fact remains that it does exist, and that—to put it mildly—it casts some doubt on the notion that the British working class is prepared, in any meaningful sense of the words, for radical political action.

In any case, the dockers' march is only the tip of a much more alarming iceberg. The really frightening thing about Mr. Powell is not that he has evoked an enthusiastic popular response. It is that he is the only leading politician in either major party who has done anything of the kind since July 1966. The same is true, moreover, of the established minor parties. One of the strangest features of the current political scene in this country is that the Liberal Party—which seemed to be on the verge of its long-awaited electoral breakthrough in otherwise similar periods in the late '50s and early '60s—has failed to make any real gains during the last two years. Less strange, perhaps, but equally significant is that the Communist Party has failed, too—even in areas like South Wales and the East End where it was once fairly powerful and where working-class disillusion with the present Government might have been expected to produce a swing towards it. The Welsh and Scottish Nationalists are, in fact, the only parties with any pretensions to radicalism which have made any gains at all during the last two years. And although the authors of the *May Day Manifesto* treat the upsurge of nationalism with a certain avuncular indulgence, it seems clear that Scottish nationalism, at least, is at bottom a narrow and xenophobic movement, appealing to emotions which have little in common with

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[1] *May Day Manifesto 1968*. Edited by RAYMOND WILLIAMS. Penguin Special, 3s. 6d.

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those traditionally favoured on the Left.[2] There is no reason to believe that Welsh Nationalism is significantly different in this respect.

THE IMPLICATIONS ARE clear. The present Government's failure to carry out the programme on which it was elected has produced a massive swing to the Right, not only among floating voters and the white-collar workers whom Mr. Wilson wooed so assiduously and so successfully before he came to power, but among traditional Labour voters as well. Moreover, there is some evidence—albeit impressionistic and unquantifiable—that this swing to the Right has not been confined to those former Labour voters who have actually brought themselves to vote for Conservative candidates in recent by-elections. There has always been a wide gulf between the attitudes of Labour Party activists, particularly in middle-class constituencies, and the attitudes of working-class Labour voters. It is worth remembering that one of the main arguments for the famous electoral pact between the Liberal Party and the Labour Representation Committee in 1903 was that the "Tory working man," who could never be persuaded to vote Liberal, might be persuaded to vote Labour instead. In many cases, he was so persuaded, and his descendants have gone on being persuaded ever since. The Labour Party activist can be seen as the heir of nineteenth-century liberalism, but the working-class Labour voter cannot. As one of the earliest studies of British voting behaviour revealed as long ago as 1956, large numbers of Labour voters disagree with their party on a wide range of issues—often without realising it.[3] They have voted Labour out of class solidarity, not ideological conviction; and as the ties of class solidarity have weakened, so the gulf between Labour activist and Labour voter has become harder to bridge. Immigration is the most obvious case in point, but it is by no means the only one. Another (and in many ways more revealing) example is the widespread unpopularity in working-class areas of the recent increase in family allowances—particularly when this is contrasted with the virtual absence of grass-roots opposition to the reimposition of prescription charges.

In the bonanza years from 1964 to 1966 the tension between voter and party was masked by wage inflation. Once the deflationary measures of July 1966 began to bite, however, the tension returned to view; and it has become increasingly obvious ever since. The authors of the *May Day Manifesto* would presumably argue that this is merely one more proof that the 1966 package was a mistake. So it was; but that is not the point. The point is that the tension between party and voter has arisen, not because the party is to the Right of its voters, but because the voters are to the Right of their party. They are to the Right of their party, moreover, not only on issues like race relations or homosexual law reform, but even on the gut issue of social and economic equality. The Child Poverty Action Group has more supporters in Hampstead and Highgate than in the labour clubs of Huddersfield and East Ham. Pressure to narrow the gap between unskilled labourers earning £12 a week and skilled workers earning £30 does not come from the skilled workers, or even from the unskilled. It comes from Socialist ideologues, both working-class and middle-class.

THIS is the real significance of the long and passionate arguments over the relationship between public expenditure and private consumption, which has dogged the Labour movement since 1964. In the late '50s and early '60s, the Labour Party was converted to the doctrine of Socialism through growth. This doctrine had two versions, one strong and the other weak. The strong version said that if only the rate of growth were fast enough, it would be possible to achieve a satisfactory increase in social expenditure without increasing taxation. The weak version said that although taxation would have to increase if the relationship between private consumption and social expenditure was to be altered as it should be in favour of social expenditure, this reallocation of resources could only be carried out satisfactorily in an expanding economy. The strong version of the doctrine was dangerous nonsense, since it took the existing relationship between private consumption and social expenditure for granted. The weak version, however, was absolutely right; and everything which has happened since has shown how right it was.

The 1965 National Plan was bitterly criticised on the grounds that it left the existing relationship between private consumption and social expenditure unchanged. When they were first made, these criticisms were justified. Since then, however, the Plan's growth targets have been abandoned, but social expenditure has continued to rise at approximately the forecast rate. The result is a significant redistribution of the national income towards social expenditure and

[2] Cf. J. P. Macintosh: "Scottish Nationalism," *Political Quarterly*, Oct.-Dec. 1967. Macintosh suggests that the most dynamic element in Scottish Nationalism is straightforward dislike of the English and the need for a scapegoat. The parallels are as obvious as they are unattractive.

[3] Benney, Gray and Pear, *How People Vote* (London, 1956).

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away from private consumption—a process which has now culminated in a budget designed to produce an actual fall in personal consumption for the first time for seventeen years, even though social expenditure is still increasing. In terms of Labour Party ideology, this is by any standards a heroic achievement; and it makes nonsense of the charge that the Government's post-devaluation economic strategy has been dictated by the gnomes of Zurich. There can be no doubt, however, that it has made the Government even more unpopular than it would otherwise have been, even among traditional Labour voters.

This is not to say that the Government should reverse its priorities. Far from it. It is to say, however, that the last two years have shown that it is enormously difficult for a democratic Government to make a significant attack on the Galbraithian imbalance between private affluence and public squalor when the economy is not expanding, and that it is quite unrealistic to believe that working-class Labour voters can be mobilised to take part in such an attack when their personal living standards are not rising. The moral is clear. In a democracy, Socialist Governments can only succeed if the absolute total of private consumption continues to rise while its share of the national income is falling. This, and only this, will make it possible for such a Government to obtain the indispensable minimum of popular support, without which its policies will be ineffective.

And this, it seems to me, is where the argument of the *May Day Manifesto* breaks down. For the central assumption of the manifesto, nowhere clearly stated but nevertheless implicit throughout, is that somewhere in the wings, and ready at any moment to stride on to the stage, is that old pantomime horse of Marxist sociology —the revolutionary proletariat. The manifesto makes a number of detailed criticisms of the present Government, many of them extremely telling and some of them wholly accurate. To take three examples at random, it is true that the Government should have introduced a minimum wage long ago, that its efforts to mitigate the social consequences of the contraction of the coal industry are pitifully inadequate, that it is seriously to blame for its failure to prevent further concentration of ownership and control in the mass media. Above all, it is true that by failing to devalue the pound sterling once it had become clear that Britain's balance of payments was in a state of fundamental disequilibrium, it sentenced the British people to twelve months of quite unnecessary economic stagnation—and in doing so, gratuitously threw away the goodwill which was later to be needed to make the inevitable devaluation a success. But although many of the *Manifesto*'s criticisms are valid, its explanations are not. Its central thesis is that the Government acted as it did because of its cowardly refusal to challenge the "new capitalism" and break with "consensus politics." This thesis is not merely false. In certain important respects, it is the reverse of the truth.

The terms "new capitalism" and "consensus politics" are not defined at all clearly. Those unfamiliar with the somewhat glutinous brand of rhetoric favoured by this section of the left may therefore have some difficulty in grasping the full significance of the charge. The general drift, however, is clear enough. When it first came to power, say the authors of the *Manifesto*, the Government tried to find a middle way between capitalism and socialism: an attempt enshrined in the National Plan. The attempt, however, was doomed to failure. Capitalism is now in a state of crisis—both in the world as a whole, and in Britain in particular. As a result, the middle ground is no longer available. Thus, the Government was forced to choose between defending the interests of its supporters in the trade unions, and giving way to the demands of its capitalist opponents. Because of its commitment to consensus politics, it did the latter. The result of its choice is the wave of anger and demoralisation now sweeping through the Labour movement.

But this was not inevitable. Alternative policies were and are available, if only the Government had the courage to pursue them. These policies are not spelled out in any detail; and at crucial points in the argument they are obscured by a peculiarly irritating declamatory fog. Once again, however, the drift is clear enough. Socialist policies could still be pursued in this country, argues the *Manifesto*, if only it were insulated from the economic pressures of the world capitalist system and the political pressures of the American alliance. In practice, therefore, there are two urgent sets of priorities, one in the economic field and the other in the field of foreign policy. The economic priorities are as follows:

> We have already seen that it is possible to respond, strongly, to what has been the main weakness of the economy, by nationalising British privately-held foreign shares and securities. But this implies . . . extensive intervention in the banking system and in the capital market, and also, if this is to be more than a negative control, the creation of new institutions to make national decisions on production and investment. In the very exposed position of Britain's international trade, it implies also positive government action to meet the real need which has caused the major companies to export capital: the competive international situa-

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tion. Only national trading arrangements, with the developing lands, with Eastern Europe and with others whose economies are subject to economic planning, can provide an alternative to the external priorities of the present system. It is in this context... that import quotas would be established, and a total control instituted over foreign exchange. The role of sterling as an international currency would be steadily cut back: first, by lowering bank rate and refusing the deposits of "hot money" whose movements consistently interfere with our economy; second, by putting the pound on a floating exchange rate, between wider fixed points.

The intervention in the banking system, already foreseen for international reasons, would be extended... as a way of gaining national control over real national sources of investment. This control would be linked with the production institutions already outlined, for developing resources at home and for fulfilling export contracts. There would need also to be a major tax on private wealth. The money gained in these ways for investment would not be handed out again in the existing kinds of grants for private industry, but would be used to establish new science-based enterprises in new forms of social ownership.

These, it should be emphasised, are the key paragraphs of the whole book. On the authors' own showing, after all, it is the crisis of world capitalism which has made the middle ground in politics untenable. This crisis is presumably an *economic* crisis. If we are to be convinced that the Government could have adopted different and more radical policies from the ones which it adopted in fact, we must be told what these policies amount to in *economic* terms. It is useless to criticise the Government for succumbing to the pressures of world capitalism without discussing the alternative in some detail. But we are not given any detailed alternative. We are given a mish-mash of platitudes, fallacies and half truths, with no discussion of the difficulties involved. What, for example, would these "new institutions to make national decisions on production and investment" actually be? What kind of "science-based industries" would be established, and what "new forms of social ownership" would be devised? What would happen to world trade (and therefore to British exports) if we established import quotas? What would happen to the world monetary system if we let the pound float and established exchange controls? Which "developing lands" would we make "national trading arrangements" with and on what terms? Why would switching our trade from the developed world to countries much poorer than ourselves help us to solve our economic problems? Until

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these questions are answered, the economic programme put forward in the *May Day Manifesto* cannot be taken seriously.

THE SAME DECLAMATORY FOG surrounds the manifesto's discussion of foreign policy. Once again, the best way of describing its programme is to quote the key paragraphs:

> In international policy, we must continue the existing commitments of the Left: to stop U.S. aggression in Viet Nam; to prevent the betrayal of Southern Africa to a connecting racialism and imperialism; to give up Britain's expenditure on nuclear weapons, and withdraw from an overall nuclear strategy. We must also assume new duties with more vigour. We have a particular duty to reject, on every occasion, the official description of international reality. As access to the central media of communication becomes more difficult, so it becomes more important that socialists should take more systematic steps to maintain international communications of their own....
>
> The details of foreign policy must be contested week by week.... But the perspectives are clear. In Europe we must press for disengagement between East and West in the political sphere... and for active association in economic, cultural and social spheres. However, the question of the "Common Market" is resolved, we must not lose sight of our priorities. Europe, including western Europe, is more than a market, and the decisive questions are not at that level. It is essential that we co-operate... in the necessary process of political change in Europe, with the single objective of ending the out-dated policies of the Cold War. This obliges us to oppose the capitalist alliance of NATO and its open and covert political aims; to resist the promotion by the United States of West Germany as a military and nuclear power; and to prevent any hardening of economic structures which would divide Europe and harm the rest of the world.

Splendid stuff. But does it mean that we should try to join the Common Market, or that we should stay out? Does it mean that we should use force against the Smith régime in Rhodesia, or that we should continue to rely on economic sanctions? Does it mean that we should stop trading with South Africa, and thus lose one of our richest export markets, or that we should continue to trade with her, even at the risk of propping up *apartheid*? Once again, it is difficult to take seriously a programme which does not even formulate these questions in realistic terms, and does not even discuss the cost of the various options available.

BUT THE REALLY CRIPPLING WEAKNESS of the *May Day Manifesto* does not lie in its refusal to grapple with the detailed implications of its programme, maddening though that refusal is. The really crippling weakness, it seems to me, lies in the blithe assumption that a Socialist Britain could contract out of the capitalist world without abandoning democracy in the process and that Socialist policies cannot be pursued unless the attempt is made. The one certain result of the programme contained in the manifesto would be a return to a siege economy, of the kind that existed in this country during and immediately after World War II, or perhaps of the much sterner kind that existed until recently in the Communist countries. This is what the nationalisation of foreign assets, the imposition of import quotas and exchange controls, the establishment of new production and investment institutions, and the switching of British trade from the developed world involve in practice. It is, of course, arguable that a siege economy, insulated from the pressures of the capitalist system around it, is preferable to the kind of economy we have now. What is not arguable, however, is that it would involve—at least initially—a sharp fall in the standard of living of the British people.

Even that might be a price worth paying, if we could be sure that the Government that paid it would be supported by the people. But can we? This is the really central question; and the central weakness of the *May Day Manifesto* is that it does not answer it. For if the answer is in the negative, a Government which tried to carry out the *May Day* programme would have to choose between abandoning its policies, and supplementing the detailed apparatus of economic controls which would be needed to carry them out with actual physical coercion. To take only one example, what would happen to collective bargaining under a *May Day* Government? One of the first things such a Government would have to do would be to control the movement of labour. Otherwise, its control of investment would be a nonsense. It would be doing this at a time when Britain's export trade was in chaos, as a result of foreign retaliation against our import quotas, and when import prices were rising fast as the floating exchange rate floated downwards. Such a Government would obviously need a far more draconian incomes policy than anything attempted by the present one. It would be trying to operate this incomes policy, moreover, not in the conditions of mild deflation and stagnant living standards which we have experienced since 1966, but a time when living standards would be required to suffer a sharp cut, until the new trade agreements were negotiated and the benefits of the further devaluation implied by the floating exchange rate were obtained. How on earth could such a Government, in such circumstances, tolerate free collective bargain-

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ing? The nightmare picture of Clive Jenkins languishing in gaol as a reward for defending the interests of his members, which has sometimes been conjured up by opponents of the present Government's incomes policy, might at last become a reality— a prospect which has a certain ironic charm as a piece of black comedy, but which, nevertheless, should be vigorously rejected by a democratic Labour movement.

This, of course, is why the whole concept of the "revolutionary proletariat" has a crucial place in the argument. If the British working class really were prepared for a social revolution, and not only in rhetoric but in fact, then these dire possibilities could be dismissed. Such a working class, conscious that its privations were necessary steps on the road to a Socialist society, would tighten its belt and accept the need for self-discipline. But if such a working class existed, Britain would be a Socialist society already.

The *May Day Manifesto* is, in fact, a false escape from a false dilemma. Its basic assumption is that the experience of the last three years proves that the middle ground in politics is not available, and that revisionist policies cannot work. In fact, it proves nothing of the kind. All it proves is that this particular revisionist Government shrank from the logic of its own election programme, and gave up the middle ground when it could perfectly well have continued to occupy it. But this was not due to the pressures of a hostile capitalist environment. If the Government had devalued at the proper time, so far from alienating Business, it would, in fact, have been able to honour its commitment to economic growth—and, in honouring it, to maintain Business confidence. It is a myth that the Government was forced into deflation by the "new capitalism." On the contrary, what really upset the "new capitalism" was the Government's decision to sacrifice growth to the old parity of sterling. Business welcomed Labour's original commitment to rapid growth. Its disillusion with the Government dates, not from 1964 or 1965, when Ministers were still trying to achieve a higher rate of growth, but from 1966 when they gave up the attempt. Nor is it true that the Government was forced into deflation by pressure from overseas. Once it had refused to devalue, deflation was the only option open to it. It is true, of course, that its deflationary packages were made more severe than they would otherwise have been by the difficulty it faced in maintaining confidence in sterling. But this difficulty was not due to some sinister capitalist conspiracy against a Socialist Britain. It arose because foreign holders of sterling could see what was wrong with the British balance of payments even though the British

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Government could not, and because they did not wish to lose money as a result of holding a currency which would obviously have to be devalued sooner or later. The truth is that the Government was forced into deflation and stagnation in 1966, not by wicked capitalists, wicked Americans, or wicked revisionists, but by the belief of its leading members that devaluation was somehow dishonourable—a "soft option" in the phrase of the time, or even "an escape from reality." As a result, the Labour movement now faces great economic difficulties, multiplied by acute unpopularity and the looming shadow of electoral disaster.

But the *May Day Manifesto* does not offer any solution to these difficulties. It merely invites us to jump out of our admittedly painful frying pan into a blazing fire.

The Prospects of Academe

Letter from New York — By SIDNEY HOOK

FIFTY YEARS AGO, when I began my college studies, it would be no exaggeration to say that the belief in academic freedom was regarded as faintly subversive even in many academic circles. The American Association of University Professors, organised by two philosophers, Arthur Lovejoy and John Dewey, was in its infancy without influence or authority. Today, except in some of the cultural and political backwaters of the U.S., academic freedom, although not free from threats, is firmly established. In some regions it has the support of law. Fifty years ago, the power of the chief university administrator was almost as unlimited as that of an absolute monarch. Today the administrator is a much harried man with much less power and authority among faculty and, especially, students than his forbears. Today there may be temperamentally happy administrators, but their present life is an unhappy one. There seems to be an open season on them and to such a degree that for the first time in history there is an acute shortage of candidates for the almost 300 vacant administrative posts in institutions of higher learning. When I did my graduate work at Columbia, Nicholas Murray Butler was both the reigning and ruling monarch. I don't believe that in his wildest dreams he could have conceived of the Columbia scene today. The strongest argument I know against the resurrection of the body is that if it were within the realm of possibility, Nicholas Murray Butler would have risen from his grave and would now be storming Morningside Heights.

Having been an administrator in a small way myself, I have learned what an ungrateful job it is and at the same time how necessary. Without administrative leadership, every institution, especially universities, whose faculties are notoriously reluctant to introduce curricular changes, runs downhill. The greatness of a university consists predominantly in the greatness of its faculty. But faculties, because of reasons too complex to enter into here, do not themselves build great faculties. To build great faculties, administrative leadership is essential. In the affairs of the mind and in the realm of scholarship, the principles of simple majority rule or of "one man, one vote" do not apply. The most "democratically" run institutions of learning are usually the most mediocre. It takes a big man to live comfortably with a still bigger man under him, no less to invite him to cast his obscuring shadow over the less gifted.

The paradox today is that, as administrative power decreases and becomes more limited, the greater the dissatisfaction with it seems to grow. The memory of favours or requests denied remains much stronger than the memory of requests granted. Faculties are fickle in their allegiance. Overnight, the most beloved of administrators can become the target of abuse, a figure of obloquy in the eyes of the very faculty, or a large section of it, which he himself has helped to build. In the very year that Clark Kerr received the Meikeljohn medal for academic freedom, the faculty at the University of California campus at Berkeley panicked in consequence of the events resulting from the Fourth Student Sit-in. In effect it repudiated him by adopting a set of resolutions that made him the scapegoat for the student lawlessness which it conspicuously refused to condemn. The faculty even voted down a motion that would

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have given the students complete freedom of speech except to urge the commission of *immediate acts* of force and violence. Another example; Vice President David Truman of Columbia University was vigorously applauded at Columbia's commencement last June for, among other things, opening new avenues of communication with students. Only a few days ago he was roundly booed by a section of the Columbia faculty.

Why any scholar (and administrators are largely recruited from the ranks of scholars) should want to become a *full-time* administrator has always puzzled me. The duties, sacrifices, and risks seem altogether disproportionate to the rewards. In speaking of administrators, one is tempted to characterise them with the words Lecky used in his great history of European morals about the fallen women of Europe: "the eternal priestesses of humanity blasted for the sins of their people." Well, university administrators are no longer priests, but whenever a crisis arises they are sure to be damned if they do and damned if they don't.

ONE THING seems clear. In the crisis situations shaping up throughout the U.S., administrators are not going to enjoy a peaceful life. Their prospect of weathering the storms that will be synthetically contrived for them depends upon their ability and willingness to win the faculty for whatever plans and proposals they advance in the name of the university. For if they permit students or any other group to drive a wedge between them and the faculty, they will discover the sad fact of academic life that in such rifts the faculty will either play a neutral role or even assume a hostile one.

Not only on good educational grounds, therefore, but on prudential ones as well, the administration must draw the faculty into the formulation of institutional educational policy. I say this with reluctance because it means the proliferation of committee meetings, the dilution of scholarly interest and even less time for students. But this is a small price to pay for academic freedom and peace.

IN WRITING about academic freedom, nothing signifies the distance we have come in the space of my lifetime so much as the fact that we now are concerned with the academic freedom of *students*. For historical reasons I cannot explore, academic freedom in the United States meant *Lehrfreiheit*, freedom to teach. *Lernfreiheit*, freedom to learn, has only recently been stressed. It does not mean the same as it meant under the German university system which presupposed the all-prescribed curriculum

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of studies of the *Gymnasium*. If academic freedom for students means freedom to learn, then two things should be obvious. There is no academic freedom to learn without *Lehrfreiheit* or academic freedom to teach. Where teachers have no freedom to teach, students have obviously no freedom to learn (although the converse is not true). Second, students' freedom to learn was never so widely recognised, was never so pervasive in the United States as it is today—whether it be construed as the freedom to attend college or not, or the freedom to select the *kind* of college the student wishes to attend, or his freedom of curricular choice *within* the kind of college he selects. Above all, if academic freedom for students means the freedom to doubt, challenge, contest, and debate within the context of inquiry, American students are the freest in the world and far freer than they were when I attended college. The incident which Professor Ernest Nagel recently recalled when we were students together in the same government class at City College is authentic. The teacher conducted the class by letting the students give reports on the themes of the course. All he contributed was to say "*next*" as each student concluded. But when in reporting on the Calhoun-Webster debates on Southern slavery, I declared that it seemed to me that John Calhoun had the better of the argument, that his *logic* was better than Daniel Webster's although his *cause* was worse, the instructor exploded and stopped me. After emotionally recounting his father's loyal services in the Civil War, he turned wrathfully on me and shouted, "Young man! When you're not preaching sedition, you are preaching secession!" Whereupon he drove me from the class. (The "sedition" was a reference to an earlier report on Charles Beard's economic interpretation of the origins of the U.S. Constitution which he had heard with grim disapproval.) And this was at City College in 1920! The incident wasn't typical, but that it could happen at all marks the profundity of the changes in attitudes towards students since then. John Dewey's influence has made itself felt even in the colleges today.

Of course, there is still a large group of potential college students who are deprived of freedom to learn because of poverty or prejudice or the absence of adequate educational facilities. And, as citizens of a democratic society whose moral premise is that each individual has a right to that education which will permit him to achieve his maximum growth as a person, our duty is to work for, or support, whatever measures of reconstruction we deem necessary to remove the social obstacles to freedom of learning. It is perfectly legitimate to expect the university to study these problems and propose solutions to them. All universities worthy of the name already do. This is one thing. But to therefore conclude that these problems must become items, not only on the agenda of study, but for an agenda of action is quite another. For it therewith transforms the university into a political-action organisation and diverts it from its essential task of discovery, teaching, dialogue and criticism. Since there are profound differences about the social means necessary to achieve a society in which there will be a maximum freedom to learn, the university would become as partisan and biased as other political action groups urging their programmes on the community. Its primary educational purpose or mission would be lost. It would be compelled to silence or misrepresent the position of those of its faculty who disagreed with its proposals and campaigns of action. Class and group conflicts would rend the fabric of the community of scholars in an unceasing struggle for power completely unrelated to the quest for truth.

If the university is conceived as an agency of action to transform society in behalf of a cause, no matter how exalted, it loses its *relative* autonomy, imperils both its independence and objectivity, and subjects itself to retaliatory curbs and controls on the part of society on whose support and largesse it ultimately depends.

This is precisely the conception of a university which is basic to the whole strategy and tactics of the so-called *Students for a Democratic Society*. I say "so-called" because their actions show that they are no more believers in democracy than the leaders of the so-called *Student Non-Violent Co-ordinating Committee* are believers in non-violence. And indeed the leaders of the *SDS* make no bones about that fact. In manifesto after manifesto they have declared that they want to use the university as an instrument of revolution. To do so, they must destroy the university as it exists today.

I wish I had space to list some of the clever stratagems they have devised to focus their opposition. On every campus there are always some grievances. Instead of seeking peacefully to resolve them through existing channels of consultation and deliberation, the *SDS* seeks to inflame them. Where grievances don't exist, they can be created. In one piece of advice to chapter members, they were urged to sign up for certain courses in large numbers and then denounce the University for its large classes!

Freedom of dissent, speech, protest is never the real issue. They are, of course, always legitimate. But the tactic of the *SDS* is to give dis-

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sent the immediate form of violent action. The measures necessarily adopted to counteract this lawless action then become the main issue, as if the original provocation hadn't occurred. Mario Savio admitted after the Berkeley affair that the issue of "free speech" was a "pretext"—the word was his—to arouse the students against the existing role of the university in society. One of the leaders of the *SDS* at Columbia is reported to have said: "As much as we would like to, we are not strong enough as yet to destroy the United States. But we are strong enough to destroy Columbia!" He is wrong about this, too—the only action that would destroy Columbia would be faculty support of the students—but his intent is clear.

Actually, the only thing these groups, loosely associated with the New Left, are clear about is what they want to destroy, not what they would put in its stead. In a debate with Gore Vidal, Tom Haydon, one of the New Left leaders, was pointedly asked what his revolutionary programme was. He replied: "We haven't any. First we will make the revolution and *then* we will find out what for." This is truly the politics of absurdity.

THE USUAL RESPONSE present-day academic rebels make to this criticism is that the University today is nothing but an instrument to preserve the *status quo* and therefore faithless to the ideals of a community of scholars. Even if this charge were true, even if the universities today were bulwarks of the *status quo*, this would warrant criticism and protest, not violent and lawless action in behalf of a contrary role, just as foreign to their true function. But it is decidedly *not* true. There is no institution in America in which dissent and criticism of official views, of tradition, of the conventional wisdom in all fields, are freer and more prevalent than in the university. The very freedom of dissent that students today enjoy in our universities is in large measure a consequence of the spirit of experiment, openness to new ideas, absence of conformity, and readiness to undertake new initiatives found among them.

The first casualty of the strategy of the campus rebels is academic freedom. It is manifest in their bold and arrogant demand that the university drop its research in whatever fields these students deem unfit for academic inquiry and investigation. This note was already sounded in Berkeley. It is focal at Columbia. It is a shameless attempt to usurp powers of decision which the faculty alone should have. After all, it is preposterous for callow and im-

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mature adolescents, who presumably have come to the University to get an education, to set themselves up as authorities on what research by their teachers is educationally permissible.

Unless checked, it will not be long before these students will be presuming to dictate the conclusions their teachers should reach, especially on controversial subjects. This is standard procedure in totalitarian countries in which official student organisations are the political arm of the ruling party. Already there are disquieting signs of this. At Cornell a few weeks ago—*before* the martyrdom of Dr. King—a group of Black Nationalist students invaded the offices of the chairman of the economics department and held him captive in order to get an apology from a teacher whose views on African affairs they disagreed with. Only yesterday, another group at Northwestern demanded that courses in "black literature" and "black art" be taught by teachers approved by the Negro students. And there are spineless administrators and cowardly members of the faculty who are prepared to yield to this blackmail. Under the slogans of "student rights" and "participatory democracy" the most militant groups of students are moving to weaken and ultimately destroy the academic freedom of those who disagree with them.

Let us not delude ourselves. Even when these militant students fail to achieve their ultimate purpose, they succeed in demoralising the university by deliberately forcing a confrontation upon the academic community which it is not prepared to face and of which it is fearful of accepting the costs. In forcing the hand of the academic community to meet force ultimately with force, the citadel of reason becomes a battlefield. The students glory in it, but the faint of heart among their teachers turn on their own administrative leaders. These militants succeed in sowing distrust among students who do not see through their strategy. They also succeed in dividing the faculties. There is always a small group—a strange mixture of purists and opportunists desirous of ingratiating themselves with students—who will *never* condemn the violence of students, but only the violence required to stop it. These students succeed, even when they fail, in embittering relations between the administration and some sections of the faculty. They succeed, even when they fail, in antagonising the larger community of which the university is a part, and in arousing a vigilante spirit that demands wholesale measures of repression and punishment that educators cannot properly accept.

How is it possible, one asks, for events of this character to happen? There have always been extremist and paranoidal tendencies in academic life, but they have been peripheral—individuals and small groups moving in eccentric intellectual orbits. But not until the last four or five years has the norm of social protest taken the form of direct action, have positions been expressed in such ultimatistic and intransigent terms, have extreme elements been strong enough to shut down great universities even for a limited time.

There are many and complex causes for this. But as I see it, the situation in the university is part of a larger phenomenon, *viz.*, the climate of intellectual life in the country. I do not recall any other period in the last 50 years when intellectuals themselves have been so intolerant of each other, when differences over complex issues have been the occasion for denunciation rather than debate and analysis, when the use of violence—in the right cause, of course!—is taken for granted, when dissent is not distinguished from civil disobedience, and civil disobedience makes common cause with resistance and readiness for insurrection. A few short years ago, anti-intellectualism was an epithet of derogation. Today it is an expression of revolutionary virility.

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In the 1950s I wrote an essay on "The Ethics of Controversy" trying to suggest guidelines for controversy among principled democrats no matter how widely they differed on substantive issues. Today I would be talking into the wind for all the attention it would get. Fanaticism seems to be in the saddle. That it is a fanaticism of conscience, of self-proclaimed virtue, doesn't make it less dangerous. This past year has presented the spectacle of militant minorities in our colleges, from one end of the country to another, preventing or trying to prevent representatives of positions they disapprove of from speaking to their fellow-students wishing to listen to them. The spectacle shows that we have failed to make our students understand the very rudiments of democracy, that to tolerate active intolerance is to compound it. If we judge commitment by action, the simple truth is that the great body of our students is not firmly committed to democracy or to the liberal spirit without which democracy may become the rule of the mob.

I DO NOT KNOW any sure way or even a new way of combating the dominant mood of irrationalism, especially among students and even among younger members of the faculty whose political naïveté is often cynically exploited by their younger, yet politically more sophisticated, allies. What is of the first importance is to preserve, of course, the absolute intellectual integrity of our classrooms and laboratories, of our teaching and research against any attempt to curb it. We must defend it not only against the traditional enemies, who still exist even when they are dormant, but also against those who think they have the infallible remedies for the world's complex problems and that all they need is sincerity as patent of authority. Fanatics don't lack sincerity. It is their long suit. They drip with sincerity—and when they have power, with blood—other people's blood.

We need more, however, than a defensive strategy, safeguarding the intellectual integrity of our vocation against those who threaten it. We need—and I know this sounds paradoxical—to counterpose to the revolt of the emotionally committed the revolt of the rationally committed. I do not want to identify this with the revolt of the moderates. There are some things one should not be moderate about. In the long run, the preservation of democracy depends upon a passion for freedom, for the logic and ethics of free discussion and inquiry, upon refusal to countenance the measures of violence that cut short the processes of intelligence upon which the possibility of shared values depends.

These are old truths but they bear repeating whenever they are denied. Even tautologies be-

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come important when counterposed to absurdities.

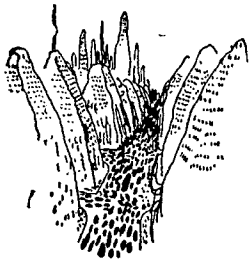
We, as teachers, must make our students more keenly aware of the centrality of the democratic process to a free society and of the centrality of intelligence to the democratic process. Democracy has our allegiance because of its cumulative fruits, but at any particular time the process is more important than any specific programme or product. He who destroys the process because it does not guarantee some particular outcome is as foolish as someone who discards scientific method in medicine or engineering or any other discipline because of its failure to solve altogether or immediately a stubborn problem.

There is one thing which we cannot deny to the intransigent and fanatical enemies of democracy. That is courage. Intelligence is necessary to overcome foolishness. But it is not sufficient to tame fanaticism. Only courage can do that. A handful of men who are prepared to fight, to bleed, to suffer and, if need be, to die, will always triumph in a community where those whose freedom they threaten are afraid to use their *intelligence* to resist and to fight and ultimately to take the same risks in action as those determined to destroy them. Yes, there is always the danger that courage *alone* may lead us to actions that will make us similar to those who threaten us. But that is what we have intelligence for—to prevent that from happening! It is this union of courage and intelligence upon which the hope of democratic survival depends.

American Commentary

On the Politics of Conscience & Extreme Commitment

By Seymour Martin Lipset



THE FREQUENTLY expressed idea that the United States is a conservative nation characterised by consensus politics has been sharply challenged by recent events. The emergence of aggressive Civil Rights and Black Power movements and the considerable success of the struggle against the Viet Nam War suggest to some that the United States is on the verge of a new era of sharp civil strife. In fact, a consideration of American political history points up the conclusion that moralistic militant mass movements dedicated to attaining their ends through demonstrations and even illegal tactics of civil disobedience have occurred on many past occasions. The politics of conscience which leads men to ignore the accepted means of democracy to secure their objectives has motivated Americans towards a willingness to accept the risk of social opprobrium, economic loss, and even prison.

The long-term successful struggle for social reform, often involving the use of extreme tactics, clearly belies the view that the United States has been among the most conservative countries from a political standpoint. The conservative image, of course, has been bolstered by the fact that all efforts to create radical "Third" Parties, whether of the left or right, have failed miserably. The United States remains one of the few democratic countries without any socialist representation in its legislative bodies. The Democratic Party rightly claims to be the oldest party in the world with continuous existence. Although its opposition has changed format, one can trace a line of continuity among the more élitist-based Federalist, Whig, and Republican parties.

But the fact of partisan continuity in two electoral coalitions has not prevented the enactment of major changes. The clue to the flexibility of the American two-party polity in policy terms has been the relative ease with which a variety of "social movements" dedicated to major reforms have arisen. These include the Abolitionist movement, the large Nativist and anti-Catholic organisations of the nineteenth century, the Prohibition movement, the various radical Agrarian movements of the second half of the nineteenth century, the women's Suffragettes and the Progressive movements of early twentieth century, the multi-million-member Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s, the pro-fascist mass-based movements of Father Coughlin and others of the 1930s, the various socialist and other liberal-left organisations of the first

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four decades of this century, the McCarthyite movement of the 1950s, the assorted white segregationist groups of the post World War II era fighting a losing battle with the rising Civil Rights and Black Nationalist movements, and finally, the campus-based movement against the Viet Nam War.

Thus, it may be noted that while it has been difficult to build a new *party* in the United States, largely because of the electoral system which presses electors to choose between two major candidates for the Presidency and Governorship, it has been relatively easy to create new *movements*. The politics of social movements as distinct from that of parties creates a sharply divergent image of the degree of stability and instability, and of the ability of dissident groups to foster change. If we contrast the American polity with that of a number of affluent European nations (*e.g.*, Great Britain and Scandinavia) with respect to the frequency and importance of major mass movements, the U.S. is clearly less stable, *i.e.* gives rise to more movements. In a sense, the pressure for movements is linked to the difficulty in building new parties.

The implications of this distinction between Movement and Party may be pointed up by a comparative look at Canada and the United States. Since World War I, Canadian politics has witnessed the growth of many "third parties." These include the Progressives in the 1920s, who became the second largest party for a brief period, and controlled the government of a number of provinces; New Democracy, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), now renamed the New Democratic Party (NPD), and Social Credit formed during the 1930s; and a host of French Canadian parties which have had transient but significant electoral success in Quebec. The proverbial man from Mars, if given a statistical table reporting on Canadian and American federal and provincial and state election results since 1920, could conclude that Canadians have been among the world's most unstable and tension-ridden people, while the United States electorate is relatively quite conservative and unmovable, except in terms of switching between the two major parties. The only major American third party vote in the same period was that cast for Senator Robert Lafollette in the Progressive campaign in 1924. But such a conclusion could only derive from an evaluation of political stability and conservatism in terms of the rise and fall of ideological parties to the right and left of the two major moderate ones; and it would clearly, in my view, be in error. What limits the potential for new parties in America (as compared to

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Canada and much of Europe) has been disparate electoral systems. A parliamentary system with single-member districts in which electors do not vote for a central executive, but solely for a local representative permits new movements with ecologically distinct sources of strength (*i.e.*, in occupations, ethnic, religious, or regional groupings) to focus on electing members to parliament, while systems of proportional representation are even more encouraging to efforts to convert new movements or interest groups into parties.

New Leftspeak Quiz

"GOOD MORNING, *gentlemen. This is the oral examination in New Leftspeak and, as you know, is the only examination being permitted on campus this spring by the Student Ad Hoc Committee on Programming for the Millennium. Now if you all have your jaws limbered up, we will begin. What do we call the three organisations, Archer, that are to blame for the way the world is?"*

"The establishment, the power élite and the white power structure."

"And what kind of democracy do these organisations militate against?"

"Participatory democracy. Through highly structured institutional patterns reinforced by an uncommitted technological bureaucracy and a depersonalised hierarchical management system, they deny all men a voice in making the decisions that control their lives."

"Well spoken, Archer. You have a gift for the abstruse Latinate polysyllabic that should insure you frequent exposure in the 'New York Review.' What must a man be, Harelson?"

"A man must be involved, engaged and committed."

"And if he is not?"

"He is a fink. He has copped out. He has opted for middle-class affluence."

"Which accounts for what dreadful condition among his children, Shuster?"

"Alienation, co-optation by the establishment. . . ."

"No, Shuster, children are never co-opted in New Leftspeak. The movement is co-opted when it opts for discredited liberalism. You'll never liberate a dean's office with that kind of talk. Lily-white."

"Lily-white?"

"Yes, Lily-white. What is always lily-white?"

"Corporate employment policy."

"THAT'S BETTER. *Name ten isms that have been thoroughly discredited and tell me why."*

"Communism, anti-communism, reformism, liberalism, socialism, Uncle Tomism, militarism, nationalism, industrialism and puritanism. All have been thoroughly discredited by the residue of psychic trauma they have left at the very core of American life."

"Not the very core of American life, Shuster. The very heart and core of American life. The use of understatement in New Leftspeak is tantamount to co-optation. Now, Phelps, would you please overstate in one word the story of American history?"

"Genocide, sir."

"Excellent. What odious organism has proved in our time to be the principal beneficiary of our long and disgraceful history of genocide?"

"The military-industrial complex, sir."

"And by what four-syllable word must the power of the military-industrial complex be overthrown?"

"By confrontation, sir."

"With what kind of brutality does the power élite invariably respond to confrontation?"

"Police brutality, sir."

"SPLENDID, PHELPS. *You may yet qualify to deliver the address to the rump commencement at Columbia if you can break the habit of saying sir to persons like myself. Recite the accepted forms of derogation and a few de rigueur epithets for persons like myself, please, Gumcrack."*

"You are over 30, you old has-been, you compromised old dupe of the white power structure, you ageing middle-class exploiter of America's youth. We will bury you."

"You should be failed, Gumcrack, for that we will bury you. The line is, in a few more years we're the ones who are going to be running things, you old fink."

"Sorry, sir."

"Sorry! No one is every sorry in New Leftspeak, Gumcrack. I'd suggest, young man, that you reassess your plans for a career on the barricades. I'll give you one more chance. Give me the five terms that are always used to avoid saying Negro."

"Ghetto-dwellers, residents of the inner city, the disadvantaged, the culturally deprived, the forgotten man."

"Take a zero, Gumcrack. Like we will bury you, your use of the forgotten man betrays a head full of thoroughly discredited Old-Left argot that will make it impossible for you ever to inspire people to tear this country down. Archer, Shuster, Phelps—lock him in the dean's office immediately, before he gets the whole movement co-opted by discredited commitments to the past!"

Russell Baker
in the International Herald Tribune (Paris)

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THE EQUIVALENT OF new minor parties in the American context has been extra-parliamentary social movements. Not being part of the normal partisan political game, they are all the more likely to be extremist in their tactics. Untamed by the need to win the support of moderate voters—and seeking to force the leaders of the electoral coalitions to respond to their demands —such movements have often appealed to racial and religious tensions. Frequently they sought to label their opponents as agents of foreign-based conspiracies; or (like the abolitionists, the Ku Klux Klan, the Southern segregationists, or the current anti-war movement) they have engaged in civil disobedience, employing tactics which violate what they have held to be "immoral law," even if democratically enacted. Some movements, whether extremist or not in tactics, have been radical in their objectives, *e.g.*, seeking to upset existing concepts of property rights.

THERE can, I think, be little doubt that reliance on extremist methods has played a major role in effecting change through much of American history. By now it is a truism to point out that the United States is "a violent country." What is not so clearly recognised is the extent to which many of the major changes in American society have been a product of violence, a result of the willingness of those who feel that they have a morally righteous cause to take the law into their own hands to advance it. By its extreme actions, the moralistic radical minority has often secured the support (or the acquiescence) of the moderate elements of the community, who come to accept the fact that change is necessary in order to gain a measure of peace and stability.

Thus, the Abolitionists were willing to violate Congressional law and Supreme Court decisions to help Negro slaves escape to Canada. They were ready to fight with arms in order to guarantee that the Western territories would remain free of chattel slavery. John Brown's armed raid on Harper's Ferry played a major role in convincing both Southerners and Northerners that the slavery debate had to be ended, either by secession or by some form of manumission. The women's suffrage movement, as it gained strength, also manifested the depth of its commitment by various forms of civil disobedience: in particular through efforts to disrupt the orderly operation of government by illegal demonstrations (women chaining themselves to buildings, etc.). Prohibitionists also showed the intensity of their feelings against "demon rum" by their efforts to ridicule those patronising saloons, and even by violent attempts

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to prevent them from doing business. The violence of the first Klan after the Civil War helped convince the North to desist in its efforts to prevent white domination of the South. The violence of the second Klan following on World War I intimidated opposition to nativism and Protestant fundamentalism, and helped pass legislation against non-Protestant immigration. During the 1930s, Agrarian movements brought about moratoriums on mortgage-debt collection (and changes in the banking laws) by their armed actions designed to prevent sales of farms for non-payment of debt. In the cities, the Industrial Labour movement won its right to collective bargaining by illegal "sit-ins" in factories in Akron and Detroit. Authority found itself helpless to remove workers from factories, and anti-union employers were forced to accept unions in their plants.

Ironically, the two major protest movements which upset French politics in 1936 and 1968 both involved the diffusion of tactics which originated in America to Europe. The first factory sit-ins of the 1930s occurred in the rubber factories of Akron in 1934, and spread to Europe. The student use of the sit-in directed against the University itself took hold in Berkeley in 1964, and also diffused to Europe, initially to Germany, but from there to other countries.

SINCE THE Supreme Court desegregation decision in 1954, the issue of Negro rights in the South has stimulated both sides to engage in civil disobedience to attain their opposing moral ends. The Southern white upholders of segregation initiated such tactics when organisations like the White Citizen's Councils and the Klan, and various elected officials (including Governors, police chiefs, and judges) deliberately disregarded the law of the land as enunciated by the Supreme Court and Congress. Supporters of Negro rights—both Negroes and white students alike—often resorted to civil disobedience to counter the illegal actions of their opponents. The tactics of "sit-ins" spread to the North, first in the context of Civil-Rights activities, and later in the protest movement against the Viet Nam War. The current resort to armed violence by some extreme Negro groups parallels, in a sense, earlier efforts by Klansmen and other segregationists.

Most recently, the advocates of civil rights have shown a greater degree of commitment, of willingness to take extreme actions to further moral objectives, than their opponents. To some extent, this reflects a change in the sentiments of the black and white populations. Blacks express more bitterness about their depressed situation than in the past, while white prejudice against them has declined considerably. Even the more bigoted sections of the white population have come to accept the proposition that Negroes are entitled to various legal and economic rights. This shift in the attitudes of the racial groups has brought about a change in "who is more likely" to resort to violence. Racial violence in American cities from World War I down to World War II largely involved actions by Whites against Negroes. Essentially, the political system upheld the position of the white bigots. Currently, the Negroes are on the offensive (although Negroes rather than Whites continue to predominate among those killed), and the political structure is adapting itself to the Negro demands. Negro violence, though condemned by all political leaders, is generally followed by administrative, community, and legislative action to improve the condition of Negroes. Consequently, as in the past, the movement which feels most deeply about its goals, and which is most willing to act extremely to gain them, seems to win its objectives.

The anti-war movement is another case in point. The opponents of the Viet Nam war clearly have shown a greater dedication to their cause than have the supporters. The former have been willing to violate accepted democratic political procedures to gain their objectives. The greater tolerance for anti-war activities shown by pro-war groups which has characterised this war—as compared with the Korean War (the period of McCarthyism), or the two World Wars—reflects, in my judgment, a greater degree of self-doubt about the objectives of the war rather than a greater commitment to the political rights of dissenters. Thus, the committed anti-war minority appears to be gaining its objectives.

ANY REALISTIC appraisal of the process of political change in America must recognise that violence, extremism, and the resort to extra-legal and extra-parliamentary tactics, are a major part of the story. Reliance on extremist tactics may be related to two aspects of American culture: the emphasis on the attainment of ends, on one hand, and the strong hold of religious moralism, on the other.

The strong emphasis on an "open society," on achievement, on "getting ahead," has been linked by many analysts of American society (especially the sociologist Robert Merton) with making it an "ends-oriented" culture as distinct from a "means-oriented" one. In the former type winning is what counts, not how one wins. Conversely, social systems with a more rigid status-system, with a greater emphasis on the norms of aristocracy or élitism, are more likely to be concerned with appropriate means; the

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norms place greater stress on conforming to the proper code of behaviour. The comment by the famed American baseball manager, Leo Durocher, that "nice guys finish last," may be counter-posed against the old Olympic motto that "it matters not who wins the game, it matters how you play." The latter, of course, is the aristocratic code of a ruling class which "won" some generations back, and which, in effect, is seeking to prevent the "outs" from pressing too hard to replace it. The differences between an achievement- and "ends-oriented" society and an élitist- and "means-oriented" one are subtle, and hard to demonstrate in any rigorous fashion, but they are real and determine, in my view, many aspects of life, including the crime rate and general willingness to rely on militant political tactics. American extremism may be seen as another example of the propensity to seek to attain ends by any means, whether legitimate or not.

Moralism is also a source of extremism. Americans tend to be a moralistic people, an orientation which they inherit from their Protestant sectarian past. This is the one country in the world dominated by the religious traditions of Protestant "dissent," Methodists, Baptists, and the other numerous sects. The teachings of these denominations have called on men to follow their conscience, in ways that the denominations that have evolved from state churches (Catholic, Lutheran, Anglican, and Orthodox Christian) have not. The American Protestant religious ethos is basically Arminian. It assumes, in practice, if not in theology, the perfectibility of man, his obligation to avoid sin; while the churches accept the inherent weakness of man, his inability to escape sinning and error, the need for the church to be forgiving and protecting.

The American, therefore, as political and religious man, has been a utopian moralist who presses hard to attain and institutionalise virtue, or to destroy evil men and wicked institutions and practices. Almost from the beginning of the Republic, one finds a plethora of "do-good" reform organisations seeking to foster Peace, protect the Sabbath, reduce or eliminate the use of alcoholic beverages, wipe out the corrupt irreligious institution of Free Masonry, destroy the influence of the Papists, and Slavery, eliminate Corruption, extend the blessings of Education, etc., etc.

THE STRENGTH of such moralistic pressures can be best seen in the widespread opposition to almost every war in which the United States has participated, with the possible exception of World War II. Conscientious objection to participation in "unjust wars" has been more common in the United States than in any other country in the world. Large numbers of people refused to go along with the War of 1812, with the Mexican War, with the Civil War, with World War I, and with the Korean War. They took it as self-evident that they must obey their conscience rather than the dictates of their country's rulers. And the same moralistic element which has fostered resistance to each war has led some Americans to press hard for those political changes which are in line with their conscience. Such extreme behaviour by moralistic reformers has made the task of running this country extremely difficult. Those in authority have often found themselves in the position of President Johnson, denounced as wicked men who sponsor evil and corrupt policies. Consensus politics has never been an effective answer to moralistic politics. As a result, the moralistic reformers have often obtained their objectives, by winning the agreement of the moderate majority. Outraged by their tactics, the moderates have often given in either because they came to feel that the activists are "basically in the right," or in order to keep the peace, to reduce divisiveness and restore the broken consensus.

Extremism in act, if not in objective, is (to paraphrase Rap Brown) "as American as cherry pie." The contemporary reliance on civil disobedience tactics by elements in the Civil Rights and anti-war movements clearly places a severe strain on the operation of a democratic system, but the American system has survived such efforts in the past. There is, in my view, little reason to fear or hope that the current unrest will topple the established order.

It is important to recognise, moreover, that those who have engaged in civil disobedience and confrontation tactics have not always achieved their objectives. By resorting to such tactics, they run the risk of turning many moderates against them, of creating a "backlash" which strengthens their opponents, and not only defeats them, but helps to reverse social trends which they favour. Inherently, civil disobedience weakens the respect for the rule of law which guarantees the rights of all minorities, of all whose opinions or traits are considered obnoxious by the majority. Hence, the use of civil disobedience as a political tactic is only justified as an extreme last-ditch measure, to be employed when there are no other means available to realise certain moral values. Indiscriminate use of confrontationist tactics can only result in the undermining of the rule of law and the encouragement to all groups (including the military) to take the law and general power into their hands whenever they feel frustrated politically.

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The Waste Land

By John Holloway

CRITICS re-visit *The Waste Land* too often; and I should by no means add to the arrangement, if it were not that Eliot's early verse seems to hold the key to a great conundrum about twentieth-century English verse as a whole. This conundrum I find bewildering in itself, and more bewildering in that it has not been discussed.

Briefly, it is this: that there has been, almost throughout this century, a glaring discrepancy between the state of English poetry and the state of the other and in particular the graphic arts. For earlier centuries this was not so. "Imitation" in the exact sense, the Picturesque, the Sublime, Sentiment, Baroque and Palladian—these terms can organise the history of our poetry from Dryden to Cowper, almost as easily as they can our painting or architecture. A century later, medievalism, Pre-Raphaelitism, Greek and the Grand Style, the "romance of familiar things," all pointed towards a similar continuity between the arts. Graphic art in the twentieth century has been distinguished by two things: an insistent *avant-gardisme* and experimentation, and a new intensity of participation in what has been mysterious, tragic, disastrous and brutal in the human lot. I think of Rouault, Soutine, Grosz, the artists of the *Brücke* and also—obviously—a comparatively isolated work like Picasso's *Guernica*. As a result, those who have felt the first half of the twentieth century to be an Age of Crisis for humanity have been able to find this fact registered and clarified in the major painters and sculptors of the time, at least as much as in Yeats or Kafka or Pasternak: registered and clarified not simply in respect of subject-matter, but in the innermost aesthetic qualities, the characteristic structure, of the work itself.

It seems fair to claim that British graphic art, over the past seventy years, has taken its place in the international graphic art scene. Occasionally, as with Henry Moore and some others, that has been a very substantial place. On the other hand, that the same could not possibly be said of English poetry is self-evident. English poetry and the contemporary graphic arts have belonged to different worlds. The particular case of Herbert Read focuses the whole matter sharply. In art, Read was a life-long champion of modernity and *avant-gardisme*. It has been Read the art critic who made sense as an anarchist. As a literary critic Read was a traditionalist whose contribution has been to cite Shakespeare as the permanent model of stylistic excellence, and to write (sympathetically and at length) on the English Romantic poets.

This brings one to Read's near-contemporary Eliot. Here at least, one can surely say, is a poet in whom *avant-gardisme* and the experimental have been as marked as in contemporary graphic art. Yet the terms in which Eliot discussed the poetry of others, and those which critics have come to rely on in discussing what he wrote himself, are by no means those in use for 20th-century artists; or those that Kandinsky, Beckmann and the rest have used in their own writings.

> Traditions are a splendid thing; but they should be created not lived on.

Franz Marc wrote this in 1915. I personally believe that Eliot conformed to it; but as everyone knows, that is not how he stressed the issues himself, nor how his critics have stressed them. A strange situation has arisen. Eliot the revolutionary (which is how Graves saw him as long ago as 1925) somehow contrived also to suggest that Shakespeare and Donne were models of inexhaustible validity; that "tradition" was dominant over the "individual talent"; and that the revolution was nothing more than a restoration after all.

ELIOT'S CRITICS have been ready to take their cue: the very titles of their books —*The Donne Tradition, Modern Poetry and the Tradition*—bring this out. F. R. Leavis' *New*

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Bearings in English Poetry (1st edition, 1932) has a different ring, but his "new bearings" replaced those supplied by the Romantics and Victorians, and the period to which Eliot himself pointed is constantly taken in the book as a touchstone against which Eliot's own work is to be understood:

> It is *as necessary* to revise the traditional idea of the distinction between seriousness and levity in approaching this poetry *as in approaching the Metaphysical poetry*....
>
> Nowhere ... *outside Shakespeare* can we find a passage so sustained in quality as *Gerontion*....
>
> It is the kind of effect that Shakespeare gets in such a line as....

In fact, there has been general agreement that Eliot's work may be discussed in a highly distinctive vocabulary: that so widely relied on for Shakespeare, who figured so much as the enduring, all-sufficient norm of English poetic achievement. This is easily clinched: "subtleties and complexities"; "compression and richness of association"; "embedded richness of connotation"—these phrases, each from a different critic, suffice to bring a familiar matter to mind.

No one supposes that such language would enable us to articulate the achievement of Eliot's major contemporaries in the graphic arts; they might possibly have their uses for much earlier artists like Monet or Renoir. For Picasso, Kandinsky, and the like they seem largely off the point. Is it right that they should so dominate our thinking on Eliot? They came to do so because critics have found in Eliot what Eliot told them to look for; and they have been helped in this by reliance on a very limited selection of illustrative passages, and a wholly unreasonable emphasis upon, of all things, a single passage of conscious Shakespearean *pastiche*.

The distinctive vocabulary of Eliot criticism emerges clearly, even before the *Survey of Modernist Poetry*, by Graves and Laura Riding, in 1927. It emerges in Graves' little booklet of 1925 entitled *Contemporary Techniques in Poetry*. The "intertwined threads," "fusion" of "themes," "intricate disharmonies" and "subtle cross-references" which Graves then found in *The Waste Land* had echoes in Empson ("blurring of the grammar into luxury") in 1930; Hugh Ross Williamson ("associations," "compression and richness of association") in 1932; Leavis ("fused," "associations," "compression") in the same year; F. O. Matthiessen ("embedded richness of connotation") in 1935; Cleanth Brooks in 1947; Grover Smith ("darker implications") in 1950; D. E. S. Maxwell in 1952; Hugh Kenner in 1959; and L. G. Salingar and myself in 1961. But the essential point is that this unanimity found support in a curiously limited number of passages which have been pressed into service again and again. Chief among them are the hyacinth-girl lines, and the closing ones (Stetson and the Dog) in Part I; the "lovely woman transposition," as one critic called it, in Part II; and in Part III, the "to Carthage then I came" lines (over which I have myself tagged along, with others, behind Leavis' comment of 1932). But in all this the Shakespearean *pastiche* opening of Part II ("The Chair she sat in ..." and the rest) has maintained a commanding lead. It has been discussed in the predictable terms at length, and for the most part quoted at length too, by Graves, Empson ("a grand example"), Hugh Ross Williamson, Matthiessen ("one of the most characteristic examples in Eliot's poetry..."), Allen Tate, Cleanth Brooks ("I am particularly indebted to Mr. Allen Tate's brilliant comment"), Grover Smith and Hugh Kenner. No critic, so far as I know, has pointed out that being a carefully wrought *pastiche* sets this passage, at least in one respect, quite apart from the rest of the poem.

This is the merest sketch of something that would make an interesting chapter in the history of taste: interesting because it would show how imperceptible yet powerful are the forces which make for a critical consensus over the years, and how effectively self-sealing is the process by which a certain kind of account gains command of the field: so that Mr. Williamson could use "characteristic" to mean "exceptional," and the possibility of quite another account of the texture of Eliot's verse could come to seem an extravagance.

YET SUCH AN ACCOUNT is very far from that: and it could have one decisive advantage over the established account, because it would stress what might be called the primary, as opposed to the secondary, impression that Eliot's early poems leave within the experience of the reader. After all, the subtleties-and-complexities account is exposed to a certain standing danger: that as we master these, we come to think as if what the subtleties and complexities are between, has an impact upon us in reading only by virtue of those subtleties and complexities: that everything is reference, parallel, association, allusion, connotation and the rest. Give us a moment to reflect, and we of course realise that this cannot be the case. We of course realise that Part I of *The Waste Land*, for example, comes in the overwhelming and exhilarating experience of its initial impact as almost the opposite of this: comes as a series of sharp and disturbing discontinuities, within each of which is an image, almost minimally described, but vivid and

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memorable, that etches itself on the mind. The lilacs coming up out of a dead wintry soil; someone sheltering "in the colonnade" from the sudden shower off the lake; the shadow under the red rock, the shadow in front and then behind as the man walks all day; the girl picking hyacinths in the rain; the mysterious images of the Tarot cards; the dawn crowd dejected and fog-bound on London Bridge; Stetson burying the corpse and the Dog unearthing it. Nor are these all. Through the snatches of conversation, other images form disquietingly for us, even though the poem does nothing whatever to depict them. A woman asseverates how she is not Russian; someone (is it her?) utters the haunting "I read, much of the night..."; there is whoever it is who meets the hyacinth girl; Madame Sosostris deals the cards; the "I" of the poem button-holes Stetson on the bridge. As we read, these images also come to stand alongside the others in a vivid but abruptly disjunctive sequence: and by now the discussion is approaching a point where it is no matter of selecting here and there so as to fit one's account of the poem—but of taking this continuously through, and in its entirety.

This account does not disprove the by now established one; but it is quite out of the question simply to say that it supplements that. To say so would invert the true order of things. It is the account in terms of subtleties and complexities which is the supplementation; and what it supplements is recognition of the poem as an almost uninterrupted series (though a constantly disjointed one) of sharp but bare icons, the usual emotional "feel" of which is haunting, disquieting, occasionally poignant, often vaguely menacing or sinister. Subtlety supervenes upon the vividly immediate.

One may come at all this another way: by looking at the structure *in respect of syntax* of the "Chair" lines, and seeing how exceedingly anomalous in the poem is this elaborately wrought Imitation. So let me be the ninth critic (at least) to quote the passage at length:

> *The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,*
> *Glowed on the marble, where the glass*
> *Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines*
> *From which a golden Cupidon peeped out*
> *(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)*
> *Doubled the flames of sevenbranched candelabra*
> *Reflecting light upon the table as*
> *The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,*
> *From satin cases poured in rich profusion;*

"Poured in rich profusion" well describes the syntax, an almost unrivalled example of complexity in the strictly grammatical sense. I do not see the necessity of burdening this discussion with overmuch of grammatical analysis: it is

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obvious at once that these lines are a virtuoso interweaving of subordinate and sub-subordinate clause and phrase, all ultimately dependent upon the single main member of which the verb is "glowed." The whole passage (to use the term put to such good effect in literary analysis by Erich Auerbach) is an extreme, a dazzling example of "hypotaxis"—the mode, that is to say, of the long, complex sentence, made up from many sub-ordinate clauses and phrases, as against the mode of simple, co-ordinate statement, joined by "and" or the like, or disjoined merely by the fullstop.

But hypotaxis is certainly not the staple mode of this poem. Quite the contrary. What it exhibits, over almost its whole length, is an unremitting system of co-ordination; through (whether it appears, or is understood) the word "and" forever repeated. It is this grammatical opposite of the structure of the "Chair" lines —*para*taxis is the term Auerbach uses for it— that structures the poem. And it is between the co-ordinate and at first sight bafflingly unrelated elements of that structure, as they stand side by side in baldest juxtaposition, that the "subtleties and complexities" of association and cross-reference begin, though only in due course, to emerge. As it happens, the opening *paragraph* of Part I of *The Waste Land* is almost exactly as long as the opening *sentence* of Part II. If in these two passages we consider genuinely syntactical parataxes (as opposed to merely verbal ones like, say, "troubled, confused and drowned the senses") the celebrated "Chair she sat in" passage has only two, while the lines beginning "*April is the cruellest month*" have no fewer than nineteen. In the former on the other hand there are nineteen cases of hypotaxis-link, as against something like twelve in the latter.

Nor does even this bring fully out how anomalous is the passage which has so much preoccupied the connotation-critics. As soon as one thinks of syntax in conjunction with sense, it becomes clear that parataxis is not always one and the same thing. "And," that is to say (whether understood or not makes no odds), does duty sometimes for more, and sometimes for less than itself. No doubt "*breeding/Lilacs out of the dead land, (and) mixing/Memory and desire, (and) stirring . . .*" are what they are. But in the other passage the two parataxes assail the reader as something less than true parataxis. "*The marble,* where *the glass . . . doubled the flames,*" the poem reads: there was the hypotaxis and the subordinate clause. "*In vials of ivory . . . lurked her . . . perfumes,*" it goes on, in a paratactical, *and*-construction. But at this point we sense that the marble—"*where . . . lurked her . . . perfumes*" would not have changed the sense. The same is true of the last part of this long sentence: the odours "*flung their smoke*" in a parataxis, a fresh start; but it is a paratactical fresh start that in fact actively invites subordination through a relative.

On the contrary, however, if syntax like "breeding . . . (and) mixing . . . (and) stirring" is parataxis in the plain sense, then a number of the junctions in *"April is the cruellest month . . ."* are looser junctions even than that. Here are two examples:

> *drank coffee, and talked for an hour.*
> *Bin gar keine Russin . . .*

> *. . . hold on tight. And down we went,*
> *In the mountains, there you feel free.*
> *I read much of the night . . .*

These juxtapositions are parataxes that could not possibly be replaced by subordination. One may put the point frivolously by saying that, at least on first reading, what would bridge them is no simple "and," but a conjunction of which the meaning would be "*and, to change the subject.*" It is the difference between "I put on my hat, I went out" and "I put on my hat, seven is a prime."

EVERYBODY knows that it is this mode of structure which pervades *The Waste Land*; what has happened is that criticism, at its now usual game of unravelling subtleties and complexities, has become so organised, insistent and repetitive that we have largely come to forget this primary impact of Eliot's early style, in our hot pursuit of the secondary. Yet the very moment we re-capture the primary impression, we find the affinity between modern poetry and modern art re-established. To put the matter in a nutshell, what is *symboliste*, Impressionist, and nineteenth-century is a delicate tissue of universal inter-relatedness and inter-weaving; while what is Post-Symbolist, Post-Impressionist, and of our own time (or nearly so: but I must re-open this later) is stark juxtaposition, disruption, and discontinuity. If Monet is the artist of universal nexus, Picasso would be the artist of mere juncture,, of laconic parataxis.

To think along these lines is not of course to deny unity itself, either in respect of Eliot's poems, or of the works of pictorial art to which I liken them. The question is of the mode in which a work achieves unity, and of whether this is self-evidently and overtly a matter of "harmony" (the word brings to mind both Whistler, and Mallarmé's quest for a language where Wagnerian intricacies could somehow be resurrected in a poetic medium), or of something that overtly at least is the opposite of

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harmony. Suppose that (with this in mind) one were to seek for works of pictorial art which, strictly from the standpoint of their mode of organisation, might be brought into comparison with Eliot's early poems. It would certainly not be either Whistler, or Monet, or any other distinguished practitioner of pictorial complexity and suggestion, who would suggest himself. Who then might it be?

I choose, by way of particular example, James Ensor's *Squelettes se Disputant un Pendu*, and Max Beckmann's *Departure*. The first of these, painted by a pioneer, dates from more than twenty years before Eliot's verse; the second, though itself rather later (1932–5), is the work of an artist contemporary with Eliot in the fullest sense. In the Ensor, there are four main figures and a number of subordinate ones. High up in the centre of the picture-space is the Hanged Man, frozen into a limp aerial stasis and staring into vacancy. Below, on either side, are the two principal "squelette" contestants. One stands quite motionless, with mere skull-sockets for eyes, blindly bracing a mop. The other one seems (through with total unconcern) to be impaling itself on the end of the mop, but is frozen in a posture of targetless declamation. Beneath them, on the ground, a third "squelette" has collapsed like a heap of rags—but glares, glassily and intent, straight at the spectator. At each edge of the picture is a doorway, crowded with masked figures: they look every way, with every variety of expression, save any that might have relevance. In line-and-mass terms there is of course an insistent composition; but from the literary standpoint the picture is a *tour-de-force* of *"I can connect/Nothing with nothing."*

In Beckmann's *Departure* the literary content is also particularly forceful and varied: but richness of content again goes with a total absence, at the overt level, of meaningful inter-relation; and at the outset the picture demands recognition of this, by its triptych form, with the wings seemingly quite unrelated to the central panel. Here, in the ship, the most conspicuous figure immediately blazons forth the message of non-relation, of juxtaposition only of the unmeaning: the semi-nude crowned figure reaches behind himself for a trailing fishing-net, while he turns from the other persons and stares into space. These others are a queen-figure who holds a nude child as she stares at a curiously hooded man holding a huge fish; and behind her, another figure staring intently, from very close up, at the back of her arm. Throughout, there is a variety of apparently meaningless detail, but striking and vaguely sinister, which is strongly reminiscent of *Sweeney Among the Nightingales*.

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The wing panels, much darker in coloration, present another world. In that at the left, among great pillars, three captives are tied up to face in unrelated directions (one seems to be gazing into a crystal), and a man seemingly in football kit ferociously swings some kind of mace at nothing at all. Behind him is a plate of monstrous fruit. The other panel shows what might be a theatrical scene. A woman holding an oil lamp stands with a man tied to her, upside-down. Behind her are a nude child and a blindfolded soldier; in front, someone in a cap unconcernedly beats a drum. Only the enigmatical appearance of a big green fish in each of the three panels implies, though it by no means elucidates, some kind of hidden interconnection.

IT IS WORTH WHILE to describe these two works (and they are, beyond question, representative of their authors and of much early twentieth-century art of importance) not only because this seems to set beyond question the fact that they have a fundamental mode of organisation remarkably like that of *The Waste Land*; but also for another reason. Early Eliot has parallels with the art of its time in disruptive structure, but also often enough in the nature of the units of that structure, and in the emotional quality of these and so of the whole. *The Waste Land*, for example, like the Ensor and the Beckmann, is—save for the Shakespearian *pastiche*, and that stands almost alone—a structure of laconic parataxis throughout. Also, the poem does from choice what in graphic art may perhaps be more of a necessity: the elements which enter into parataxic relation with each other are sharply particularised, dramatic icons, vivid and insistent though presented with a minimum of detail. Beyond this, there is also a genuine analogy in respect of the emotional response which the works pursue and invite. The verse, like a great deal of the graphic art which was contemporary with it, seeks out the macabre, vaguely sinister, sordid or sordidly poignant:

As a madman shakes a dead geranium
(RHAPSODY ON A WINDY NIGHT)

There will be time to murder and create
(PRUFROCK)

. . . an old man in a dry month
Being read to by a boy
(GERONTION)

While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter's evening round behind the gashouse
(WASTE LAND III)

One may see this also in another way: it is particularly easy to use examples of contemporary or near-contemporary "expressionist" art to illustrate Eliot's early verse. Consider *Preludes*. "*You tossed a blanket from the bed/You lay upon your back and waited*": Carl Hofer's "Early Hour" catches exactly the pathos and sordid boredom. "*Ancient women/Gathering fuel in vacant lots*": Ernst Barlach's sculpture called "Hunger." Each time what is at issue is not subject-matter in itself, but an emotional reverberation, a distinctive treatment. I do not know of a contemporary painting to illustrate Sweeney nude at the looking-glass; but Rouault's "At the Mirror" (1906) is a remarkably close female counterpart.

THIS DISCUSSION found its origin in the apparent gap between English twentieth-century poetry, and the pictorial art contemporary with that. What transpires is that once the Eliot of the 1910s and early 1920s is seen in what I have called the primary rather than the secondary aspect, the gap, so far as it concerns him, is closed. Eliot was not a "*Symboliste*," he was a Post-Symbolist. But: the operative word in that sentence is the word "was." All this went on a very long time ago—and if there is no analogy nearer to our own time, the problem is different from what it seemed, but not much less insistent.

The poet who necessarily comes in question at this point is Auden. When Eliot is seen in the perspective that has been presented here there is a substantial continuity to Auden from him; and Auden's assertion as an undergraduate that of recent poets only Eliot was worth study takes on a new cogency. This is so because the three respects in which I have linked Eliot to contemporary graphic art—a structure of parataxis, a staple of minimally described but vividly iconic particulars, and a proclivity for a certain range of emotional response, are all inescapably conspicuous in the early Auden.

. . . The bridges were unbuilt and trouble coming
(THE SECRET AGENT)

. . . signals all along are down
But nothing passes
(NO CHANGE OF PLACE)

Whether Auden's sinister note rings more false than true (as has been suggested) is not a matter to be settled out of hand. Nor, perhaps, is it self-evident how much Auden has been innocent of the subordinate clause, organising his verse almost exclusively by means of "and"; or rather, by means of "and" and its logical cognates, which needs explanation. But the real reason

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why Auden deserves a discussion to himself is that even if his verse did once chime with the Art of Crisis, there came a time when it ceased to do so. Whether as a major artist, a simply important one, or a mere index in the history of taste, Auden has passed beyond the Art of Crisis and the Age of Crisis, into something quite different. He brings us, indeed, to our own day, and reminds us that Eliot, Picasso and Max Beckmann are, all of them, artists of a now long distant past.

Travel with Sintourist

Tunc. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. London, *Faber*, 25s.: New York, *E. P. Dutton*, $6.95.

WRITING SOME YEARS ago about Lawrence Durrell's *Alexandria Quartet*, I likened its author to a Near-Eastern dragoman, guiding bemused readers round the medina and the souqs. "His prose," I intoned, "beguiles us with marvels of virtuosity." The phrase glares back at me from the cover of the Quartet's third volume, *Mountolive*, where it's quoted by Durrell's British publishers. Understandably, they omit the remark that qualified it: "dazzled and spellbound, we follow. Back at the hotel afterwards, we wonder how much to believe.

After *Tunc*, Durrell's ninth novel and his first since the Alexandria books, the same puzzlement persists. The setting, as usual, is accessibly exotic—London, Athens, and Turkey. The characters sport the customary odd names, possible but implausible—Caradoc, Pulley, Sipple, Banubula, Vibart, Bolsover, Sacrapant; the narrator himself is Felix Charlock—a surname meaning "field mustard," but also suggesting "warlock" and "Sherlock" Holmes. Felix has invented a recording machine that types out what's dictated. This, clearly, is the writer's dream—a stenographer that won't leave to get married and never bursts into tears. Nor, of course, will it sit on one's lap; but this function is amply performed by Iolanthe, a versatile prostitute—as well as by Benedicta, the enigmatic heiress to the international concern that employs and all but enslaves Felix, until he plans an escape to the South Seas. The tale is told obliquely, and not all by Felix: the early chapters in particular seem at home with unexplained events and people, rather as if the manuscript had been shuffled on its way to the printer. A further volume is promised which may elucidate some mysteries; but the precedent of the *Alexandria Quartet* suggests that it may deepen them. One emerges at the end both dazed and gratified, fuddled by the rich sweet Samian muscat of Durrell's vinous prose.

> *Tunc* [the author writes] is roughly about what it's about; the reader makes it up as he goes along, if he goes along with it, that is. If it is what it sets up to be it will be building the reader as it unrolls through him. Is there any reason why we should care for this sort of thing? Well, it is an attempt to discuss human culture—not of any special epoch, but the quiddity of the idea of culture—in the shadow-play terms of the novel. This makes it the strangest sort of book. *Tunc* does not pretend to pretend. All the characters are as real as they make you and die happily ever after like readers and writers do. What more can one ask?

One answer might be "Same again?"

The title is no help either. In Latin, the blurb reminds us, it means "then," "next," or "next in succession"; but this may not be all. After completing the Alexandria books, Durrell told two *Paris Review* visitors that he had an idea for a comic novel, in which he wanted "to stay nearer Rabelais"—"to be coarse and vulgarly funny." Is *Tunc*, then, an improper Anglo-

Language and Silence

by GEORGE STEINER

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Saxon anagram? Might its successor have the pseudo-Arabic title of *Mique*?

Equally irreverent questions are suggested by the locale of much of the novel—Istanbul. It seems just the spot for a Lawrence Durrell excursion: Stamboul, all minarets and golden twilight, perfumes and sandalwood, wine and olives and raki—a city steeped (to quote one long-term resident) in ancient sin. Yet Durrell himself, as he tells another interviewer, has never even been there. All the local colour—most of it highly convincing—comes from the *Blue Guide*.

Small wonder, then, that the critics are running for cover. "Read it," commands one British reviewer, scarcely staying to be questioned. It's a man's version, says another, of a woman's Romantic Novel; and with this it's hard to disagree. Early in the book, we visit an Athenian brothel. Piling out of our Sintourist motor-coach, we shiver with nervous relish; but our eager tremors are misplaced. As on organised trips to "apache" night clubs in Paris, where the weary staff flash rubber daggers and serve everybody one glass of inferior champagne, we end up both relieved and disappointed. The girls are on duty, and the madam; a statue achieves mechanical tumescence on the insertion of a coin. Strange doings are described in some detail: but where's the spice, the temptation, the scent of powder on soft plump flesh? It all seems insubstantial, filmy, hazier than a alcoholic memory, and paradoxically pure. We hear much talk of whores and homosexuals, genitals and menstruation, perversion and four-letter words. But all that it adds up to, as we climb back into the waiting narrative, seems to be pornography without the sex.

Durrell, of course, is no pornographer; and it would be idle to reproach him for welshing on a deal that he never made. Yet the same air of insubstantiality pervades the rest of the novel, denying us satisfactions that it appears to promise. Its themes are immense—the irruption of unreason and chaos into an ordered psyche; the numbing of the thwarted artist; the ache of non-communication; the lure of a vast organisation's vampire caress. Love, fear, death, madness—all these are astir in the ocean depths of the novel: but none is sharply confronted, realised, or grasped. Even the humour seems forced and jocular. Are these failures of intention, or of achievement? Is Durrell's world more real to him than to us?

"I find art easy," he has said; "I find life difficult." How right—and how refreshingly honest: but how can art be easy if its subject is life? Durrell broods long and writes fast, he confesses, sometimes to pay the grocery bills. Scott, Dostoyevsky, Dickens, Balzac, all did likewise: professionalism need not detract from art. Yet it reinforces the feeling that a deep equivocation or ambiguity lies at the heart of Durrell's writing. How far, in his novels, is he playing a game with the reader, as he plays a game with the critics when commenting on his own work? The urge to rib owlishly solemn reviewers must be irresistible; but what lurks behind the defensive obfuscations, the jokes, the big words, the swirls of ink in which, squidlike, he withdraws?

An answer can only be found by submitting to the spell of Durrell's imagination, drifting on its tide and current, surrendering to rhythms and complexities that may work at a deeper level than the crisp, plotted clarities of more classical prose. Perhaps it is possible to assent, at last, to what appears to be Durrell's conviction—that by admitting art to be a "shadow-play," even a game, denying the sturdy search for solid reality, a kind of truth can be netted and brought to the surface, something that echoes more nearly the shifting subtleties of the human mind.

In France, where Durrell now lives, his books seem even more popular than in Britain and America. Some of his French admirers, no doubt, are attracted by his rejection of the Puritan, fogbound stereotype that they associate with Britain; they admire the honeyed, evocative seduction of his style and vocabulary, which even in translation make a welcome Romantic contrast with the strictness of traditional French. But others have responded to a deeper appeal. In a very different manner, France's so-called "new novelists" have engaged in experiments akin to those undertaken—less deliberately—by Durrell. Michel Butor, Alain Robbe-Grillet, Jean-Marie Le Clézio, Nathalie Sarraute, have all, in their various ways, dared to abandon too conscious a control of their creations: all have explored, sometimes boringly, the cloudy zone that separates hallucination from vision, artifice from art. Their strength resides in the verbal hypnosis that they exert on the reader; from their works, as from those of Durrell, he emerges a little stunned. It is not quite fanciful, therefore, to recognise some truth in Durrell's claim to be "building the reader": in a special but literal sense, his mind is being changed. Is it worth the trouble—and the discomfiture? Only the reader himself can be certain. Whatever his decision, the incidental riches in Durrell's writings are very considerable. Spilled like bazaar curios in almost suspect profusion, they deserve fully responsive attention. Only a lingering wariness checks the professional critic, his hand on his wallet as he follows the mellifluous guide.

Richard Mayne

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

May 1968: Berlin, Prague, Paris, London

Revolution Diary

By Melvin J. Lasky

Berlin

I KNOW the *Audimax* on the Garystrasse in Dahlem well, from a dozen formal and stuffy academic meetings: the austere glass-and-concrete modernity of the Ford Hall, the richly gowned *Magnifizenz* and his colleagues, among tastefully placed flower arrangements, facing a quietly seated audience of 1,500 (not a gesture, not a whisper, men in silver ties, women clutching large hand-bags), with a faint acoustical echo as an ensemble from the Philharmonic tones out Beethoven. This old world has now been stood on its head. Nothing is the same. It is as if this incredible scene were taking place in another country, another time. It is a montage by Eisenstein in a setting by Gropius. Four thousand students, shouting, singing, waving red flags, are packed into the hall which seems to tremble with the swaying mass. I stand on a window-sill in a corner, and two students sitting on my shoes help to maintain my balance. The noise and the heat are heady and contagious. When the roaring chant of "*Ho-Ho-Ho Chi Minh*" goes up for the tenth time I find myself drumming the rhythm out with my fingers on the glass pane behind me. (So this is what it was like—that grand primitive rhythmic unity which anthropologists write about! As a boy one knew only, after the Western at a Saturday film matinee, the joys of screeching "*Ger-on-i-mo!*" I thought of the choral shouts of "*Chay-Doo! Chay-Doo!*" in Silone's *Fontamara*, and of how singularly quiet the effect had been during the war of those 5th Symphony chords, *Da-da-da Dahh!* Did even the Nuremberg Stadium ever ring out with such tribal mind-breaking power as these harmonics from Hanoi?...)

I breathed easier when *Ho* gave way to the softer strains of the *Internationale*: it was like moving from Stockhausen to Johann Strauss, and the sentimentalism had its programmatic point. It was all for Herbert Marcuse. He had been acclaimed in Berlin as the Prophet of the Revolution, and he had promised to return (with mixed echoes of Christ and General MacArthur). And now he had come back—back to the city of his birth, where as a young man he had listened to Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and had first sung, with clenched fist, "*Arise, ye wretched of the earth....*" How few lives have such whirling circling unity, a rare thing of Copernican completeness, the reward of devoting a lifetime to the indissolubility of theory and practice. He tore off his jacket, raised his white-shirted right arm, and sang along, "*Hört die Signale....*"

Some signals he seemed to have missed altogether. For all the wild acclamation, there was also a surging undercurrent of dissatisfaction. This is a hep generation, quick and impatient, and Mini-heroes of yesterday may not quite fit into the Maxi-times of an onrushing revolution. Still, they were not ungrateful: for he had taught them much, and probably only he could have supplied that philosophical blessing without which no great movement feels altogether sanctified. They had known only grievances, but he shared with them the nature of grief; they had been hampered by hesitations, and he gave them the words and feelings they needed for absolute faith and commitment.

TWO MAJOR turning-points are worth recording since Marcuse's historic appearance in July 1967, in this very auditorium; and I quote the words of a young student, Hermann L., who as it turned out had not read a line in any of the books of *der grosse Philosoph* but who understood him well enough.

"First of all, we were very much worried about Reform. Many many things were wrong with German society, and we wanted to put them right. Should we set about it, as Willy Brandt and all the other socialists tried to tell us, in piece-meal fashion? No, this was hopeless! Marcuse taught us that it was *the System* that was wrong, the whole System, all of it. You just simply couldn't change a bit here and there. *All of it* had to be changed, for it was all of an organic piece. All of it was evil, and there was no reform possible, only *Revolution....* Then many among us were troubled by the so-called virtues of a so-called liberal and democratic capitalist society. Workers had a right to strike, and there was freedom of speech, and there seemed to be much welfare and shared affluence. But this was a misconception, a false consciousness! It was all a snare and a delusion! The so-called virtues were the most vicious tricks of all. They were merely part of the apparatus of Repression and Domination by which an Out-Dated Society still tried to keep itself in power. Tolerance? *Quatsch!* It was nothing but Repressive Tolerance, which rein-

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forced the diseases and prevented true health. Marcuse freed us from all liberal inhibitions. . . ."

GOOD, THEN, what did the *Theoretiker* now have to say to the revolutionary convention of Berlin *Praktiker*? They had, in a series of ingeniously planned demonstrations, toppled both the Mayor and the Chief of Police. Things were on the march. What had to be done?

Marcuse's first words were not quite right, and he never recovered the old rapport. "Students!" he began, and his white mane gleamed in the sea of adolescence. "*Genossen heisst das*!" (Comrades, you mean) came the cry back. They were happier with Mao and Ho —Herbert was too old and too bourgeois. He had lost his faith in the revolutionary destiny of the working class. And if not the Proletariat, who would make the Revolution? He tried to reassure them that there was no loss of faith in the Revolutionary Future on his part. It would come; they knew it, and he knew it. But it might come just a little differently from the way Marx predicted. How would it come, say, in America? "Well," said the Professor (and I quote him directly here), "a System that is so evil must needs come to an extraordinary end. Some time ago there was a total breakdown of electric power in New York. It was unbelievable. Everything came to a halt. Nothing was possible in the black-out except sex, and in the next year America had the fruits of this creative breakdown. It can happen again, and again. The Revolution will come in America as a result of a total spontaneous disintegration!. . ."

This was not entirely satisfying to a mass of enthusiastic activists. "What, then, must we do?" And the boy who was sitting on my left shoe cried out, "*Na klar*, put out all the lights!. . ."

Had the old man been nothing but a Utopian? Now he was no longer talking about Revolution but about—*Transcendence*! And if it was a transcendental Utopia, they had to believe that "today such a Utopia is the *most real* of *all* real possibilities!. . ."

BOOS, PROTESTS, HECKLING began to burst out from all sides of the *Audimax*. They had enough of this old stuff. They knew all about—and didn't need to be told about it again in the midst of a revolutionary situation—how Capitalism was Barbarism, how the Ghettos of the Metropolis would explode, how the Third World would rally to the Cause (led by inspiration from Cuba and China). It was all too much, boring, last year's *Platte*. Points of order were suddenly put from several student leaders. The boy sitting on my right foot knew what was coming, and shouted "*Umfunktionieren!*" The proposed resolution was to "re-function" the meeting and give it new point and purpose. Instead of going on with Professor Marcuse, the evening should be converted to a discussion of strategy and tactics of the forthcoming General Strike.

Marcuse was aghast. The chairman—Professor Hellmut Gollwitzer, a theologian (and he was not unhappy until now about the progress of the not untheological evening)—tried to impress the thousands that after all they simply could not invite a man to come from so far and then simply have him break off in the middle. There were pros and cons. My side of the hall was shouting "*Umfunktionieren!*" and I confess I was with them, not out of any intended discourtesy to an honoured guest, but simply out of the infectious youthful impatience. What was *umfunktionieren* but another name for double-feature billing? On with the next show! But there wasn't quite a majority. Gollwitzer, to noisy disapproval, suggested that "those who wanted to talk about other things should go elsewhere and hold a meeting of their own." Nothing so square had been heard in the University in two years. A Happening or two, spontaneous as befits the form, had been scheduled as part of the historic agenda of the day. Marcuse continued, but he would not succeed completely in repressing the true and inner dynamic of events.

IT WAS CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT when there was some rumbling action high on the platform, half veiled by a huge curtain. "*Ach, nein*!" moaned my neighbours on the window-sill, "not Teufel and Langhans again!. . ." I recognised them, and indeed they could hardly be mistaken, with their red shirts and yellow trousers, beards like Marx, coiffure like Struwwelpeter in the German *Märchen*. They were the leaders of the so-called *Kommune*, a wild extremist fringe group which claimed to know what authentic liberation was and how truly to attain it. The orthodox booed the heretics, who began to make away with the enormous wooden emblem of the Free University which had hung high over the Auditorium.

I pushed and crawled my way out of the mass, drawn to where the action was, like a Dostoyevskian gambler in a trance. On the street the Kommunardists were dancing up and down on the hated emblem which resisted the first attempts at combustion. Then, burning merrily, it was carried to the Rector's building and finally dismembered into fiery and charred little pieces. I heard the fire-engines coming in the distance and watched the police standing quietly on the next street-corner. Some students began throwing stones at the *Rektorat*. One

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could still make out the words on the Emblem in its now-blackened lettering. What was the hateful inscription—*pro patria mori*, or some other vicious Fatherlandish sentiment? When the firemen put out the little blaze one could read: *Veritas, Justitia, Libertas*....

AT ONE IN THE MORNING I keep my rendezvous with Hermann L. in a *Kneipe* near Thielplatz. He drank his beer with angry ferocious gulps which did nothing to relieve the grim depression which had seized him. Surely it was nothing that I had said or done—for he had promised to be my guide if I committed myself "to keep an open mind, to listen fairly and learn something new (if possible)...." No, it had been Marcuse.

"Für mich ist der Marcuse jetzt tot!" When the words came they marched out with a funereal finality. "Marcuse is dead for me now! Dead, finished, through. I'll never listen to him again, never think about him again. He was once important for us—*last* year. We sought him out like a prophet and took over every formulation. Why, I helped to mimeograph his text and distributed it everywhere! That's how we felt. And now he comes and talks such utter nonsense. A Revolution is waiting to be made, and he offers us California metaphysics. Never again with Marcuse! That's all over now...."

No words of mine could cheer or console him. After all, the old fellow had written a few interesting books. No masterpiece, to be sure, but that alone doesn't call for burial. Possibly there is still some point to looking at his Hegel volume, and there were at least a few not unoriginal essays among his early contributions to the *Zeitschrift für Sozialforschung*.... I sensed the hopelessness and didn't go on. The occasion was too deep for discussion. A little god had failed.

Berlin

IN THE BEGINNING the search for an explanatory theory was relatively a simple affair. Having to deal with the Californian explosion at Berkeley, it could be persuasively formulated in terms of "American exceptionalism." Here was a uniquely advanced society, affluent as no other, afflicted with a social mobility to the point of almost absolute rootlessness, marked with a liberal permissiveness which led a generation to the edge of personal anarchy. Why should it surprise when "Spock-marked" young, with money in their pockets and a scramble of every idea that ever appeared in paper-back in their heads, rise up and like young Prometheans attack old gods and long for fiery new beginnings? Surely this was a *very* American phenomenon, even if *one day* Europeans who were moving more slowly along the same historic path of development would go and do likewise.

Then Stockholm and Tokyo exploded, and theories had to be revised. But here, too, there were many of the same constituent elements: mass culture, mindless prosperity, etc. Yet the Swedes had a social order of great justice and equality, with none of the outraging miseries of the U.S. Negro ghetto; and how could an Oriental family pattern produce exactly the same dissidence and alienation? Then when the young Germans began to explode, theories began to go out of the window in utter intellectual defenestration. No other land was so lunatically divided, with an iron curtain splitting the nation and a brick wall dividing its capital. True, there was an element of social rootlessness here too (all those refugees from somewhere else), and the German family crisis was deep, and the Teutonic educational establishment cried out for change. But then wasn't there a patriotic ideal which could give emotional coherence to vague dissatisfactions? And wasn't what was wrong with the universities rather that they were old-fashioned and medieval, not (as in Berkeley) mechanical and modern? Surely, what was revolting about *Vater* was not that he was a nice, ineffectual, permissive Big Daddy but that he was still a narrow, authoritarian, stuffy Little Nazi....No, it was all too complicated. And when, one day soon, Paris—and perhaps even Moscow—erupts with youthful *élan*, all sociologists will be ordered back to the drawing board, back to square one. We are floundering in an *embarras de différences*.

"NOT AT ALL," says Jürgen S. "Here in Germany it is fairly simple. It is a matter of generations. Not merely fathers and sons, but also older brothers and younger brothers. Take my own case. I am now 28, and quite representative of the *Jahrgang* born in 1940. I can still remember burning cities and bombers in a red sky. When I was seven I used to have to steal coal from army depots in order to start the stove in my mother's room. I remember in 1948, standing in a queue on the day after Germany's currency reform, and buying for the first time in my life a pair of shoe-laces; and I rushed out of the shop and there on the side-walk ripped out the tattered sack-straw and tied my boots anew. I remember in 1952, playing football with my school-mates when the news came through that the German champion team would be allowed for the first time to leave the country and compete abroad; we all cheered, for we felt that we 'belonged' again, to the world, to the human race.

"Now, none of this works as a social or

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political philosophy for my generation, and I am impatient when some old politician begins to preach about how much post-war Germany has achieved, how far we have come, etc. Why not come further and achieve more? No, I think of myself as a socialist and as a radical democrat. But all these memories of the past act as a kind of psychic reserve. The next generation—and we have *Jahrgang* 1945 in our universities now—does not have and cannot have these resources. My years here at the Free University were 'idyllic'. No riots, no protest, no criticism. We wanted to learn fast and get on with a job. When someone came with big fancy words, how cool and sceptical and unresponsive we were! We sensed their deceptiveness, and perhaps even understood their tragedy. We had enough of shouting and screaming for great ideals. Ours was—what am I saying? *is*—an under-cooled generation.

"The new generation is an over-heated one. It is the turn of the cycle, or the loop of the spiral. They detest us for our 'petty-bourgeois squareness', and will—oh, how I hope this!—be detested in turn by the coming generation for their noisy romanticism and wild theatricality. How can any one of us help it—it is the trap of life. Could I ever bring any measure of understanding to that generation of Germans who went along with Hitler and his war? They were strangers to me, foreigners. One's life begins, one opens one's eyes, one begins to make things out—and suddenly the curtain of history goes up for the first time! Nothing has ever happened before. Only later, when one reads and thinks and lives a little and has a past of one's own, does anything in the past become meaningful.

"This revolutionary generation opened its eyes in the summer of 1961 or the spring of 1963. It saw the asphalt jungle of reconstructed German cities, and the neon wilderness of a mass culture. It stood on the edge of the *Autobahn* and counted the Mercedes limousines speeding by and then, when it took a good look at the drivers, those philistine *Spiessbürger* with their over-fed bodies and under-fed minds, it began to throw stones. Life was intolerable!... Go try and tell them that Hitler was worse, that Stalin was worse. They have arrived with a fire in their bellies. They can hate and destroy only the *status quo* they know...."

CAN, THEN, FOUR OR FIVE years be so crucial? Is history really this kind of hop-skip-and-jump of generations? I call on Erik N. whom I first met in 1948 as a teen-age Berlin journalist. For many years he and his best friend Klaus S. lunched regularly with us at an editorial canteen. Both belonged to that classic post-war German generation which picked itself up out of the rubble, disdained bourgeois blandishments, and tried to fight as best they could for a fragile democratic Germany against both Nazis and Communists. Both are now 40, but no generation remains frozen in its adolescent postures. Klaus is in "the Establishment" (is, as a matter of fact, Mayor of Berlin), and Erik is an elder statesman of the revolutionary *SDS*.

"Now, you mustn't be sentimental," Erik warns me. "This had to happen, and it is the way it has to be. Times change. People change. ... And now we have the best young generation of Germans that could ever be. Oh, they are far better than we ever were! They are so much more clever and brilliant and *effective*! We would never have achieved what they have achieved.... Why? Because, simply, they are not burdened with that whole complicated past that we went through. The ruins and the reconstruction and the cold war.... Yes, it is sometimes better to know less than more, to have lived through only a little. Take that great Saturday on the Kurfürstendamm in Berlin—when our revolutionary cadre first broke out of isolation and became a mass movement. Our kind could never have taken such decisions, shown such imagination and daring. I would have hesitated—and did!—a dozen times. The crowd of students, after all, had come really for a peaceful demonstration. Yet they were skilfully, sensitively involved—no, it is not really 'manipulation'!—in a violent conflict with the police. And suddenly they were excited, militant, *and entirely with us*! The strategy proved itself. The revolution was on...."

I saw the classic force of this. After all, we had read and argued over Blanqui and Lenin and Sorel before. "No, don't make the mistake of identifying us with the theoreticians of the past. This is new. We are systematically careful about the emergence of Leadership Cults, and we try to have everything checked democratically from below. It is, if you wish, a cross between the ideas of Workers' Control and Participatory Democracy.... Of course it really works. Take the growth of our Anti-University, *die Kritische Universität*. There is no bureaucracy, no staff: we're all students, and make all decisions ourselves. We *do*, so why do you smile so 'knowingly'?"

I was smiling, for on p. 36 of the Bulletin of the anti-University there was a seminar listed on "The Sociology of Herbert Marcuse and Its Philosophical Implications for the Revolution of Our Day." Now, who decided on that? "We all did," said Erik. All of you, all 400 revolutionary students who were to be in attendance? "Well, no, there were only about 75 present, but that is fairly representative, for we go in for no rules,

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rolls, and regulations." Then everybody is free to come, discuss, vote, attend, etc.? "Of course!"

So I put the following to him. "What would happen if a hundred boys and girls, all sympathetic to the growing semi-demi-neo-Nazi *NDP* decided to come along and join you? And what would happen if instead of having a seminar on dear Marcuse the majority decided to have one on 'Moeller van den Bruck and the Idea of a New *Reich*' or 'Houston Stewart Chamberlain and his Lessons for the Racial Conflict of our Times'...?"

Erik puzzled for a moment; but his wife was livid and with trembling lips cried out, "*Dann gibt's Krawall!*" (Then there'll be a bloody battle).

"Precisely," I could only conclude. "That's why such noble and naïve ideas of social organisation were abandoned as absurd, unworkable, and dangerous, hundreds if not thousands of years ago. Ever since the Neolithic Age, at the very least, mankind has been struggling to find ways of doing things which would not result, when the first difference of opinion flares up, in a cave-man's free-for-all, a *Krawall* with fists flailing freely. Nobody has yet found a perfect organisational formula. Aristotle thought there should be some delegation of powers, and Montesquieu contrived a system of checks and balances. Neither works without difficulties. But some rules and regulations, some constitutional guarantees and membership rights and duties, have introduced an element of political culture into warring factionalism. Now you chaps come along and scavenging among the ideological refuse of history hold up a tattered formula which is not, as you extravagantly believe, new and original, has never worked in the past—and cannot, as you have just admitted, *even work for you....*"

"But," Erik protested, "then there never would be any progress if so-called unworkable ideas were never given an opportunity! It is so easy to dismiss Utopia...." I disagreed, but argued no further. What *is* so easy is to proclaim Utopia, to dream of Paradise, to unfurl the standard for the good, the true, the beautiful. Nothing easier than that, as easy as child's play. What is not so easy is... the difficult, the complicated, the troubled zones of life and mind where the naïve phrase and the simple gesture have no relevance. But, as I say, I left it at that. It could have meant another *Krawall*.

Berlin

THE GENERAL STRIKE is on, and both of the great local institutions of higher learning—the Free University and the Technical University—give the appearance of such complete unanimity that it wasn't even necessary to put up strike pickets. I walk over to the Otto-Suhr Institut which, as the centre for sociology and political science, has become the natural headquarters of the Revolution. There was supposed to be an all-day high-level discussion of the *Notstandsgesetze*; and the day before, at the end of a lecture I had sat in on, a leader of the *SDS* announced it and went on, "—and we all hope, Herr Professor Löwenthal, that you will be with us and explain how Social Democracy, by favouring such vicious legislation, has once again betrayed the interests of the working class!" Löwenthal smiled, accepted the invitation, but added that what he would say at the Teach-in would be a matter for him to decide. A few laughed at the exchange. It is apparently a running cat-and-mouse game between the Professor and the Cadre. The week before, summing up a long lecture on the Origins of Italian Fascism, Löwenthal had quoted one contemporary revolutionary on the grievous post-war social crisis to the effect that the Status Quo was intolerable, an Establishment was stifling all progress, the Spontaneous Anger of all the Young Forces in the Nation had to rise up and Smash the Old System and release all the pent-up forces of Renewal and Revolution. There was stormy applause from the Cadre. The Professor closed his note-book, and went on only to make the embarassing disclosure that the author had been—Benito Mussolini.

Well, whatever had happened I had missed it. Off again, then, to the *Audimax*. I rubbed my eyes. It couldn't be true: it was a *déjà vu*. There we all were again, four thousand strong, red flags waving. As I come through a side entrance a tiny auto pulls up, packed full of extra-large red flags: a late delivery. I hear the courier rebuked by an organiser on the platform: "If the Revolution is to keep its rendezvous with destiny it had better learn punctuality...." But the nice young man almost makes up for the delinquency by struggling through the portals hectically, finds a sweet little girl waiting in the wings, gives her an extra-small red flag and then takes her by her tiny hand to the podium where for an unscheduled moment she waves it uncertainly and chirps childishly into the microphone, *Ho-ho-ho Chi Minh*. The Happening is on.

THIS IS CALLED by the students their "Smolny Institute," where all the basic revolutionary decisions are taken ("after a full discussion and a fair free vote," I am told again and again, and I see no reason to disbelieve it). Now is the moment for the triumphant report from all the various fronts. The Law Faculty and its student

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body had indicated some reluctance, but now all pockets of resistance had been overcome and the Strike is complete. Cheers. Good news, too, from Frankfurt where most lectures have been suspended and strike pickets are in complete control. Cheers. Special support from various grammar schools, and hundreds of students from the Goethe and Kant *Gymnasia* will be joining the strikers. More cheers. This evening there will be a special protest in Lankwitz, and among the speakers will be Günter Grass. Boos, then cheers, then a mixed chorus punctuated by something which sounded like a tin drum (could it be Grass himself, on his *Blechtrommel*?). . . .

Someone hands a note to the chairman—a pretty, buxom, blonde German refugee from Rumania called Sigrid Fronius. She has a Problem. The news from the Medical Faculty is not so good. She has just learned that three professors (with laboratory equipment) and several hundred medical students plan to hold their scheduled final lecture in a half hour's time. Loud cries of pain and shame! The lecture is to take place in *this* very building. Shouts of horror! And then, in an instruction which must be unique in the history of revolutionary movements for its cool charm, Fräulein Fronius says, "I think you ought to pay them a little visit. Why don't a few of you over there near the doors simply go upstairs and visit them in *Hörsaal IV-B*? . . ."

It was as pleasant as could be. *Einen kleinen Besuch zu machen*. Nothing sinister about that, and probably only in my foreign ears did it have a formal resemblance to those other and more famous euphemistic constructions: "You need a little protection," or "We're going to take you for a little ride. . . ."

The little visit was fairly uneventful, but doutbtless quite what Frl. Fronius had in mind. Some three hundred students or so detached themselves from the outer areas of the "Smolny" and ambled upstairs. They moved into *Hörsaal IV-B* and took whatever places were still free for medical students who had not yet arrived. I stood in the corridors with a dozen of the *Mediziner* (you could tell them apart by their dress—jackets, shirts, and ties—and a bulging brief-case). *"Ach ja,"* said one, vainly trying to make his way forward, "*noch ein* 'Go-In'. . . ." They were apparently resigned. In the *Hörsaal* one of the medical professors, in white coat, tried to explain. A few of the *SDS* leaders—including my friend, Hermann L., who was rushing up and down, waving his arms, as if he were a laboratory specimen struggling for freedom—tried to maintain some order. It seems that these students were taking their final examinations in two days' time. They had begged the faculty to review some new material which had not been previously studied and which they were expected to know. This was the only possible day on which a special session could be arranged, and that arrangement had been made weeks before anyone had ever proposed a General Strike. Even now, they could —and should—do these two hours together, and then they could go downstairs to the Strike Meeting and participate in the Teach-in.

Nothing doing. He was shouted down by songs and slogans, and then the cry went up, *"Umfunktionieren!"* A speaker with a portable microphone and loud-speaker resolved that "this meeting be converted into a discussion of the Emergency Laws and their fascist implications for the future of democracy in Germany." Approval was roared.

A laboratory assistant, with a great voice and even more naïveté, suggested that a vote be taken—"but with only the medical students entitled to vote." Laughter was loud. "That wouldn't be democratic."

One student leader weakly implored—I was told later his name was Landsberg, and that after a heart-attack he had resigned his post of elected leadership—"in the name of reason and tolerance cease and desist from this strategy and tactic." He was rhetorical and ineffective. "How will it help to deepen the political consciousness—*die ganze Bewusstseinsbildung*—of our fellow-students here when you merely force them to do something by your sheer physical presence? . . ." Enough of that.

The Cadres wouldn't leave, and the medical students couldn't get in. The technique of *Umfunktionieren* was being set in motion, and half the *Hörsaal* was already a busy centre of agitated political discussion. I was frightened, I must confess, that blows would be exchanged at any moment; but I misread the temperature of the hostility. There was tension there, but no anger. One of the professors wearily raised his arm to announce with a casualness that might have been coolness or might have been contempt that "in view of the Terror the scheduled *Vorlesung* was cancelled. . . ." That was a shade too strong. There had been nothing that could be called terror, only a little pressure politics, skilfully executed. Except for the tears, for reasons best known to herself, in the eyes of one of the girl students nothing especially untoward had happened.

My friend Hermann L. waved across the *Hörsaal* to me and cracked, "Well, at least one thing is functioning around here—and that's *das Umfunktionieren!* . . ." One of the laboratory assistants said to me, almost under his

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breath, as he carried out a piece of apparatus, "That's one thing that has always functioned in Germany—except that we used to call it *Gleichschaltung*...."

Berlin

I CLAMBERED with the students all over the *Polizei-Panzer*, and the monstrous little armoured car seemed so much cozier than when one had seen it in riot action on the city streets, drowning a mass demonstration under the pressure of its water cannon. The special police had decided to go in for a bit of public relations, and exhibitions for youth groups inside the Lankwitz barracks were now part of the regular schedule. I imagine I wasn't the only one who was making notes. *"Ach, nay, wissen' Se,"* the Commander whispered to me, "there are no secrets here any more—the *SDS* got full reports long ago! Some of them know this vehicle as well as we do. How much water it carries, how long it can spray, what its deficiencies are.... Take a look at this rear compartment. It's too thin, too weak, can easily be broken into—and it was, in the riot on Uhlandsstrasse. That's why all the weapons have now been transferred to the front compartment.... And even there an ingenious trick forced us to alter the construction. The key to the door lock is complicated, but some engineering student studied it, copied it, and we were astonished to find that they could break into the wagon, as they did in the Kaiser-Allee *Aktion*.... We've made a few changes, but there are no real secrets any more. We've simply got to learn to think faster. So let them all clamber about and take notes. It'll keep us on our toes...."

A whole company of police then filed into the elegant barracks hall, followed by the shamble of students, and the second act of the show began. "You must understand," the Commander explained to me, "we learn as much from these confrontations as they do. Every one of my men can now tell you the difference between a 'sit-in,' a 'go-in,' and a 'happening,' and precisely what flexible changes in crowd-control tactics each calls for...."

The students I sat with were not of the most militant and philosophical factions, but they were intelligent and well-informed and (most impressive of all) were not in the least reluctant to fire away with embarrassing questions. "Here is a picture in *Der Spiegel*, and the documents to go with it, which proves that one of your men was guilty of brutally beating this demonstrator. What do you say to that?... Don't you ever have a troubled conscience, standing there with your pistols and truncheons, and facing a demonstration for a cause that you know to be good and just?... Here in *Die Zeit* it reports that in your new flexible tactics you're now overlooking certain infringements which last year would have sent you into immediate action. How does that square with your line that you're simply there to uphold law and order?..."

There was just a shade of ideological concern on the Commander's face, but he allowed his young men to carry the burden of the debate. It was not exactly Luther versus Eck in Leipzig, or Frederick the Great arguing with Voltaire in Potsdam, but I fancied that the disputation had its deeper significance for the shape of the German mind in this century.

"LOOK HERE," said 22-year-old German policemen to 19-year-old German students, "none of us is brutal or wants to be. There's been too much of that in our country. We have rules against it, and penalties too. A warrant can be sworn out against any of us, and if the man went too far he deserves it. One thing should be said in his defence. He is often provoked. After all, some of us are no older than most of you. And when the *SDS* send their girl-friends, the so-called *Bräute der Revolution* (brides of the revolution), out to abuse us on every street-corner, screaming *'SS-Mann!'* and *'Schmutzfink!'*, well once in a while some chap loses his temper.... Do I have problems of conscience? Of course I do. And sometimes I have personal sympathy for some placard or some slogan. But I don't feel that in a democracy one has to fight for what one believes in by making riots and breaking the laws. I can do something in my trade-union, write letters to the newspapers, change my political vote. If, however, I felt strongly enough that the State was wrong and evil, which I don't, then I would indeed consider resigning and going over to the other side.... As for law and order, we mustn't be trapped by our old tendency to make Abstractions out of everything. Faced by a mob—sorry, a crowd—which is out to provoke us into violence, we are better off when we overlook some minor misdemeanours, especially if by trying to check them events could get tragically out of hand. Last year the mere sight of those Red Flags infuriated us. We couldn't help thinking of Stalin and Ulbricht and that horrible life over there. Now we overlook it, tolerate it. It's better that way...."

When, after two hours of this, it was all over, the Commander beamed. "My chaps were very good, no?" I agreed. "And their chaps were also very good!" I agreed again. "Come back again soon, it's always a very good show." But he promised me more. "Then you'll be able to see the big confrontation. One company will defend these barracks here against 'sit-ins,'

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'go-ins,' and 'happenings' of all sorts. Another company will put on *beatnik* clothes, carry placards, sing happy songs from Hanoi—and some of our wives will join in with screeches of '*SS-Mann*' and '*Schmutz-fink!*' Who knows?—they might just be able to break through and liberate the barracks. It will be very dramatic. . . ."

THE WHOLE TOWN'S a stage, and everbody's a player on it. At a hot-dog stand near the Ernst-Reuter-Platz I talk with a young actor who had helped storm the Schiller Theatre during an evening performance. (The police, with their backs to the box-office, brandished their pistols, and the students withdrew.) "What difference does it make whether we got in or not? At least something new and different happened, not another one of those static protest meetings. Next time we'll raise the roof, and then we'll have a Shakespearean open Globe Theatre in the middle of the Kaiserdamm. . . . Peter Handke is quite right. He's our best young playwright, and he has seen through that nonsense of Bert Brecht with *V-Effekt* and all those other petty-bourgeois tricks. What worker was ever moved to make a revolution by sitting in the balcony watching a Brecht play? No, that epoch is over. We don't want *Theatertheater* but *Strassentheater*! The old dramaturgy is dead. We're out of the dressing rooms now and on to the streets. Handke has formulated it with brilliant theoretical insight: *The true revolution of the theatre is the theatre of revolution*! . . ."

This is the act which is now making the scene. The news from Hamburg is that the *Deutsche Schauspielhaus* has just been stormed and occupied, breaking up the performance of an old Frank Wedekind play. And in Saarbrücken, Professor Hans Mayer has just given his philosophical blessing to "the creative breakthrough which will transcend the decadent forms of the contemporary stage." True engagement cannot take place in a darkened auditorium, with a box-office ticket-stub in your pocket and a glossy programme on your lap. It takes place on the streets during a demonstration, or on a soap-box when a young revolutionary cradles a child in his arms. But the Professor raises one worrisome problem, and it evidently troubles him deeply. "But if in reality there are corpses—and not just stage actors, playing dead—haven't we then gone beyond *der Rahmen des Spiels*, beyond the framework of theatrical play?. . ." Theories can perish on questions like that.

Prague

A BERLIN youth group is heading for Czechoslovakia, and I decide to tag along for a few days. Here are the new heirs of Karl Marx staging a mighty confrontation of Theory and Reality; and although the plots in this old European Theatre of Ideology rarely come up with a new twist, it is a Happening of delicious absurdity. Rudi Dutschke has already been here, warning the Czech students of their theoretical deficiencies in Marxian dialectics. He knew better. They must not confound "liberalisation" (*i.e.*, moving the Czech revolution towards the bourgeois Right) with genuine "democratisation" which would be the deepening of the socialist content with anti-authoritarian (*i.e.*, anti-capitalist) re-structuring. *"Ach so!"* said the Prague students with mock patient politeness, and wondered what a young man who was not forced to mouth Marxist-Leninist phraseology was doing carrying around such mental baggage.

"But then," one young historian at the Charles University tells me, "we have always had to live with this German arrogance. They know nothing, but they always know better. Marx purged Wilhelm Weitling, the only real working-man in the International, because only a German Theoretician understood the proletariat. And he told off Proudhon, that shrewd French peasant, because only Marx could understand France; and he dismissed John Stuart Mill, because he knew better that England was heading not for reform but for bloody revolution. . . . The sons of old Karl are chips off the block. Where do they get their arrogance from? They have been wrong—often disastrously and tragically so—on almost every question for over a hundred years now, and they *still* think they know better. Especially here, where for two decades we have had every Marxist-Leninist idea tried out, like in some mad surgeon's operating theatre, on our very bodies—and they now come and tell us about the true nature of Alienation, Exploitation, and Revolution. . . ."

Wasn't this being a little unfair? They were trying to develop their ideas in a different social context and were facing different problems.

"Perhaps so. Then they should declare themselves to be the provincial protestants that they are and not come preaching to us about 'global confrontations.' . . . I found it infuriating to listen to them. What does it mean that the Destruction of Capitalism is the Main Task to Achieve a World without War and Poverty and Exploitation? Here we have had the socialisation of the means of production for twenty years, and there has been plenty of exploitation. As for poverty, we have more than we had before, and certainly more than our prospering neighbours, for even poor little Austria has shown more productive prowess than any society in our Socialist Bloc. How naïve they are! Didn't the U.S.S.R. make a war against Finland

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and Poland, and isn't there a mortal danger that two socialist countries, Russia and China, can go to war with each other? What about Africa and Asia? Will this ridiculous phraseology explain the economic difficulties of, say, backward Burma, or the murderous hostilities that break out in West Africa among Nigerians and Biafrans? The issues of war and peace—as well as those of prosperity through capital growth—*may* have something to do with Capitalism as Marxists understand it. But how well-educated students on a University level who have not been subjected, as we have been, to a vicious process of intellectual stupefaction, can look out at the world through such simple staring eyes—this is beyond me. Don't they think, read, argue? How can they expect economic aid from the rich developed technologies of Europe if Europeans don't 'exploit' their capital resources more efficiently so as to enable capital to be exported? How are workers going to operate our machine-tool industries in a 'non-Alienating' style? What does it mean to tell us—as Dutschke did a few weeks ago—that we must not interpret 'freedom of the press' so broadly as to allow 'the counter-revolution to have a voice' when every voice which for 20 years differed from that of Big Brother has been condemned as 'counter-revolutionary'? In what world have these fellows been living? Are they so busy marching up and down in demonstrations that they don't have time to read the books in their library? That used to be our fate. Maybe only the Hegelian dialectic can explain this crazy transposition of roles! . . ."

This, surely, was unfairness compounded. I had found much grim studiousness in the new German youth, as I watched the browsing in that astonishing new Revolutionary Bookshop on Olivaerplatz in West Berlin which sells international books and pamphlets that ten years ago (as thirty) it was criminal to peddle. For the Czech students I spoke to, this was small cosmopolitan consolation. Their problem was to move "beyond Communism," and they had little patience for the primitivism with which their contemporaries in the West were struggling to move "beyond Capitalism." I was apparently alone in feeling moved that young persons had committed themselves to "Taking Dreams as Reality." And this, Pavel H. said savagely, "you call an interesting Marcuse-amalgam of Marx and Freud? . . . Sheer nonsense! Freud says: dreams are dreams, and Marx says: reality is reality. And if the twain should ever meet, it won't be—believe me, we know!—because a few charming and energetic juvenile minds have thought up a new slogan to be chalked up on some public wall! . . ."

THE LAST ANGRY WORDS I have ringing in my ears—sternly pronounced in the lobby of the Hotel Alcron where I was short-sighted enough to buy for Karel T. a copy of the *International Herald Tribune* with the latest news of Mark Rudd's liberation of the Low Library on the Columbia University campus—are these:

"I know nothing really about Columbia, or the L.S.E., or the Sorbonne, or any of the institutions of higher learning in the West. But they *must* truly be as bad as your students say they are—for they have apparently produced a youth that is so disoriented and uneducated, so incapable of reading books critically and thinking intelligently, as to be a screaming indictment of themselves. God knows that we have had our tragic illusions about the nature of Capitalism and Socialism. But our students are intellectual giants—and, mind you, educated under the Stalinist terror!—compared to the specimens of pseudo-revolutionaries running around with rocks and petrol rags in your capitalist West! The young generation may well be right to want to destroy the monstrous school system—after all, it produced *them!* I think of it as a kind of Frankensteinian justice. Each society produces the barbarians who then come to sack it. . . ."

Frankfurt

DIETER MEETS ME at the airport, and we drive to the University. He tells me that the Rector has just tallied up all the recent damage, and the bill comes to some ten thousand marks. No, I wasn't interested in seeing the cracked windows or the ruined doors and floors. But something more than that seems to have been broken. The last time—only a fortnight ago—the atmosphere came strongly out at one and dizzied; it was like the aromatic smoke of burning autumn leaves. Something had changed. Was the fire out?

The news from all the fronts had been depressingly bad. In Bonn the Governmental Coalition had finally passed the "Emergency Laws," and the last round of protest demonstrations from Berlin and Hamburg to Stuttgart and Munich fizzled out "in a mood of resignation" (as Jürgen Krahl, the local *SDS*-leader, despairingly puts it). In Heidelberg the Rector, Dr. Margot Becke, took surprising legal action and effectively put through the suspension of the *SDS*-dominated *Asta* and, more important, blocked by court order the university funds which were subsidising the revolution on the Neckar. Only a few hundred workers from the Ford plant joined the students in Cologne. In Hamburg a platoon of student guards managed to protect the *SDS*-leader Karl Heinz Roth

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from being arrested in the University's *Auditorium Maximum*; the detectives, faced with the signs of a violent outbreak, went home and decided to try and use their warrant another day; but in the cops-and-robbers melodrama the dynamic of events came to a standstill. Worse, the efforts to reach the German proletariat seemed nowhere to be making significant progress. Outside one Berlin factory thousands of students assembled and shouted their cry for *Arbeiterkontrolle!* (Workers Control); from inside the factory came the cry back, *Wir lassen uns nicht kontrollieren!* (Nobody's going to control us). Working-class reactionaries, or Berlin wits? In any case, the "French model" which Dany Cohn-Bendit tried so eloquently to impress on his German comrades—especially in that brief euphoric moment when it almost looked as if *étudiant* and *ouvrier* were uniting to throw off their chains—was a little more difficult on the right side of the Rhine than on the left bank of the Seine. "First put up barricades!" Dany had said, "the masses will find their way there soon enough. . . ."

WHAT HAD GONE wrong? Dieter assures me that a complete and honest self-criticism is beginning to take place. But from what I hear about the debates with Professor Jürgen Habermas the search is less for errors than for traitors. A revolution, by simple definition, cannot fail: it can only be betrayed. Almost all the *SDS* leaders here (Krahl, Frank Wolff, Reimut Reiche, Helmut Schauer) are young sociologists: and they all think like old theologians. Who betrayed? Habermas? T. W. Adorno? Both these distinguished scholars had trained a whole new German generation in Marxian dialectics; but it was one thing to analyse the human misery of Alienation and Dying Cultural Forms under Late Capitalism, and quite another to take to the barricades. Habermas sat with them for four hours, trying to correct, criticise and explain. There were a few boos and hisses as he occasionally hit a pedagogical tone in his strictures. But how else argue that it was fatal to take a subtle and complicated sociological theory and "reduce it to the handy form of a few platitudes"? It was not *all* that simple about the nature of Capitalist Economics, the Class Structure, and the possibilities of Revolutionary Social Change. What was he trying to say—that it wasn't after all "time to change the world" but first to reinterpret it? What mattered now a few theoretical distinctions between Bourgeois Conservatism and Late-Capitalist Fascism? Once you had felt the truncheons of the police it all became . . . academic. Habermas dissented. He told them he thought it "mad" to act as if occupation of the university buildings could lead to a Seizure of Power. He insisted that a mass campaign of "enlightenment" was the only possible strategy. He warned them against (and he meant the poet, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, back from Norway, Russia, America, and Cuba) "visiting clowns at the court of the pseudo-revolutionaries." "You have lost contact with reality," he said, "and are sustaining yourselves only with quick narcissistic satisfactions. . . ."

The newspaper report printed the *narzisstische* without the *r* (no wonder the Germans have a word for it: *Druckfehlerteufel,* the demon of misprints), and it caused a small flurry but was corrected in the next edition. The gloom only deepened. The *Frankfurter Rundschau* which had been the single major paper in the country on which the Revolution could count for a fair and sympathetic account had now also turned sour and critical. It thought the *SDS*, which only a few weeks ago was functioning as the great engine of change, had now "fulfilled its function. . . ."

Once again, as so often in the past, passengers were beginning to jump off the locomotive train of history.

Paris

AT THE RHINE-MAIN airport, all flights to France were cancelled, and I raced to the Frankfurt *Bahnhof* to catch the train which never departed. At the Hertz office they refused to hire out any cars that would cross the French frontier: "We call it a revolutionary situation," the young manager explained, with chic terminological accuracy. Avis, the hated competition, did actually "try harder," or perhaps they hadn't yet studied the morning's news of Paris strike and riot. I refrained from discussing the headlines and in a few minutes was off in a fully-tanked Opel *Kapitän* towards *la douce France*.

In most of the cities and towns en route there was a significant emptiness, interrupted only by little crowds around factory gates. If the general strike that had been called by the Communists and the *CGT* was the success as reported in the various radio bulletins I could tune into, it appeared through an automobile windshield to be a cool, undemonstrative, and almost normal exercise in industrial relations rather than some excited outburst of revolutionary enthusiasm. The romance was only in Paris, at the Sorbonne. I parked the German car as close to the Latin Quarter as I dared, and strolled through the University buildings. Foolishly enough, I spent most of my time copying out on the backs of envelopes all the slogans I could decipher and some of the verse on the walls and bulletin boards. No point repeating

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them here, for *Le Monde* has since published a good anthology. My favourites remain: *L'Imagination prend le pouvoir* and *Papa pue*. Easy enough to read in the press dispatches but ah, like brave Crillon, you were not there. I like to think that I will never be the same again for having been on the spot when, for the first time in human history, the Imagination took Power (and Papa stank).

HAD A CHANCE to talk with Bernard B., who has been one of the Revolutionary Guards for three days and nights now at the Odéon, when he dashed home for a quick bowl of Mama's hot soup and to pick up from Papa his weekly allowance. These are, obviously, the greatest days of his young life, and his enthusiasm is infectious. What spirit, what joy, what talk, what songs will ever compare to this? It appears to be all of a happy harmonic piece, even to the corduroy trousers, short coat, and peaked Muscovite cap. Were all of history's revolutionaries so handsomely outfitted, or do our misty little eyes see everything in Delacroix coloration? Were *sansculottes* beautiful? What did Jack Cade wear?

I am only here for a day, and it is all too bewildering to grasp, but it *must* be very *marvellous*. "Oh yes," says Bernard, a shade too drily, "it is. But, you know, day after day and night after night of continuous discussion is getting to be a trifle boring. None of us is *that* interesting; we just don't have all that much to say...." But then the long longed-for dialogue has never been so free, so uninhibited? "I am not so sure about that either. You see, there are these various *groupuscules* and each of them is absolutely convinced of its theory and strategy. Try and cut across the main line of their tendencies, and you don't get very far. You're shouted down and, in one way or another, you lose *la parole*.... It happened to me the other night. I thought we ought to give up the theatre for an evening and let this small dance group hold its scheduled ballet recital. I tried to convince them what a magnificent blow for culture it would be if we withdrew at eight and let them dance—for, after all, dancers are workers too! ... Then we could come back to reoccupy the place at midnight. Oh, no! As Sartre had put it, this was no time for culture but for revolution. So I mumbled on in a tumult for a few minutes, and then gave up...."

AT LE BOURGET not a plane taking off, and I decide to try and see whether the petrol in the tank will take me as far as the Belgian frontier. I drive along with two youngsters who had marched with the students but now, with heavy heart, were leaving for a long-scheduled holiday at the Club Mediterranée in Tunis. I drove speedily in order to help them catch their rerouted chartered plane in Brussels, but we ran out of gas on the *autoroute* this side of Lille. She was pretty and had been saying how she adored Dany Cohn-Bendit and how there was now, for the first time, hope in the world for a better life. He had been saying that everything around them was evil and corrupt and had to be destroyed. I made him take the walk of ten kilometres to the nearest town for a jerry-can of petrol.

IN BRUSSELS we lost our way, drove up and down the clearways looking for a signpost, but the Flemish students had removed the French signs and their own had been removed in turn. The hotel lobby is a scene (or so I imagine) out of 1793—crowded with "refugees" from Jacobin France, pining for the shores of a Burkean England. At the airport we exchange tidbits of revolutionary gossip, and wonder how long John Bull Jr. will remain cut off on his island.

London

ONE SENSES that the heroic days have become legendary, and that the euphoria appears to be dying away on all sides. The strike movement is exhausting itself in the factories; there are ugly rumours of "mercenaries" (*les Katangais*) in the Sorbonne; the mass of students are wearying of the futile spectacle of street-fighting night after night against the brutal special police. "Now watch the press carefully," says Jean-Marie, just over from Paris, "and suddenly you will see a resurgence of the analytical spirit. For weeks there has been scarcely an intelligent word published. How easily does a little tribal excitement dispel all the habits of critical reason! What is it but man's eternal wish to be young, potent, naïve, inexperienced, unburdened by 'the knowledge that bringeth sorrow'?..."

He gives me this afternoon's *Le Monde* to add to my clipping collection. In it Claude Roy concludes an article with a phrase of St. Just, *"La question du bonheur est posée en Europe,"* and adds only that "since Europe has never given an effective answer Paris has had to pose it again in May 1968." This is the French schoolboy facility which has marked endless generations of Parisian rhetoricians. Has nothing at all been learned since the Jacobins tried to institutionalise happiness and legislate for paradise? Must we always return to 1793?

Or to 1848 and 1871? In the first number of *The Black Dwarf* I note a contribution from that distinguished historian Eric Hobsbawm: "What has happened in France is marvellous

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and enchanting.... For us old members of the fan-club, it proves that Paris still has star quality.... It can still put up the barricades, often on the very same spot where they went up in 1848 and in 1944. It is a great moment for sentimental Francophiles...." Could it be that Santayana was wrong? It is not forgetting the past which makes for tragic recurrence: but remembering it and being condemned to repeat it.

In the 24 May number of the *New Statesman*, the fiery red-haired editor of that paper writes in the same spirit of Jacobinical excitement:

> In the courtyard of the Faculty of Letters, the heart and brain of the movement, a thousand flowers not only bloom but load the spring air with intellectual incense.... This jovial young Robespierre [Cohn-Bendit], with his flaming red hair and piercing blue eyes, has the true revolutionary's gift of combining a philosophy which can be reasoned, slogans which can be shouted and a mad-dog taste for taking positions by frontal assault. When he speaks, men listen; where he leads, they follow. He makes the impossible become possible simply by doing it.... Once again, the French have given birth to a new revolutionary spirit, which will ultimately enrich the lives of all of us.

What a wonderful thing adolescence is: what a shame to waste it on jejune journalism. "Paris is on fire," shouts *The Observer*'s columnist, "yet we still busy ourselves with cultural pastimes...." On to Piccadilly barricades? "Paris artists," he notes with that special romantic envy which English Jacobins have always had for the abandon of their French cousins, "are making common cause with the students and workers. Shall they [*i.e.*, we] do the same here? A debate on the subject should promptly and publicly be opened. The need to take sides may be more pressing than we think."

WHERE SUDDENLY has the great Orwellian tradition gone, that hard-won intellectual faculty of taking a hard, unsentimental, unromantic look at very mixed events? Here is pre-Orwellian man, writing from Paris for what used to be the tough-minded *Guardian*:

> I cannot but be grateful for having lived through at least a part of what will certainly be remembered as one of the most marvellous moments in the history of Paris.... The predominant atmosphere was one of youth taking the adult world tolerantly in hand and tactfully trying to civilise it. The Sorbonne and eventually the whole of the Latin Quarter became a great forum in the style of ancient Greece.... What we were witnessing was the spectacle of the human animal as we would always like to see him—the imagination extended, physical courage, generosity, and optimism triumphing over timidity, fear of insecurity, or just fear of discomfort, which keep our lives moving sluggishly. The fears, in fact, which cheat us out of part of the experience of living. One great student slogan summed up the revolutionary attitude: "Take your dreams for reality...."

And, inevitably, a famous English poet (whom I glimpsed the other afternoon stalking through the Latin Quarter) is, once again, infatuated with youthful idealists—Oh to offer flowers again to John Reed in Petersburg or Ralph Fox in Madrid!—for they can fight with courage and honesty and still live "the communal life of discussion and mutual considerateness and disregard for consumer society...."

But no representative documentation of yet another cliché-ridden chapter in the history of Intellectuals and Just Causes can confine itself merely to the banalities of the *bien-pensant*. There are also twisting complications, and who can quite comprehend the dialectics of the ode which Pier Paolo Pasolini has just published in Rome? Here that uncompromising Communist and singular revolutionary spirit in Italian culture writes (according to today's *Corriere della Sera*): *"Simpatizzavo con i poliziotti perchè i poliziotti sono figli di poveri...."* I have not yet seen a copy of Moravia's journal in which Pasolini's lines attacking the students appear, but from the various quoted passages they amount, in free translation, to something like this:

> Your faces are those of sons of good families, and I hate you as I hate your fathers. The good breeding comes through.... Yesterday when you had your battle in the Valle Giulia with the police, my sympathies were with the police, because they are the sons of the poor....

To the students he had only this to say: as bourgeois figures you had better learn to renounce once and for all any dreams of power. And to his literary contemporaries: only contempt for those who are trying to "recover their virginity through the adulation of adolescence...." Arise, ye prisoners of puberty! arise, ye wretched of the id! ...

I STROLL DOWN towards Houghton Street where the Revolutionary Student Federation is preparing its founding conference at the London School of Economics. Tariq Ali has just come out for the abolition of money. "There's no time now to follow the lead of Berlin, New York, and Paris," one student tells me. "But wait till the autumn, and we will be having a revolution all of our own...."

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EAST & WEST

Letter from Prague

By John Mander

WHEN THE HISTORIANS get to work, they may call this "the quietest revolution." Never, surely, were provocations so unprovocative, or demonstrations so undemonstrative. There are many famous evocations of the mood of a revolutionary city—one thinks of George Orwell's celebration of Barcelona, the workers' city, in the euphoric days of 1936. Conceivably, at this moment, that is the mood of the city of Danton and the Sorbonne militants. (The news is intermittent, for few non-Communist foreign newspapers are—as yet—on public sale. Still, one is fed with fascinating tid-bits by Czech friends and foreign journalists.) But nobody, here, is of a mind to hoist the Workers' Flag on the venerable Charles University or on the spires of St. Vitus.

Nor, for that matter, to haul it down. There are no exhortatory banners here—as there still are in neighbouring East Germany—urging the workers to fulfil their norms, or to rejoice in the continuing friendship of the Soviet Union. But there are no rude scrawls about the Soviet Fatherland either. At most, a few chalked "*Cisars*" on the Charles Bridge, relics of the students' campaign in March to replace Novotny as President by their own nominee. The move failed; but nobody is making a fuss. Student power, here, is not that dubious politics of the possible-plus-one which goes by that name in the West. General Svoboda is in the Hradcany. All is not well with the world; but it is quite a lot better than it was. Nobody, anyway, has missed the pun that in Czech *Svoboda* means freedom.

It is all very Czech—and somehow, one cannot help thinking, that is all to the good. In Berlin, in October, I had watched German students on Viet Nam Day marching behind a flurry of banners proclaiming Che's immortality and the coming victory of the *FLN*. The sentiments might, or might not, be admirable: but what had they to do with Berlin, with Germany's "objective situation"? Surely, not much. In Prague, in May, there is no hint of this kind of revolution-by-proxy. The German *SDS* and Dany Cohn-Bendit insist they are realists, not Utopians. As to the future, one can't know: maybe Dany and his cohorts are the shape of things to come. But as to the present, one can test the reality-sense of the new rebels with some strictness. Take, for instance, what young Czechs are interested in. They are not interested in Viet Nam, or the Negro Problem, or the plight of the Third World. They don't lack sympathy; these *are* problems, but other people's problems. The countries they want to know about, not surprisingly, are the countries they need to know about—and always have done, historically. How much will the Russians stand for? Is any *modus vivendi* with the Germans (East or West) possible? Are Budapest, and Warsaw, ancient friends and enemies, friends or enemies now? Is there hope in a renewal, with Rumania and Yugoslavia, of the pre-war Little Entente? Of each country is asked the pragmatic question: how can it help us? At times, the young Germans seem to be the friends, and would-be reformers, of every country but their own. Young Czechs are determinedly self-centred. To one observer, at least, it looks much healthier.

THIS IMPRESSION OF self-centredness contradicts, or perhaps corrects, another impression Westerners are all too likely to carry away—that the "Czech Revolution" can be explained as an opening to the West. This is too simple; and perhaps too flattering to ourselves. It is, of course, true that Czechoslovakia was Eastern Europe's one pre-war democracy, and that Thomas Masaryk—and his son—are revered by all. But you would have to be well over forty-five to *remember* what life was like under the first republic; and not all the memories—among Slovaks, for example—are so tender. It is said, again, that the Czechs have "a tradition of democracy." In this scheme, the Hussites—influenced by Wyclif—are seen as the forerunners of the Puritans, and the Puritans as the forerunners of liberal democracy. The sequence runs: Hus, Comenius, Masaryk. But talking to Czechs (or even reading so great and eulogistic an account as R. W. Seton-Watson's *A History of the Czechs and Slovaks*), doubts creep in as to the correctness of this formula. However glorious, after all, the tale of Hus, Comenius, and Masaryk is a tale of failure. There is no "Glorious Revolution" in Czech history, no experience of precedent broadening into more liberal precedent. Foreign power put an end to Czech freedoms in 1620; and foreign power, three hundred years later, brought the modern

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Czechoslovak republic into existence—only to be snuffed out in 1939 and 1948 by equally ungentle means. What the Czechs have is the experience of foreign, authoritarian rule—and the experience of resistance to its encroachments. But the symbol of that resistance is Schweik, *der brave Soldat*.

THE CZECHS, then, start at the other end. Certainly, they badly want "democratisation": but the norm for them, as a historical people, is not democracy, but authoritarianism. They expect the worst and, being natural pessimists, they are sometimes pleasantly surprised. Applied to the present situation, this means that they take the existing régime "for granted"—not in any necessary, Hegelian sense—but simply because it is there, because it is where you start from. Schweik is nothing if not a calculator: he is no swashbuckling Hungarian or quixotic Pole. The régime is there, and it is there not because the Czechs wanted it that way, or because "a revolutionary situation" existed in 1948, but for a reason that can be given without embarrassment, because it is the very theme of Czech history: *force majeure*. Like Benes in 1938 and 1948, Schweik bows to the wind. But adaptation is not acquiescence, as Schweik's masters well know. *Force majeure* can make Schweik obey outwardly; what it cannot do is make him obey, like a German, inwardly. Does this account, I wonder, for the peculiar ferocity of Czech Stalinism in the years after 1948? Certainly, it is striking that, whereas Ulbricht executed none of his opponents, and the Polish Stalinists spared the life of Gomulka, the Czech record is cruel to the point of sadism. "But it's not in the Czech character!" cries the visitor to Prague. And, in this placid, rather dowdy city, it is difficult to think so. Yet the revelations of the past few months can hardly be denied, nor that such things were done to Czechs by Czechs. The point, perhaps, is that the cruelty lies not in the character of Schweik, but in the deviant behaviour of those who rule him. Schweik is a provocation: and nothing, Berlin and Paris teach us, is so calculated to release the sadism of *die Herrschenden* as a provocation.

What does Schweik want? Here the difficulty begins. On the first freedom everybody is agreed: the freedom to talk. Seldom has there been such an orgy of talk—angry talk, utopian talk—as in Prague over the past six months.[1] Much of it has been in the open, at those astonishing, orderly mammoth meetings or on the small screen, where David Frost-like vigilantes have seemed to conduct enquiries into the health of the body politic in remorseless, permanent session. Much of the talk, again, has been private—and it is in eavesdropping, as a privileged foreigner, on these private debates that the true extent of Schweik's alienation from the system becomes apparent.[2] But dear as this freedom to talk must be to people who have lived for twenty years with the paid informer and the grind of mass-propaganda, Czechs know also that it is the cheapest freedom for the Party to give away. As Frederick the Great put it: "They can *say* what they like, so long as they let me *do* what I like...." Czechs know very well—they have Hungary and Poland, even China, to instruct them—that freedom of expression in itself, since it can be so easily withdrawn, has little meaning without a reform of the structure of society. There is at least a tangential contact between the rebels of East and West here. The starting-point of both is a protest against the manipulation of truth by alien structures or ideologies. The irony is that Marxism-Leninism, cast in a "repressive" role in the East, in the West is cast in a "liberating" role.

HOW CAN THE SOCIAL structure itself be reformed? How can this infinite abstract freedom be made concrete? As you would expect in a country where the lid has been lifted so spectacularly, almost everybody has his favourite solution. There are those who bluntly favour a return to the "bourgeois democracy" of Masaryk and Benes. They are often old enough, or are the children of those old enough, to remember better days—and as often as not they shrug off that possibility as utopian. One proposal, attractive enough, is that put forward by the young Prague writer, Vaclav Havel. Mr. Havel suggests an opposition party—the "democratic party"—which should oppose, not Communism as such, but those elements in the present system which are anti-humanist and anti-democratic. As such, it would be *defending* the essential humanism of Marxian socialism against its bureaucratic manipulators. This party should be drawn from all "sections" of society (there are no "classes," of course, in Socialist Czecho-

[1] See Anatole Shub, "A Reporter's Notebook: from Moscow to the Moldau," ENCOUNTER, July 1968.

[2] What the TV-vigilantes have been probing is the nation's *past*: little may be said in the present tense, and if it is no longer compulsory to praise Czechoslovakia's "Socialist friends," Czechs know that it is becoming—or has already become—impolitic to criticise them. Most are resigned to a curtailment of this freedom. Talking openly about "Stalinism" is different: that took place in another country.

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slovakia), and should rule jointly with the Communist party, perhaps in a permanent coalition.

Whether Mr. Havel's ideas are practical, I do not know. But they are not unrepresentative of those writers and intellectuals of *Literarni Listy* who have played a crucial role in bringing about the "Czech revolution." Here, least of all, is there uniformity of view. But the call for some form of institutionalised opposition, non-Communist but not anti-Communist, is probably common to all. Given that the system cannot be eliminated, it must be controlled. If Czechoslovakia can find a way of doing this, acceptable to her Eastern allies, this could prove the most important happening in the Communist world since 1917.

BUT CAN SHE? The doubt I have—and in such a context one expresses any doubt with suitable diffidence—is whether Czechoslovak Communism is robust enough to stand competition, of this or any other kind. Nor is this a paradoxical way of answering the question. Of the institutional power of the Party, as things stand, there is of course no doubt. It is still the Party that controls the farms and the factories, the government machine, the educational process and the mass media. Concessions so far made can be withdrawn: there are, as Mr. Havel argues, no *guarantees*. But the strength of the Party is, precisely, institutional. I met nobody in Prague (including many good Party members) who supposed that the Party could hope for more than 15–30 per cent of the vote in a genuinely free election. (The 38 per cent vote—the highest ever achieved by Communism under a democratic system—that the Party won after the war is scarcely a guide today.) The dangers of permitting an independent social-democratic party are all too obvious (a revived Catholic People's Party would be far less of a competitor), and the risk that the mass of the population might choose *any* party to register its protest vote, rather than vote Communist, is too great to be taken.

Of course, one might argue that a party that had made the kind of mess of your country that the Communist party has of Czechoslovakia does not deserve to be popular. Yet what is being asked, in effect, is that the Communist party be guaranteed victory in the democratic process. Many Czechs are quite willing to guarantee this, provided some check is built into the system. What many Czechs fear is that, given the perilous condition of the horse, the race will simply not be run.

THERE IS ANOTHER, sophisticated, and certainly influential interpretation of what has happened in Czechoslovakia. This interpretation, eloquently articulated by Professor Eduard Goldstücker and others, sees these events as in no way contradictory of orthodox Marxism, or even Leninism, but as essentially confirmatory. This argument is supported by many ordinary Czechs, if in less sophisticated form, and possibly by the high party leadership: it deserves to be taken very seriously. I met many Czechs —some Party members, some not—who were positive that Czechoslovakia is "Socialism's last chance." Professor Goldstücker, as a Marxist-Leninist, would not put it that way. But the substance of his argument is similar. Socialism, in Eastern Europe, has become a distorted parody of itself. The explanation of this distortion is to be found in the conditions under which the revolution "took place" (others would say "was imposed") in 1948. The attempt to reproduce Stalinist forms—forms suitable to, and generated by, a backward society—in Czechoslovakia after 1948 meant, in effect, adjusting the society to the system, instead of the system to the society. As a result both the political and economic assets of the first republic were squandered. The problem now is to restore the competitiveness of the Czech economy—the problem to which Ota Sik is addressing himself—and to recreate the democratic conditions the Czech people tasted between the two wars. But—watch this twist of the dialectic—the problem of the recreation of democracy is the easier *because* Czechoslovakia underwent the revolution of 1948. For whereas social conflicts in bourgeois society are antagonistic and self-destructive, Socialism has created the conditions for democracy "at a higher level" than any existent in the West—or, indeed, the East. Thus, according to the Goldstücker analysis, Czechoslovakia is in a position to demonstrate, not merely that democracy is compatible with Socialism, but that without Socialism there can be no true democracy.

WHAT SHOULD one make of this argument? It is interesting, certainly, that it reflects the desire of many Czechs to redeem the years the locusts ate, to see their country once again as a bridge beween East and West. Again, Goldstücker is only expressing the general view when he declares that there can be no going back to the conditions before 1948. What you notice, talking to young Czechs about Goldstücker, is that having followed him so far, they are brought up short by just such Hegelian phrases as "on a higher level." Grateful as they are for Goldstücker's practical services as the stage-manager of Prague's cultural liberalisation, they will not take that. As Herr Rudi Dutschke

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found on his trip to Prague, just before the attempt on his life that was to set off the Easter riots in West Germany, young Czechs have had their fill of ideology. As one Czech student put it, "It's embarrassing, really, to sit down with Western students, and find *them* quoting Marxist phrases at *you!* Just when we're reaching out for a new, pragmatic approach—and I'm not saying Western sociology necessarily has the tools for the job—we're enveloped once again in this tear-gas of German metaphysics. . . . No, thank you! We need advice neither from Herr Ulbricht, nor from Herr Dutschke's friends."

I HAVE CALLED this "the quietest revolution"—but is it in fact a Revolution? In the literal sense, it most certainly is: it is a most astonishing political change and reversal. What has been shown is that you cannot govern a country indefinitely against the wishes of its inhabitants—even with the almost total monopoly of power and expression that the Party possessed twelve months ago. Recent events seem to show that social upheavals like the Czech, German or French rebellions are determined as much by mood as by anything else. In this sense it may well be true, as Czechs tell you, that the rot set in for the Novotny régime on the day it condemned Israel. It is not that Czechs have guilt-feelings about Jews (they don't), or that they care so deeply about Israel (though they care about the fate of small nations at the mercy of large neighbours). What was catastrophic for Novotny was the *insensitiveness* with which he swung Prague on to the Moscow line. The government said one thing; the people felt another. The discrepancy was not new; but now it was, suddenly, too great. The people had been told long enough that their society was "on a higher level." What they knew for a fact was that their standard of living, roughly on a par with the Germans' before 1938, was now scarcely half their neighbours'. Perhaps the most pathetic admission I heard of the state into which the country had been allowed to fall was Ota Sik's promise, "In three years we shall have caught up with Austria." So that was how things stood! A credibility gap opened that summer—and how else do revolutions start?—that for Novotny and his friends was to turn into an abyss.

This, not least, is why Czechoslovakia's has been the quietest revolution. It is not a revolution of great expectations, but a humbling admission that things are as they are: quietness, somehow, is the appropriate mode.

AUTHORS

Theodore Draper is one of America's best known students of foreign policy and world politics. His recent book *The Abuse of Power* (Secker & Warburg 1967) received wide comment in both the U.S. and the U.K.; he is also the author of *Castro's Revolution* (1962). His present article is based on a lecture given this spring in London's Chatham House to the Royal Institute of International Affairs. . . .

David Holbrook has published poetry and a novel, and is best known for his books on teaching English. A study of recent psycho-analytical ideas and their relevance to culture and education, *Human Hope and the Death Instinct*, is later to be published in the Pergamon English Library. . . .

A PREVIOUS STORY by **Ralph Robin** called "When Everything Falls Apart Be Polite," was published in the November 1967 ENCOUNTER. . . .

Seymour Martin Lipset is the Director of the Institute of International Affairs at Harvard. His best known book is *Political Man* (1960). . . .

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LETTERS

"F.R.S."?

CORRECT ME IF I am wrong, but I imagine that F.R.S.'s review of Watson's *The Double Helix* was sent to ENCOUNTER in a somewhat soiled envelope postmarked in a large Midland community. The envelope could have borne the following motto: *clap thy hands o my soul and howl in envy* (Pali inscription). Internal evidence suggests that the writer is an organic chemist with some interest in orientalia, algebraic topology, and the theory of numbers. Several of his allusions and turns of phrase are oddly dated: no one has called W. B. Yeats "Willie" since, say, the 1930s. Why cite a game played by Nimzovich in 1914? There has been deeper, more exciting chess long since. We invite the author to identify himself, if only so that all not-Watsons can get to know each other.

R. J. ROBINSON

Manchester

Economists & Keynesians

PROFESSOR PETER WILES [ENCOUNTER, July] has no ground for saying that I want more room for my subject in PPE at the expense of economics. I do not. He assumes that my references to Keynes have something to do with Keynes' contributions to economic theory. They have not. They have to do with the extraordinary lack of political judgment shown by Keynes, notably in his disastrous attacks upon the Versailles Treaty and the blueprint which he offered therein for Hitler's new order in Europe. I do not ignore the fact that many industrial countries have done much better in the last two decades than in the inter-war period, but Mr. Wiles produces no evidence to show that the Anglo-Saxon School of Keynesian economics has anything to do with it. My impression is that continental economists are trained in very different disciplines.

MAX BELOFF

All Souls College,
Oxford

Graves and Omar

HAVING ONLY recently seen the review of the new Rubaiyyat translation in your January issue by Mr. Anthony Burgess I am only now in a position to respond.

I am not familiar with Mr. Burgess' name in the realm of Persian studies, neither can I say that I find his stature in this field enhanced by his review. Lest you hasten to accuse me of prejudice perhaps I may advance reasons:

(a) He mentions his diffidence in attempting a translation since he has no Persian dictionary. Pray which dictionary provides Persian poetic usage and one which would give him an insight into the poetic intentions of the author?

(b) The imagery he tries to conjure up in his explanation of Khayaam's meaning of the "Dawn" verse is thin and inaccurate. There is no possible reference to the "chilled white wine of dawn" imagery which he quotes and which he repeats in his review for the Chicago *Tribune* on 11 February.

(c) Adroitly, in both reviews, he turns the Persian word for roof into "dome" and then into wine cup.

(d) His "literal translation" of the "Loaf of Bread" verse contains numerous inaccuracies. The original, be it the Bodleian or JF Ms. contains no mention of "luck" nor "one whose face is beautiful like the moon."

Perhaps some future translator of Persian prose or verse may be more fortunate at your hands should you choose a reviewer with some, even remote, better capacity or and ability than Mr. Burgess.

O. ALI-SHAH

Woodmancourt House,
Godalming, Surrey

IT IS NEWS to me that one has to be a Persian scholar in order to try to get something out of Omar Khayyam in the original. If I am unqualified to write about Mr. Graves' translation, presumably Mr. Graves, who knows no Persian, is unqualified to translate. But let that pass.

Point (*b*). My "chilled white wine of dawn" is a legitimate expansion—for a commentary if not a translation—of the root images. Is your correspondent trying to say that wine, dawn, winepourer are not mentioned in the original?

Point (*c*). Your correspondent must learn to read English more carefully. A Shirazi friend of Brigadier Rodwell suggested that *bam* probably means a vaulted roof or dome in this context, adding "Moreover, a noose or loop of light is consistent with a rounded surface." Good enough for me. I did not say that a *bam* could also be a cup. The word for that is *jam*. If Mr. Ali-Shah thinks there is no word-play here he knows nothing of poetry, however much he knows of Persian.

Point (*d*). We are not told what is the original from which Mr. Graves worked, and this is what so much of the unsavoury row has been about. I was helped here by Brigadier Rodwell, who worked from *MS* O.R. 10,910 in the British Museum, the Lucknow lithograph (Nawal Kishor Press, 1878), and the MS collection in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*, Paris.

The Graves-Ali-Shah translation has done particularly badly at the hands of the scholars. The laudatory nature of my review sprang from amateur diffidence. If I'd known more, the translators would have been less lucky. I do not think I have to take too seriously the strictures of a man who can write a sentence like that final one of Mr. Ali-Shah's.

ANTHONY BURGESS

London

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